AN

APOLOGY

For the LIFE of

Mr. T..... C....., *Comedian.*

BEING A

Proper Sequel

TO THE

APOLOGY

For the LIFE of

Mr. Colley Cibber, *Comedian.*

WITH

An Hiſtorical View of the STAGE to the Preſent YEAR.

Suppoſed to be written by HIMSELF.

In the *Stile* and *Manner* of the POET LAUREAT.

—— *Of all the Aſſurances I was ever guilty of, this of writing my own Life is the moſt hardy; impudent is what I ſhould have ſaid: Through every Page there runs a Vein of Vanity and Impertinence, which no* French Enſign's Memoirs *ever came up to: My Stile unequal, pert, and frothy; low and pompous; cram'd with Epithets; ſtrew'd with Scraps of ſecond-hand* Latin; *aiming at Wit without hitting the Mark: My Subject below all Pens but my own, which, whenever I keep to, is flatly dawb'd by one eternal* Egotiſm.

COLLEY CIBBER's Life, p. 26, 27.

—— *Sequiturque Patrem non paſſibus Æquis.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. MECHELL at the *King's-Arms* in *Fleet-Street.* 1740. [Price Two Shillings.]

TO A

Certain Gentleman.

SIR,

BECAUSE I know You do not love to ſee your Name in Print, imagining it is us'd in ſome impertinent Satire, though I was now writing the daintieſt *Dedication* of any modern Author, yet I would chuſe to conceal it.

Let me talk then juſt as it comes into my Head about You and to You this Way; let me tell You of what I will, or how I will, You are under no Neceſſity of taking it to Yourſelf: Nor when I boaſt of your Excellencies and Tranſactions, need You bluſh that I have perform'd them in ſuch a Manner as to claim the complimental Homage of my Pen: Or I may now give You all the Attributes that raiſe a cunning, intriguing Man to the higheſt Offices and Employments, and not be cenſur'd as one of your *hireling Advocates*, either by my own or your Enemies. --- I place my own firſt, not becauſe they are the greater Number, but as in the *Ceremonialia* of Heraldry, the moſt inſignificant Perſonages begin the Pomp, to introduce thoſe of more elevated Conſequence, I mention'd my Enemies firſt, to introduce the Mention of yours.

---- Yours (and ſuch you have) for they are not ſo well-bred as not to declare themſelves) have carried on long, though ſucceſsleſs, Attacks againſt You: And, *Sir*, give me Leave to compare my little Self to your great Honour, as there is no Hazard or viſible Terror in an Attack upon my defenceleſs Station, my Cenſurers, like Yours, have been Perſons of an intrepid Sincerity: But I ſhut the Door againſt them all, while I am thus privately talking to You, and have little to apprehend from either of them.

Under this Shelter then, I may ſafely tell You that the greateſt Reaſon I have had to publiſh this Work, has ariſen from the ſeveral Performances which I publiſh'd laſt Summer, and which you had Goodneſs enough to patronize: How far indeed your good Nature to a *young Politician*, or your Reluctance to put the Vanity of one of your *new Authors* out of Countenance may have carried you, I cannot be ſure: And yet Appearances give me ſtronger Hopes. For was not the Complaiſance of a whole Summer's Sufferance, to imploy my Talents in your Service, as much as an Author of more Importance ought to have expected: --- Why then was he deſir'd by Mr. *P--xt--n* to write ſecond *Gazeteers?* Or, why was I kept in the Service, to tell more of the ſame *Stories?* --- If theſe Employments have made me vain, ſhall I ſay, *Sir*, you are accountable for them? --- No, *Sir*, I will rather ſay that my own Forwardneſs, and daſhing

daſhing through thick and thin, recommended me to the Notice of your Superviſor-General, for *Gazeteering* and *Pamphleteering:* Or rather ſo far flatter myſelf, as to ſuppoſe it poſſible, that You having been a Patron and Lover of Maſter *Walſingham* and Dame *Oſborn* (and one of thoſe good Judges, who know the Uſe and Value of ſuch Writers, under a right Regulation) might incline You to think my Labours and Lucubrations of more Conſequence than they may naturally be to others of different Senſe, who may have leſs Concern or Taſte for them. But be all this as it may, As for this *Apology* for my Life, I have written it not only to ſhew my own Parts, and illuſtrate my own Story, but I have decorated it, with ſeveral Remarks, Political, as well as Theatrical, and explain'd the Meaning of ſome of my Writings, which were dedicated to your Service. Now, *Sir*, as my apologetical Brat is born, rather than ſee it ſtarve on bare Pariſh-Proviſion, I chuſe clandeſtinely to drop it at your Door, that it may exerciſe one of your many Virtues, your Charity, in ſupporting a very dull Dog of an Author.

Now, *Sir*, were the World to know into what Right Honourable Hands I have thrown the following Hiſtory, their Regard to its Patron might incline them to treat it as one of his own *Family*.—They might ſay ſuch Things of it, as may be improper for me to mention.—For this Reaſon I conceal your Name, as that

muſt

muſt neceſſarily lead me to deſcant on a Subject which might be ungrateful to your Ears; for I am at characteriſing Friend or Foe, a very Devil at my Pen. --- In conſciouſneſs therefore of what I *am*, I chuſe not to ſay what You *are*. --- I leave that for other Hiſtorians, and for Poſterity to relate. --- However, as your Equals in Rank have done publick Juſtice to your Character, the Concealment of your Name may be an unneceſſary Diffidence. But am I, Sir, of Conſequence enough, in any Guiſe, to do Honour to Sir --------? Were I to ſet You, Sir, in the moſt true Lights that your Actions deſerve, or your own Likeneſs requires, yet my officious Mite would be loſt in that general Character and Regard which People of the firſt Conſequence, even ſome of all Parties, even ſome of your *own Dependants*, have a Pleaſure of ſpeaking of in Private. Encomiums to Perſons in your high Station, are liable to the Suſpicion of *Flattery*, and can add little Luſtre to what before was viſible to the Publick. You are cloy'd, without Doubt, by ſuch Offerings: You have them almoſt daily offer'd up to You in publick and in private; at your *Levees*, at the *T------y*; at the *Drawing-Room*, and *Lobby* of the *Senate-Houſe*; beſides the zealous Ejaculations which are offer'd for your Service in an inimitable Paper which is diſtributed throughout the Kingdom *gratis*. ----- But theſe Offerings, like *Pagan* Incenſe, evaporate on the Altar, and rather gratify the *Prieſt* than the *Deity*.

But

But You, Sir, are approach'd frequently and oft in Terms of *Common Senſe*; The honeſt Oblation of Hearts which have juſt Senſe enough to mix Reaſon with Accuſation. How really true, or whether the Zeal of ſuch Devotees of *Common Senſe* are falſe, I ſhall not here examine: But, Sir, was I admitted, with all my laughing Spirits about me, to be my idle Self, and to write what I could write on that Subject, I ſhould ſurely be diſtinguiſh'd by You from a Parcel of *dull Set of Rogues*, whom your good Nature and Charity induce You to believe are *Wits*. This Nakedneſs of Temper the World may place in what Rank of Vanity they pleaſe; but till Wiſdom ſhall point out a Way to make me more heartily happy than your Favours, I am content to be gaz'd at as your Creature, as I am, without leſſening my Reſpect for You, and laugh at thoſe whoſe Intellects may be more ſoberly cover'd.

Yet, Sir, I will not deceive You; it is not the Luſtre of the Power You poſſeſs, the immenſeneſs of your Fortune, your Figure in Life, and the *juſt Rewards* for your Services, which you had rather deſerve than be told of, that have made my plain honeſt Heart hang after You; theſe are but incidental Ornaments that may be of Service to You; but my particular Eſteem has riſen from a mere natural and more engaging Charm —— The agreeable *Rewards* which You confer on your *Creatures*. —— Nor is my *Vanity* ſo much gratify'd in the *Honour*, as my *Convenience* in the *Delight* of ſuch pecuniary

cuniary Felicities. To ſee You lay aſide your Superiority, and confer with a *mean Author*, give him *Inſtructions*, and *Gold*, * *'tis then I taſte You! then Life runs high! I deſire! I poſſeſs You!*

Yet, Sir, it muſt be a farther Share of Pleaſure to look on You with the publick Eye, and view your *Intregrity*. --- This, Sir, is a Theme

Si mihi ſint centum Linguæ, ſint oraq; centum.

Had I an hundred Tongues this Theme to raiſe,
Had I an hundred Mouths, - - to mouth thy Praiſe,
Thoſe Tongues, theſe Mouths, that Praiſe cou'd never tell
How You can All, *and e'en* Yourſelf *excell*;
None but YOURSELF can be your Parallel.

When I conſider You in this View, and in the Height of Power, I could rejoice mightily for You and Myſelf, to ſee *You* in this particular Light of Glory, and *Myſelf* admitted to reflect the Beams of it throughout *Great Britain*.

If this *Apology* for my *Life* diſcourages You not to prevent my Deſign, I have ſome Thought of writing an *Apology* for *Yours*: I think myſelf equal to the Subject, and ſhould be proud if You would, by this Exercitation of my Genius, ſuffer me to approve myſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,
moſt oblig'd, and
moſt humble Servant,

July 1. 1740.

T. C.

* *Vid. C. Cibber's* Dedication.

AN

APOLOGY

For the LIFE of

Mr. *T*-------- *C*-----, &c.

CHAP. I.

The Introduction. — Reaſon for writing an Apology. — The Author's Birth and Family. — A promiſing Genius. — Sent to Wincheſter School. — *An Occurrence there. — A Digreſſion on Vanity and Ambition. — Of Syſtems of Philoſophy*, &c.

AMONG all the Foibles incident to human Nature, none take a ſtronger Poſſeſſion of the Soul of Man than *Ambition*. There are, indeed, ſundry Ways and Arts to gratify this lofty Paſſion, which though it may divide itſelf into different Channels, yet from the ſame Source various Streams take their Riſe.----My Readers may be ſurpriſed at my ſetting out with ſo philoſophical an Apothegm; but it is a very proper Introduction to the following *Apology*, as it was from an innate Thirſt of Ambition that I undertook to publiſh theſe *Memoirs*

of my *own Life*: Some witty ſmart Gentlemen may call it *Vanity*: With all my Heart; and to deal ingenuouſly with them, I frankly confeſs it was that Species of Ambition which by hereditary Happineſs deſcends to me, call'd Vanity.---A Vanity! for what? cries a more grave Annotator: To ſhew there are two Coxcombs in a Family? --- Muſt there be two Apologies for the Lives of two Fellows no one car'd a Halfpenny for? ---- Why, perhaps merely to ſignalize myſelf, or perhaps to imitate the laudable Steps of my worthy Parent, or perhaps to defend my Conduct from ſome publick Reproaches; I have thought proper to make an Apology for my Life; and ſurely among the Majority of the World this Attempt will ſtand uncenſur'd, as they will be ready enough to allow the Life of no Man ſtood more in Need of an Apology than mine. And to ſhew my Readers what a candid impartial Perſon I am, I will, in this Diſquiſition of myſelf, bring my own Heart to the Bar, and try it without Favour or Affection: I ſhall conſequently betray much Folly, and talk much of myſelf, but I have very great Examples to authorize ſuch a Liberty. Old *Mich. Montaign* it ſeems in his Eſſays rattled more about his own queer Body and Mind, his Cat, and an old Woman, than all the World beſide; ſo much had he ſet his Heart upon *himſelf*. The ingenious and modeſt Mr. *Colley Cibber* has outdone *Montaign*, and not only talk'd a great deal of *himſelf*, but has ſet ſo great a Value on *himſelf*, that after being ſo long known, he will not let any one know what he really is, under a leſs Conſideration than a *Guinea* *. But in theſe Memoirs of my humble *Self*, I ſhall, at a cheaper Rate, take the Liberty to illuſtrate my Way of Thinking, Writing, and Acting, both as to my theatrical and private Life, by the Apology which he has made for his own; nor can I think the Publick will be diſpleas'd to ſee what Kind of a Parallel will be drawn between a *Father* and *Son*, who have on many Occaſions ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed themſelves.

Nam vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.

* Since this was wrote, the Apology is ſold for 5 *s.*

I ſhall therefore conclude this Introduction to my Story in his Words; " Upon an honeſt Examination of " my Heart, I am afraid the ſame Vanity which makes " even homely People employ Painters to preſerve a " flattering Record of their Perſons, has ſeduced me to " print off this *Chiaro Oſcuro* of my Mind."----But as he hopes immediately after, that no one will expect a Man of his *haſty Head* ſhould confine himſelf to any *regular Method*, I am in equal Hope that no Method, or Connexion, or Regularity will be expected from mine: I ſhall alſo make *Digreſſions* in my Memoirs, when I think they begin to grow too *heavy* for the Readers *Digeſtion* *: for *Digreſſions* it ſeems are in this Kind of Writing what Eggs are in a Pudding, they *lighten* the Compoſition, and render it more palatable and digeſtive. This is my Apology, and the beſt Apology I can make for becoming my own *Biographer*.

I come to that cuſtomary and important Point in all Hiſtories of *Great Men*, their *Birth*, *Parentage*, and *Education*. So great a Curioſity is there in Mankind to be informed of theſe Particulars, that almoſt every revolving Moon produces illuſtrious Memoirs of *Heroes* and *Heroines*, whom dire Deſtiny has allotted to a fatal End. As theſe Records are to preſerve their Memories from more than *Lethæan* Oblivion, every minute Circumſtance of their entering into the firſt *Scenes* of Life are related; the Name of the Parents, their *Trade*, and *Calling*, and whether they ſent them to *School*, and had them inſtructed in *Reading* and *Writing*, are told with great Fidelity. Theſe Things, on mature Deliberation, may ſeem very trifling, and of no Signification to the World, whether they were known or not.--- Very true. --- But yet there is ſuch an Avidity in human Nature for *trifling*, that theſe *Tyburnian* Memoirs are read by the *Great Vulgar, and the Small*, with no little Delectation. Was there no other Excuſe than this Humour of Mankind, I know not how I could let my *Birth* be paſs'd over in Silence; but the Excuſe my Father has made before me muſt ſtand for mine, which is what my Brother *Bayes* makes Prince *Prettyman* ſay in the *Rehearſal*,

* *Vide C. Cibber's* Life, p. 4.

viz. I only do it for fear I ſhould be thought Nobody's Son at all.---Though I cannot think I uſe this *Theatrical Wit* with a Force equal to that which he quoted it; for the publick having long known my Father, they have unanimouſly paid him a Compliment which all Fathers have not paid them, *viz.*---*That I am my Father's own Son.*---But whoſe *Son's Son* I was, gueſs from the following Extract, from the *Apologiſt* I imitate.----His Paragraph of *Lineage* runs thus:

" I was born in *London*, on the 6th of *November* 1671, " in *Southampton Street*, facing *Southampton Houſe*. My " Father *Caius Gabriel Cibber*, was a Native of *Holſtein*, " who came into *England* ſometime before the Reſto- " ration of King *Charles* the Second, to follow his Pro- " feſſion which was that of a Statuary, *&c.* The *Baſſo* " *Relievo* in thePedeſtal of the great Column in the City, " and the two Figures of the Lunaticks, the *Raving* and " the *Melancholy*, over the Gates of *Bethlehem Hoſpital* " are no ill Monuments of his Fame as an Artiſt. My " Mother was the Daughter of *William Colley*, Eſq; of " a very ancient Family of *Glaiſton*, in *Rutlandſhire*, " where ſhe was born. My Mother's Brother *Edward* " *Colley*, Eſq; (who gave my Chriſtian Name) being the " laſt Heir-male of it, the Family is now extinct. I " ſhall only add, that in *Wright*'s Hiſtory of *Rutland-* " *ſhire*, publiſh'd 1684, the *Colleys* are recorded as *She-* " *riffs* and *Members* of *Parliament* from the Reign of " *Henry* VII. to the latter End of *Charles* I, in whoſe " Cauſe chiefly Sir *Anthony Colley*, my Mother's Grand- " father ſunk his Eſtate from three thouſand to about " three Hundred Pounds *per Annum.*

Although I am very far from laying any Streſs on the Pomp of Heraldry, and a long Scroll of *Family Deſcents*, for well I know, my Pedigree, though traced, (as I doubt not but it might be) to *William* the *Conqueror*, will confer no intrinſic Value on me; for conſcious I am, that any Regard to my Being, muſt be beam'd only by the Rays of Virtue; yet, in *ſimple Truth*, I muſt confeſs, that I think I owe ſomething to having *good Blood in my Veins.*---For a *Latin* Poet juſtly ſays;

" *Qui viret in foliis venit a Radicibus humor,*
" *Et Patrum in natos abeunt cum ſemine mores.*

Which

Which I thus venture to tranſlate,

The Leaves their Verdure from the Roots receive,
And Souls their Children have the Parents give.

Every one who has read *Horace* knows,

Fortes creantur Fortibus, &c.

--- *Still from the Valiant are the Valiant ſprung.*---

I need make no Application; but if *Valiant*, why not *Witty*?

Theſe Scraps of *Latin* may ſeem very unneceſſary for *ſome*; they might ſtill ſeem more unneceſſary, had not I tranſlated them, for *others*. However, I cannot think them in the leaſt *Bagatelle*: They introduce very properly, the next Thing I was to mention, which was my *Education*: Nay, when I have given ſuch a Proof of it, as to quote *Latin* and tranſlate it, I think no farther need be given: But however, as in my *Apology* I would be like another *Apologiſt*,

--- *Longo ſed* PROXIMUS *Intervallo*,---

I ſhall follow his Manner.

About the Year 1716, or 1717, I was ſent by my Father to *Wincheſter School*, in order to be elected into *Wincheſter College*; for it ſeems, by my Father's Mother's Side, I was deſcended from *William* of *Wickham* the Founder.---In what Branch, I am ingenuous enough to ſay I know not, yet from my Soul I contemn that vile Inſinuation which a *certain Counſellor*, at a *certain Trial*, made, that it was by ſome *collateral* Branch, as *William* of *Wickham* was a *Churchman* at a Time when *Matrimony* was not allow'd of.---The Inference is evident.---But I will be bold to ſay, that glittering, glaring, gliſtering---*Witwou'd Flaſh*, is as *unjuſt* as *unmannerly*.---It equally affects all thoſe educated in *Wincheſter College* (as well as he---who was intended to be educated there;) as Deſcendants from the *Founder*.---But to return.---In this School I receiv'd the firſt and laſt Rudiments of Learning, as my Father did his at *Grantham* in *Lincolnſhire*; but if he has more Learning than me, it is to be obſerved,

he went from the loweſt Form to the higheſt, and I did not proceed above half the Way: Yet this Analogy appears between us.---He ſays, * "Even there I re-"member I was the ſame inconſiſtent Creature I have "been ever ſince, always in full Spirits, in ſome ſmall "Capacity to do Right, but in a more frequent Alacrity "to do Wrong."---Juſt ſuch a Creature was, have been, and am---am I.---He gives us as the firſt remarkable Error of his Life, † jeſting, and jeering, and joking on a School-fellow. I have alſo been thraſh'd unpity'd for the ſame Thing; but ſuch Circumſtances, even tho' my *Father*'s Pen was to relate them, may be thought damn'd ridiculous. Be it enough that I was always eager of Fame and Glory, and making an *Eccliriſement* about the Town: I lov'd to make an Appearance, and remember in ſome extraordinary Adventure, the taking another Boy's *lac'd Hat* to wear, occaſioned me much *poſterior Anxiety*. But *Vive Hodie* was my Motto.---Some immediate Satisfaction of my Paſſions, which were always varying, ſometimes to *Dreſs*, ſometimes to *Eating* or *Drinking*, *&c.* was my Deſire from an *Infant*; and I am afraid ſome charitable Folk may ſay, I retain too much of the ſame Temper now I am a *Man*.---

I very well remember, when I was a Child, I took an ambitious Liking to a *ſcarlet Cloak* with *Gold Trimmings*, and wept moſt reſolutely for the ſame, which was the only Means I could think of for coming at my Ends; but my Mother counterplotted me, and brib'd away my Pride with a crooked Sixpence: And indeed in thoſe Days I would have drop'd my moſt towering Aims for a Lump of *gilded Ginger-bread*, or a *Cuſtard*. Sometimes a *Goosberry-Tart* would cure a furious Fit of *Ambition*.---Once, I remember, when I had thrown myſelf on the Ground with a Reſolution to *die*, becauſe my Father would not give me a *Horſe* to ride, and manage as I thought proper, being then full five Years old; but my Mother cur'd this *Ambition* by

---

* *C. Cibber*'s Life, *p.* 5. † *Vid. p.* 6.

ſhewing

ſhewing me a Pair of *new white Gloves*, and a Handful of *Cherries*.

I cannot paſs by without throwing out ſome farther Reflections on theſe *boyiſh Tricks*, " * whether flat or " ſpirited, new or common, falſe or true, right or " wrong, they will be ſtill my own, and conſequently " like me; I therefore go on to ſhew as well the Weak- " neſs as the Strength of my Underſtanding."

By a *Digreſſion*, therefore, to make this Tittle Tattle ſit *light* on a Reader's *Digeſtion*, I draw a Moral from it. - - - Ambition, or Vanity, when uppermoſt, is bad for either Man or Child; and as it makes Children naughty, it makes Men Children.

I have often thought my childiſh Ambition for a *ſcarlet Cloak*, of the ſame Stamp as we often meet with in higher Life: It is the ſame Principle which ſwells the Hearts of the Great, as puff'd up mine, and if a due Regard to Nature be obſerved, it will be allow'd ſo. For Inſtance, If a Man of the firſt Quality, as the Duke of - - - I had almoſt nam'd his Title - - - But, I ſay, ſuppoſe a Man of the firſt Quality, who had liv'd to about his thirtieth Year, deſpiſing to be diſtinguiſh'd by any publick Gewgaw, oppoſing a Miniſter, from a Suppoſition of his being an evil one, ſhould all of a ſudden run bowing to that Miniſter's *Levee*, deſert his Party, break with his Relations, and turn as great a Slave as any he deſpis'd - - - Would not any one think there muſt be ſome great Power of Reaſon to cauſe ſo ſurpriſing a Change? But what if it ſhould be Ambition? Would they not think ſomething very *auguſt* was the Object of his Soul? But if, after all, it was only a *Red Coat*, would not his Caprice of Ambition prove as ridiculous as mine for a *Red Cloak?* - - - I could illuſtrate my other childiſh Appetites by more Examples, were I not afraid the Partiality might give Offence to my Court-Friends; for however like my Paſſions and ſome great Mens may, in fact, be, it is not my Intereſt nor Duty to make the Compariſons - - - *Ex Pede Herculem.* - - - However, I may obſerve that the Variety of my De-

* *C. Cibber's* Life, *p.* 6.

ſires *in my Childhood (for there was a Time when I was a Child)* are ſuch as are to be obſerv'd daily among Mankind: I have known a young Gentleman of Fortune ſet out with all the *hey-day Expences* of the Mode; yet when he found himſelf *over-weigh'd with Appetites, he grew reſtleſs, kick'd up in the Middle of the Courſe, and turn'd his Back upon his Frolicks*: I have alſo known a very witty young Fellow become a very grave Man, and yet, *when he was in Company, and was call'd to it, could ſtill make himſelf the* FIDDLE *of it.*

If I were capable of Envy, this laſt Gentleman's Character would incline me to it; for to be wiſe, and at the ſame Time merry, is a State of Happineſs in Perfection. " * When I ſpeak of Happineſs, I go no higher " than that which is contain'd in the World we now " tread upon; and when I ſpeak of being merry, I don't " ſimply mean what every Oaf is capable of, but that " Kind of Mirth which not is more limited than recom- " mended by that indulgent Philoſophy,

" *Cum Ratione inſanire.*"

Theſe Sentiments of my Philoſophy I have expreſs'd in the Words of that great Author whom I imitate, and of whoſe Sect I confeſs myſelf a Diſciple: And I will here obſerve to the Reader, that through the whole Courſe of theſe *rhapſodical Memoirs*, I ſhall quote from that incomparable *Apologiſt* whatever may equally allude to *myſelf*; not only as my mean Stile cannot reach his *Daintineſs* of Expreſſion, but as this Method will the better ſhew what an *Analogy* there is between us. - - - The Readers who are candid will ſay,

Juxta poſiti magis luceſcunt.

But as to my Philoſophy; for this is making a Digreſſion in a Digreſſion. - - - I remember a merry, laughing, witty, complaiſant Fellow, who was always the moſt obſequious humble Servant of ſome Man of Fortune or other, compar'd himſelf once to a Philoſopher, and the Founder of a new Sect: It was honeſt *Gnatho*

* *C. Cibber's* Life, *p.* 12.

in

in one of *Terence*'s Plays, who ſaid all the Followers of his Syſtem ſhould be call'd *Gnathonici.* --- I know not but from my Father's Apology ſome new Philoſophers may ariſe, and Poſterity not give a proper Title to their Sect, therefore I here mention that all who are of our Opinion may diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Name of CIBBERIANI --- To be a reaſonable *Madman* is what I always would be, tho' I have too often been ſaid, *inſanire ſine Ratione.* --- Some may ſay that I had better not be *mad* at all: --- But as my Father charmingly ſays, --- *Is this a Time of Day for me to leave off my* Fooleries, *and ſet up for a new Character? Can it be worth my while to waſte my Spirits, to bake my Blood with ſerious Contemplations, and perhaps impair my Health in the fruitleſs Study of advancing myſelf into the better Opinion of thoſe very --- very few wiſe Men, who may think different from me. No; the Part I have acted in real Life ſhall be all of a Piece.*

- - - - - - - Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit - - - -

I can no more put off my Follies than my Skin: I have try'd, but they ſtick too cloſe to me; and when I have ſeen others, whoſe Rank and Fortune have laid a ſort of Reſtraint upon their Liberty --- I have ſoftly ſaid to myſelf, --- Well, there is ſome Advantage in having neither Rank nor Fortune! --- Give me the Joy I always took in the End of an old Song:

My Mind, my Mind is a Kingdom to me.

Let the World call me any Fool but an unchearful one! I live as I write; while my Way amuſes ME, *it is as well as I wiſh it. --- The Man whoſe becalm'd Paſſions know no Motion ſeems to be in the quiet State of a green Tree; he vegetates 'tis true, but ſhall we ſay he lives?*

O expreſſive Deſcription! This is the *ratione inſanire* in the very Stile; incomprehenſibly ſublime. --- O dainty Simile! A Tree, when it is green, and vegetates, and flouriſhes, cannot be ſaid, in our Philoſophy, to live. --- Reader take heed! for I have a ſtrong Impulſe to talk impertinently, and ſhew myſelf in all my Lights.

Lights. - - - Here I could draw an imaginary Monarch, and dreſs him in all the Mockery of Greatneſs, with all the cumberſome Robes of Majeſty, with all the Devaſtation of Ambition in his Thoughts, till my Imagination was heated and fatigu'd in dreſſing up a Phantome of Felicity; - - - and what then? - - - Why prove he was not half ſo happy a Fellow as myſelf.

Let them be Converts to the *Cibberian* Sect who will; our Founder does not impoſe theſe Laws, but follows them *himſelf*, and is followed by *myſelf*. - - - If we are miſguided, it is Nature's Fault; We follow her, and reaſon good. - - - Nature has diſtinguiſh'd us from the Brute-Creation by our *Riſibility*:

Homo animal Riſibile eſt.

Her Deſign was, by our *Os Sublime* (our erected Faces) to Lift up the Dignity of our Form,

God gave to Man an upright Face that he
Might view the Stars - - - - - -

[Corner of an Almanack.

From this Syſtem, we may juſtly ſtile ourſelves *natural* Philoſophers.

But nevertheleſs, without divine Aſſiſtance, be we never ſo wiſe or fooliſh, we cannot reach this merry Felicity: So that all my *Parade* and *Grimace* of Philoſophy, has been only making a Merit of following my *own Inclination* - - - - A very natural *Vanity!* - - - - But this *Vanity* does not impoſe on me - - *Vanity* again! - - - However think it, Reader, *Vanity* or not *Vanity*, or *this*, or *that*, or *t'other* that has drawn me into this *copious* Digreſſion, it is now high Time to drop it. - - - After playing the Philoſopher in this Manner, I ſhall now return to *School* again. - - - A Place where ſome of my *Witwou'd* Enemies may ſay would be very proper for me; but as I have foreſtall'd their Jeſt, none but the dulleſt Rogues will pretend to make it.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

He that writes of himſelf not eaſily tir'd. Boys may give Men Leſſons. —— Wrongly ſatiriz'd. —— On Satire. —— Wrote generally for Bread. —— His Thoughts and Behaviour when ſatiriz'd, &c.

AS my Pen is running over the Paper to form this Sentence, I am ſmiling, *Sir Reader*, to think what an odly contented Coxcomb I am to ſet myſelf down to write this *Apology* for my *Life:* But you know nothing gives a Coxcomb ſo much Pleaſure as to talk of himſelf, which ſweet Liberty I am now enjoying - - - This Pleaſure none but Authors as vain as myſelf can conceive. - - - But to my Story.

However little worth Notice the Actions of a *School-boy* may ſeem, yet as they act on the ſame Motives as Men, their Conſequences are worth obſerving, becauſe it is ſome Kind of Satisfaction to behold in what Degree the Dawn of a Genius firſt appear'd. For this Reaſon Mr. *Colley Cibber* * tells you, that at School *he made an Oration on King* Charles *the* II's *Death, when all the Boys in his Form, out of Modeſty, thought ſuch a Performance above his Capacity, and was laugh'd at, and jeer'd, and hated as* a pragmatical Baſtard: For this Reaſon he acquaints you, that with the leaſt Reſtraint to *Modeſty*, he did what would have frighten'd a Boy of a meek Spirit from attempting. - - - He made an *Engliſh Ode* on King *James*'s Coronation, and made it in half an Hour. - - " The very Word *Ode*, then adds he, makes

---

* *Vide* Apology, *p.* 20.

" you

" you ſmile, and ſo it does me, not only becauſe it ſtill " makes ſo many poor Devils turn Wits upon it, but " from a more agreeable Motive; from a Reflection " that for half a Century afterwards I ſhould be call'd " upon twice a Year, by my Poſt, to make the ſame " Kind of Oblations." . . . Here the Reader ſees, in the *Puris Naturalibus*, that Dawn of Genius which *baſhful Modeſty* could never reſtrain from writing, and who ſtill makes ſuch *Odes* which all the poor *Devils* of *Wits* cannot put him out of Conceit of . . . . But to *myſelf* . . . .

I cannot ſay that among my School-Fellows I made any great Figure, or raiſed their Envy by any learned Compoſitions; yet, I know not how it was, I had then an innate Kind of Propenſity to Scribbling; and without any partial Flattery to myſelf, I can affirm I choſe, or rather accidentally ſtruck into one Species of Writing, in which I was not only then without an Equal, but have remained ſo ever ſince.

Here, perhaps, I may again ſeem vain! But if the Facts are true, how can I help it? If I have a tolerable Feature, will not that as much belong to my Picture as my Imperfection? In a Word, the Story is this.

While I was at *Wincheſter*, there came ſome *Prize-Fighters* from the *Bear-Garden* at *London*; and as I was always fond of *Heroes* and martial Deeds, I introduced myſelf into the Company of theſe Knight-Errants of the Blade: It happen'd that however brave the Heroes were, they were not very learned: In truth they could neither write nor read. It was on this Occaſion that they deſir'd me being a better Scholard, (Prize-fighters Language) to pen their *Challenges*, which they inſtructed me to indite. . . . . Here I gave the firſt Demonſtration of my Parts; for having been us'd at *London* to read Playhouſe Bills, and hear Tragedies, my Father being Maſter of a Playhouſe, I wrote their Bills of *Challenge* with ſuch Art, and expreſs'd the Heroes Thoughts in ſuch magnanimous Phraze, that they alarm'd the Soul of the Reader, and rouz'd up a greater Deſire for a Gladiatorial Spectacle than all the Drums in *Chriſtendom*. . . . . Theſe Challenges of my inditing had wonderful Succeſs; the People were amaz'd at the ſwelling Pompouſneſs of the Heroes Language, and conſequently

conſequently imagined that thoſe who were terribly courageous with their *Pen*, muſt be very *Lions* at the *Sword*: But alas! it is one Thing *Scribere*, and another *Agere*: Their Valour did not near equal the Nobleneſs of my Deſcription; for the Battle they fought was a ſham one..... However, they returned their grateful Acknowledgments to me, and I was Author of all their Challenges, which, with much Art, I diverſify'd during their whole Stay.

Well ſays ſome grave Annotator, who has not heard ſome private Anecdotes of my Life, what do you infer from this Tale?.... Hear another, and take the Inference of them both together..... Some Space of Time had elaps'd ſince my Heroes of the Blade left *Wincheſter*, when a Company of Hireling Actors arriv'd. I ſoon made myſelf known to them, and was accordingly admitted to their Rehearſals: One Morning I caſually took up a Paper, which was a written Bill of the Performance they were to exhibit in the Evening. I immediately found there was ſomething deficient, or at leaſt ſomething that might be alter'd to raiſe the Expectation of the Populace, and bring a better Audience to the Houſe: I communicated my Thoughts very freely to the Maſter of the Company, and ſhew'd ſuch an *uncommon Genius* for writing and compoſing a *Play-houſe Bill*, that, with a complaiſant Bow, he intreated me to write theirs. I comply'd with his Requeſt, and wrote them in ſuch a *promiſſory Way*, (a Way which has been ſince call'd *Puffing*) that they engroſs'd the Attention of the Town, and by an attractive Quality, brought them ſeveral good Audiences.... I cannot paſs by one Thing; the Maſter of the Company, and his *Roxana*, were of an ambitious Spirit, to indulge which, I ordered their Names to be printed *ſix Times* as large as any of the Reſt of the Performers: An Article of *Stage-Vanity*, which I have ſince moſt frequently practis'd with much Glee of Heart and Pomp-Magnificent.

Now to apply theſe Stories: from ſuch ſmall Beginnings, my Genius ſoar'd to an unequal Height; and I have had, for this Species of writing, no one hardy enough to become my Competitor in Fame. With a pleaſant Recordation of Mind I think what Praiſes were

beſtowed

beſtowed on the Advertiſements, and the Bills of the *Bear-Garden*, while I had, for ſome Years, the *Honour* of *writing* them: They were attributed to my Pen, and the moſt partial Witling that ever pretended to be arch upon me, would allow that in this I was inimitable.... I ſhall not mention what Degree of Excellence I have arriv'd to in *Theatrical Bills*, and *Advertiſements*, and *Puffs*, and *Paragraphs*: My *Modeſty* will not ſuffer me to give to *Poſterity*, in theſe Memoirs, what the preſent Age ſays of them: Be it enough, that there is that *Something* in them which no one can hit but *myſelf*.

From what I have mention'd, I would obſerve this; that wherever there is Merit there is a heavy Tax laid on it; Envy and Malice will demand a conſiderable Share of the Praiſe which is due to you: However great my Succeſs has been in the Species of Writing, I have deſcrib'd above, yet it has rais'd me many Enemies; Perſons who cannot bear to ſee any ſhining Parts in another, without endeavouring, by a Cloud of intervening Darkneſs, to eclipſe them. The little Genius that I have, and which hereditarily deſcends to me from a paternal Source of Wit, has often occaſion'd me, in the very Spring-time of my Life, to become the But of witleſs Cenſure and Invective; and the ſame Reaſon makes me frequently the Object of Raillery in publick Coffee-houſes and publick News Papers. But as the greater Poll of Mankind would rather vote for Cenſure than Commendation; Satire has a thouſand Readers where Panegyrick has one; therefore when I ſee my Name, or Characteriſtick for my Name, in a Journal or Pamphlet, I look on it as an Artifice of the Author to get a Dinner: He conſiders that my Face and Name are more known than many thouſands of more Conſequence in the Kingdom; that therefore, right or wrong, a Lick at poor THE', or the *Young Captain*, or *Ancient Piſtol*, or by what other Name ſoever they pleaſe, to dignify and diſtinguiſh me, will be a ſure Bait *ad captandum Vulgus*, to catch little Readers, and gratify the Unlearn'd.... In almoſt theſe very Words the *Laureat Apologiſt* makes his Complaint, on being ſatiriz'd with his Name at length by Mr. *Pope*.... And I muſt add, that

as

as Mr. *Pope* (for let him be as great a Satyriſt as he will I am not afraid to ſpeak out) for the Sake of the Pence, ſatyriz'd the inculpable Mr. *C. Cibber*. It was for that Reaſon, and that Reaſon only, that Mr. *Cibber*'s Son muſt be mention'd in his Rhymes. . . . What elſe could provoke him to ſay,

---- *Shall* Cibber's Son *without Rebuke*,
Outſwear a Lord?----

Pope's Imitation of *Horace*.

---- Well they may ſay what they will of the *Cibbers*, but it muſt be a Proof they have ſomething very ſingularly exquiſite in their Ways and Manners, when their very Names carry a Joke in them. --- But this Detraction of theſe Retailers of Wit is moſt admirably compar'd to * Dung " thrown upon a Meadow, though it may at firſt " ſeem to deform the Proſpect, in a little Time it will " diſappear of it ſelf, and leave an involuntary Crop of " Praiſe behind it." To cope with ſuch Antagoniſts would be ridiculous; for as the ſame Author wittily ſays, " Would my bearing ill Language from a Chimney-" ſweeper do me leſs Harm, than it would be to box " him, though I was ſure to beat him."

As no Wit or Criticiſm can make me worſe than I am, no ſerious Reply I can offer will make me better. I have indeed ſometimes been induc'd to give publick Anſwers, and publick Appeals; but I think, in my own Judgment, and by experimental Knowledge, that ſuch a Proceeding is wrong: It is more eligible to be ſeverely ſtrict to the Principle laid down by Mr. *Cibber ſen.* which is to join in the Laugh againſt *myſelf*, and honeſtly ſay of myſelf all may be ſaid againſt me. What he ſays on writing an Apology for his Life †, is the Motto to mine; nor can I add any Thought of my own to ſo juſt and impartial a Deſcription. --- It may be ſaid, that this being before Hand with the Wits, is all Affectation in me, and my giving myſelf Airs of ſhewing myſelf my Father's own Son, is too true to make a Jeſt of. --- He

---

* *Colley Cibber*'s Life, p. 25. † *Vide* Motto.

quotes

quotes a Line on ſuch an Occaſion, * *Cinna* (or *Cibber*) *Videri Pauper vult, & eſt Pauper.*

" *When humble* Cinna *cries*, --- I'm poor and low,
" *You may believe him --- He is really ſo.*

I ſhall give the *Latin* Line a different Turn.

The Cibbers *both themſelves dull Rogues declare,*
But what they ſay in Jeſt, *in* Truth *they are.*

Yet after all, what can all the Squirts and Popguns of Jeſt and Raillery avail againſt the ſeven-fold Shield of *Confidence* and *Contempt* ?

My Soul is like an ample Shield,
Can take in All, and Verge enough for more.

Who can make me more ridiculous than Nature has made me ? If then, Sir *Critick*, you attack this Apology to expoſe me, take Care you don't expoſe yourſelf; if you write to ſhew your Parts, and Genius, and all that, why, you are as errant a Fool and Coxcomb as me †; " But perhaps you may want Bread : If that be the Caſe, " even go to Dinner in God's Name ; whatever you in- " tend me as a Diſfavour, will fly back into your own " Face, as it happens to Children who ſquirt at their " Play-fellows againſt the Wind."

When a Perſon of any Spirits and Genius once gets into a Diſſertation on himſelf, he is a good while before he can get to the End of the Chapter ; the pleaſant Subject ſteals imperceptibly upon him, nor ever thinks he, while he is not weary of writing, any one elſe may be weary of reading : I was ſaying to ſhew a Contempt for low Wit, and to laugh at it yourſelf was the readieſt Way to take the off the Laugh.---Now, Reader, if you are not tir'd, I'll tell you a *Story*. --- If you are, --- lay aſide the Book, and come again when you have a better Appetite.

In that Year when the Stage fell into great Commotions, and the *Drury Lane* Company aſſerting the glorious Cauſe of *Liberty* and *Property*, made a Stand againſt the Oppreſſions in the Patentees. In that memorable Year when the Theatric Dominions *fell in labour*

* *C. Cibber's* Life, p. 27. † *Ditto.*

of a *Revolution*, under the Conduct of *myſelf*, that Revolt gave occaſion to ſeveral Pieces of Wit and ſatirical *Flirts* at the Conductor of the Enterprize. I was attack'd, as my Father had been before me, in the publick Papers and Journals; and the burleſque Character of *Piſtol* was attributed to me as a real one. Out came a Print of *Jack Laquerres*, repreſenting, in moſt vile deſigning, this Expedition of ours, under the name of the *Stage Mutiny*; in which, gentle Reader, *your humble Servant*, in the *Piſtol* Character, was the principal Figure. This I laugh'd at, knowing it only a proper Embelliſhment for one of theſe neceſſary Structures to which Perſons only out of Neceſſity repair. --- But now comes the grand Attack; a Summer Company was at this Juncture performing at *Covent-Garden Theatre*; and our Tranſactions, and my Character, were thought worthy to be repreſented on the Stage. Accordingly a young Spark, who was juſt come from *Trinity College* at *Cambridge*, to ſet up for an Author in Town, and who had juſt before wrote a Farce, call'd the *Mock-Lawyer*, thought this a proper Time to exerciſe his *Genius*. To work he went, and *Piſtol* was to be his Heroe: A Farce was wrote, and perform'd, and the Bent of it was to ridicule poor *me*: Tone of Elocution, my buskin Tread, my Elevation of Countenance, my Dignity of Geſture, and expreſſive Rotation of Eye-balls: In ſhort, all my Manner was burleſqu'd, and a mock Pomp of Words, which were a Parody of Tragedy Speeches, and *Piſtol*'s Bombaſt run through the Character. --- This I will ſay, the *Thing* was ſo well tim'd, and the Perſon who mimick'd me did it ſo well, that it ſucceeded far beyond any the leaſt intrinſick Merit that was in it. — But where am I again digreſſing? --- How d'ye think I behav'd on this Occaſion? I knew if there was any Thing ſmart upon me the Audience would very readily laugh at it, and indeed at a Rehearſal I thought ſome Things ſmart enough. --- What then did I, but plac'd myſelf in one of the Side-boxes, in the full Front of the Houſe, and was reſolv'd, like *Cibber*'s ſelf,

'Sblood to ſtand them all. ——

Epilogue to *Nonjuror*.

Well, the Scene open'd, and on *Piſtol*'s appearing there was a thundering Clap, and all the Eyes in the Houſe converted on *me*; every Sentence that hit at *me*, the Joke was heighten'd by looking at me, who laugh'd as much at *them*, and the *Poverty* of the *Author*'s Wit, as the Author or the Audience could poſſibly do at me, but ſeem'd only to join the Chorus, and laugh for mere good Humour. Towards the laſt Scene the Author had introduc'd a Sale of theatric Goods, and one of the Properties put up to be diſpos'd of, --- was APOLLO's *crack'd Harp, and wither'd Crown of Bayes.* --- Upon which a Character on the Stage reply'd, --- *Oh! Pray lay that aſide for Mr.* Piſtol, *he will claim that by* hereditary Right.—This immediately put the whole Houſe in a *Roar*, — and *Encore*, *Encore*, was all the Cry. --- Here the whole Pit ſtood up and look'd at me. — I join'd the laughing *Encore*, and in the Repetition of the low Witticiſm, clap'd heartily. — This joining with the Humour of the Multitude, could give them no Pleaſure; and what ſignifies being a little ſevere on one's Self, to prevent other People's being ſo. — This was my Way of Thinking:

Inſuevit Pater optimus hoc me.

This Art profound, this happy Thought,
My good, my modeſt Father taught.

I am always proud to ſhow in what Steps I trod: Read the next quoted Paragraph.

" * In the Year 1730 there were many Authors, whoſe " Merit wanted nothing but Intereſt to recommend them " to the vacant laurel, and who took it ill to ſee it " conferr'd on a Comedian, inſomuch that they were " reſolv'd at leaſt to ſhew Specimens of their ſuperior " Pretenſions; and accordingly enliven'd the publick " Papers with ingenious Epigrams, and ſatirical Flirts " at the unworthy Succeſſor. Theſe Papers my Friends " put into my Hands with a wicked Smile, and deſired " me to read them fairly in Company. This was a Chal-

* *C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 28.

" lenge

" lenge I never declin'd, and to do my doubty Anta-
" goniſts Juſtice, I always read them with as much im-
" partial Spirit as if I had writ them myſelf: While I
" was thus beſet on all Sides, out ſteps a poetical
" Knight-Errant to my Aſſiſtance, who was hardy enough
" to publiſh ſome compaſſionate Stanza's in my Favour.
" Theſe, you may be ſure, the Raillery of my Friends
" could ſay I had written to *myſelf*. To deny it I knew
" would have confirm'd their Suſpicion: I therefore told
" them ſince it gave them ſuch Joy to believe them my
" own, I would do my beſt to make the whole Town
" think ſo too.--- As the Odneſs of this Reply was,
" I knew, what would not be eaſily comprehended, I
" deſir'd them to have a Day's Patience, and I would
" print an Explanation to it. To conclude, in two Days
" after I ſent this Letter, with ſome doggerel Rhimes
" at the Bottom."

To the Author of the Whitehall-Evening-Poſt.

SIR,

" THE Verſes to the *Laureat* in yours of *Saturday*
" laſt, have occaſion'd the following Reply, which
" I hope you'll give a Place in your next, to ſhew we
" can be quick as well as ſmart, upon a proper Occa-
" ſion: And as I think it the loweſt Mark of a *Scoundrel*
" to make bold with any Man's Character in Print, with-
" out ſubſcribing the true Name of the Author; I
" therefore deſire, if the *Laureat* is concern'd enough to
" ask the Queſtion, that you will tell him my Name,
" and where I live; till then I beg Leave to be known
" by no other Name than that of,

Your Servant,

FRANCIS FAIRPLAY.

Monday, January 11, 1730.

Theſe were the Verſes.

I.

Ah! Hah! Sir Coll. *Is that thy Way,*
Thy own dull Praiſe to write?

And wouldſt thou ſtand ſo ſure a Lay?
No, that's too ſtale a Bite.

II.

Nature and Art in thee combine,
Thy Talents here excel;
All ſhining Braſs thou doſt outſhine,
To play the Cheat ſo well.

III.

Who ſees thee in Iago's *Part,*
But thinks thee ſuch a Rogue,
And is not glad, with all his Heart,
To hang ſo ſad a Dog.

IV.

When Bayes *thou play'ſt, thyſelf thou art*
For that by Nature fit,
No Blockhead better ſuits the Part
Than ſuch a Coxcomb Wit.

V.

In Wronghead *too thy Brains we ſee,*
Who might do well at Plough;
As fit for Parliament was He,
As for the Laurel *Thou.*

VI.

Bring thy protected Verſe from Court,
And try it on the Stage,
There it will make much better Sport,
And ſet the Town in Rage.

VII.

There Beaux and Wits, and Cits and Smarts,
Where Hiſſing's not uncivil,
Will ſhew their Parts to thy Deſerts,
And ſend it to the Devil.

VIII.

But Ah! in vain 'gainſt thee we write,
In vain thy Verſe we maul!

Our

Our ſharpeſt Satire's thy Delight,
For - - - Blood! thoul't ſtand them all.

IX.

Thunder, 'tis ſaid, the Laurel ſpares,
Nought but thy Brows could blaſt it;
And yet, - - - *Oh curſt provoking Stars!*
Thy Comfort is, thou haſt *it.*

Theſe doggrel Verſes I have quoted with the ſame Deſign as the *Laureat* publiſh'd them in his *Apology*, to ſhew you his particular Caſt of Temper, and conſequently from what Fountain I have deriv'd mine. I cannot loſe this Opportunity of mentioning another *Analogy* between us: As in our Tempers there is a peculiar Similitude, ſo there is in our Faculties in Writing.* *He has too bold a Diſregard for that Correctneſs which others ſet ſo juſt a Value on; ... and when he ſpeaks any Thing that delights him he finds it difficult to keep his Words within the Bounds of common Senſe.....* Even when *he writes, the ſame Failing gets the better of him*, and Inſtances that well-known Expreſſion of his, That Mrs. *Oldfield out-did* her uſual *Outdoings*..... Now have not I in all my Writings, ſhewn a thorough Diſregard for pedant Correctneſs: In all my Speeches on the Stage, have not I, in the fullneſs of my Heart, broke through all Bounds of *Common Senſe?* ... Yet I muſt confeſs, though I have given many flat Writers Occaſion to be brisk upon my general Stile, I was never ſo floridly happy as to make one ſingle Expreſſion a Standard Jeſt for ten Years together: I never hit on a Verb with ſo pleaſant an Accuſative after it, as could have ſuch an Effect †; *for wherever the Verb* OUTDO *could be brought in, the pleaſant Accuſative* OUTDOING *was ſure to follow it*; and, *Deries repitita placeret*, ſays the Apologiſt..... It has been ſaid of this very Sentence, that the pleaſant *Accuſative Outdoing* is Nonſenſe, as it is not Grammar..... But pray let me ask ſuch Pedants, Is there not a *Licentia* of a *Quidlibet*

---

* *C. Cibber's* Life, p. 31, 32. † *Vide* p. 32.

Audendi, which all great *Genius's* claim? . . . Let cold phlegmatic Writers, like dull Pack-horſes, keep to the beaten Path; Men of Fire and Spirit, like Nags that have Blood in their Veins, will bounce out of the Road, ſtart into full Speed, and ſhow their Mettle. - - - Again: - - - Is it not a Characteriſtick of Excellence to have a Stile ſo peculiarly ſingular, that in the reading half a Page you are ſure of the Author? Has not the great *Bentley* gone on in this Principle, in all his moſt erudite Caſtigations? --- Catching the Stile of the Authors, has he not ſaid of *Horace* and *Terence*, - - - *Sic ſcripſit*. - - - Thus he wrote? - - - Has he not ſaid, - - - *Aut ſic ſcripſiſſe debuit*. --- Or ſo he ſhould have wrote? --- Has he not boldly aſſerted. - - - *Sic lege meo periculo*. - - - Read thus at my Peril? - - - The ſame Method he has taken with *Milton*. - - - The amount of all this is, if a ſingular Stile is a Demonſtration of a Genius, I will venture, without any Infringement on Modeſty, to affirm that the *Cibberian* Stile is a Proof of very remarkable Talents; and I know not but ſome future Critick will quote, that to hit on a *pleaſant Verb*, followed by a *pleaſant Accuſative*, is a Mark of Excellence: Nor am I without Hopes, but that there are ſome rhetorical Boldneſſes in my Compoſitions, which may be admir'd by late Poſterity. - - -

Now the Reader may think this is all ſaid with Serioſity. --- No, Mr. *Cibber, ſen.* confeſſes that to *outdo* an *Outdoing* is a *vile Jingle*; nor can I deny that there may be ſome few Expreſſions in my Writings which may perhaps raiſe a Smile. - - - But what then; it is our Happineſs, though we write ſuch Things ſeriouſly, we can laugh at them jocoſely, --- when others begin to laugh; and if other good Writers cannot do the ſame, they want that good Senſe which ſome other People may be endow'd with. - - - If you write well, your * *Work* will go *without Crutches*; or would I † *publickly* put every *Argument to Death* that appears againſt me. This were to be an Executioner inſtead of a Gentleman. Praiſe is a *voluntary Tax* paid by the Publick; they

* C. *Cibber's* Life, p. 33. † *Vide Ditto.*

may

may chuſe whether they will pay it or not; but in the End *Merit* will *compel* them to it.

To conclude, the Subſtance of all that I have ſaid, might as well been ſaid at firſt, in two Lines of a great Author, and which, in a great Character I have often ſpoke with Applauſe.

* *Si fortuna me tormento,*
Sperato me contento.

---

* Two Lines in the Character of *Piſtol* in *Henry* the 4th.

CHAP. III.

The Author's ſeveral Chances for the Church, the Court, and the Army. — Deſign'd for the Univerſity. — Took to the Stage. —— Political Thoughts, with many others, which can be only known by the Reader's Peruſal, &c. &c. &c.

AFTER the long Digreſſion which I made in the laſt Chapter, and the *Truant* which I have ſo long play'd from School, I am at a Loſs for an *Apology* to addreſs the Reader: I left myſelf at *Wincheſter* School, not making the greateſt *Eclat* in Claſſical, Grammatical, and ſuch Learning, yet diſtinguiſhing *myſelf* by ſome puerile Excellencies: My Father, to be ſure, had ſome great *Deſignations* of me, of being a *Biſhop*, or perhaps an *Arch-biſhop*, he intending me for the *Church*, as he himſelf had been intended. --- But to neither of us. --- *Sic Dii Voluere.* --- To introduce my Story in this third Chapter, I muſt quote the Introduction to his. ---

" * I am now come to that Criſis of my Life when For-
" tune ſeem'd to be at a Loſs what ſhe ſhould do with
" me: Had ſhe favour'd my Father's firſt Deſignation of
" me, he might then perhaps have had as ſanguine
" Hopes of my being a Biſhop, as I afterwards conceiv'd
" of being a General: Nay, I had a third Chance, of
" becoming an Underpropper of the State. How I came
" to be none of theſe, the Sequel will inform you."

My Father, as I before hinted, had conceiv'd great Deſignations of me; but there was a Concatenation of Things, which occaſion'd me to follow the ſame Tract which he had trod in before. I was not elected into *Wincheſter* College: All the Reaſons may not be altogether ſo proper to repeat: I unfortunately miſtook the Senſe of a Line in *Virgil:*

NISUS *amore pio pueri*, &c.

However to this Day I cannot think the making a falſe *Comment* on a Paſſage in a *Heathen* Author, ſhould be a Diſqualification for Eccleſiaſtic Preferment. - - - - Be that however as it will, it was, I think, about the Year 1720, when a Change of Miniſtry was happening at *London*, and the Right Honourable Sir *R*----- *W*------ was about to make that illuſtrious Figure in *Europe*, which we have ſince ſeen; while the Nation was in *Labour* of ſuch a *Production*, my Affairs alſo were in Labour of ſome Event, when I happen'd to be ſent up to *London* to my Father, to be turn'd looſe into the Buſtle of the World. - - - At this Juncture you cannot but obſerve that the Fate of Sir *R. W.* and *T. C.* were at the ſame Time upon the Anvil: In what ſhape they would afterwards appear was only Gueſs-work: What Characters we have ſince attain'd, all *Europe* knows in Regard to *Him*, all *Britain* in Regard to *Me*.

But a ſtill more remarkable Criſis happen'd to Mr. *Colley Cibber*, on his Return from being a Candidate for *Wincheſter College:* Take his own Story. - - - " The
" Nation now fell in Labour of the Revolution: The
" *Prince* of *Orange* was landed in the *Weſt*; my Fa-

---

* *Vide C. Cibber's* Life p. 34.

" ther

" ther was in Arms under the *Duke of Devonſhire*, but " I jump'd into his Saddle, and he return'd to *Chatſ-* " *worth*, where he was at Work. At this Criſis King " *James* and the Prince of *Orange*, and that of ſo minute " a Being as myſelf, were at once upon the Anvil. In " what Shape they would ſeverally come out, though a " good *Gueſs* might be made, was not then *demonſtrable* " to the deepeſt Foreſight. - - - But, adds he, if one " Month ſooner I had been at the Univerſity, who " knows but by this Time, that purer Fountain might " have waſh'd my Imperfections into a Capacity of " writing (inſtead of Plays and Annual Odes) Sermons, " and paſtoral Letters."

And *who knows*, if I had attach'd myſelf to the Order of Prieſthood, what a Figure I might by this Time have made: I might, inſtead of writing *Country Correſpondents*, and *Daily Gazetteers*, have penn'd *Characters* of Queens, and ſpoke Speeches from a Reverend Bench in Defence of Prime Miniſters.

You muſt now conſider me at a Period of Time which produced ſuch a Change in publick Affairs, which, as I can now judge of them, were of great Conſequence to the Nation. When I think of this *Æra*, being famous for a Change, that made Sir *R. Prime Miniſter*; I naturally digreſs on Prime Miniſters, and the Changes they are wiſh'd to meet with. * " While great Men " want great Poſts, the Nation will never want ſeeming " Patriots; and no Miniſters but will be heartily rail'd " at. But I cannot forbear thinking that they who have " been longeſt rail'd at, muſt from that Circumſtance " ſhow in ſome Sort the Proof of a Capacity." If this Circumſtance of being long rail'd at is an undubitable Characteriſtick of a wiſe and able Miniſter, the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, whoſe Criſis of Fortune was depending at the ſame Time, as mine has been, the moſt able and wiſe Miniſter that ever manag'd the Affairs of this Nation. Notwithſtanding this Proof of Capacity, *he* and his *Meaſures* have been talk'd of much in the ſame Manner as Mr. *C. Cibber* politically remarks

* *C. Cibber*'s Life, p. 38.

People

People did of King *James* and his Conduct. " * It is " incredible (ſays that Hiſtorian) with what Freedom " and Contempt the common People in the open Streets " talk'd of his *wild Meaſures*, yet we of the Vulgar " had no farther Notion of any Remedy for this Evil, " than a ſatisfy'd Preſumption that our Numbers were " too great to be maſter'd by his mere Will and Pleaſure; " that though he might be too hard for our Laws, yet " he could never get the better of our Nature; and to " drive all *England* into Slavery, he would find would " *be teaching an old Lion to dance.*"

There are, I ſay, Men malecontent and weak enough to talk in this Manner of Sir *R*----- and (to uſe the above *elegant* and apt Simile) who think themſelves too *old Lions to be taught to dance.*--- But I don't ſee how they can help it; for, to compare this *great Man* to what he has never yet been compar'd, he is like another ORPHEUS, who can make theſe *old Lions* move to the *Tune* he *plays*, and they muſt *dance*, while he (uſing another of the *Laureat*'s Expreſſions) is the *Fiddle* of the *Nation.*

Theſe are a few of my political Notions, by which you may ſee what a Sort of a Party-Man I am; but if talking of the Miniſter has drawn me at any Time ever ſo far out of my Depth, I ſtill flatter myſelf I have kept a *ſimple, honeſt Head above Water.* And it is a ſolid Comfort, how inſignificant ſoever I may ſeem, that I have made One among many others, who have wrote Papers and Pamphlets, to prove the happy Effects of this preſent Adminiſtration. — Thus may I be ſaid to have become, in Reality, an *Underpropper* of the *State*, which my Father, not getting a Place in the † *Secretary*'s *Office*, never arriv'd at.

But to recover the Clue of my Hiſtory: I was now come from *Wincheſter* to *London*, to turn out into the *Buſtle of the World*, in which, according to my Rank of Life, I have made more Buſtle than any one before me: My Father did not know well what to do with me; for I had ſo remarkable a Genius, that I was fit for any Thing, and yet fit for nothing. In this Vacancy of his

---

* *C. Cibber*'s Life, p. 39. † *Vide C. Cibber*'s Life.

Reſolution,

Reſolution, being a forward Youth, I wanted to know ſomething of the World, which Knowledge I ſoon attain'd, and began to run into the *hey-day* Gallantries of a Man of Mode: In ſhort, I thought myſelf a very *pretty Fellow*. The *clear Emannations* of *Beauty* ſtruck me into a Regard for the fair Sex, that had ſomething ſofter than profound Reſpect. I could not reſiſt its Power, which is efficacious on all; for *Beauty, like the Sun, ſhines into equal Warmth, the Peaſant and the Courtier:* So good a Taſte my firſt hopeful Entrance into Manhood ſet out with. - - - * My Father had the ſame Kind of Heart, which was ready to be *ſhone into Warmth*, and he handſomly † apologizes, that as he was waiting at Table on the preſent *Dutcheſs Dowager* of *Marlborough*, in the Year of the Revolution, theſe two Words, ‖ *Some Wine and Water*; --- Theſe *two* Words only, that very *ſingle Sound, ſtruck upon* his Senſes, which were collected into his Eyes, by the *clear Emanation* of her *Beauty*. --- This gay Spirit of mine gave ſome Uneaſineſs to my good Mother, but my Father laugh'd at it, as a pleaſing Recordation of himſelf: To hear of ſome of my youthful Sallies, which were the Effects of great Spirits, and into which none but your great *Genii* run; to ſee an honeſt Boldneſs, or modeſt Aſſurance in Countenance and Speech, which none but Men conſcious of Merit have. This muſt give him a pleaſing Recordation of Mind; then he might truely cry out with Exraſy, - - -

§ - - - - - " *Hoc eſt*
" *Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui.*

Which he ſince tranſlates thus;

" *When Years no more of active Life retain,*
" *'Tis Youth renew'd to laugh 'em o'er again.*

But which I tranſlate, for I can tranſlate as well as he, thus:

---

* *Vide* Apology, p. 42.
† The ſame Page.
‖ *Idem*, for this Relation and theſe Phraſes.
§ Motto to *Cibber*'s Life.

'*Tis*

'Tis to live twice, to ſee the Life you led
Again liv'd over by the SON *you bred.*

Or thus:

'Twas to live twice, --- Twice the ſame Acts enjoy,
To ſee the ſame ſtill practis'd by his Boy.

After this Interval of Idleneſs, ſome Views of Life were ſet before my Eyes, as the Army or the City. The Army I lik'd tolerably; nay, ſo well, that I partly took upon myſelf, and was partly complimented by my Companions, with the News of *Captain*. —— And it is with ſome Pleaſure I hear myſelf call'd the *young Captain* to this Day. But a ſmall Commiſſion, however more honourable it might ſeem, I began to know was not ſo profitable as the Profeſſion of an Actor: And though my Father, at the Revolution, had Thoughts of being a General-Officer, Things were now chang'd; and I have often bleſs'd my Stars for my preferring the Theatre to the Camp; on that I have been a Heroe, ſtrutted with a golden *Truncheon*, nodded Command to *Roman* Legions, and old *Britiſh* Bands. In the Army I might have ſtill trail'd a Lieutenant's Half-pike, and in ſome Country Quarters liv'd inglorious; for Years pacific roll'd revolving round; the Spirit-ſtirring Drum, the Ear-piercing Fife, all Pride, Pomp, Circumſtance of glorious War have long'd been loſt in Peace, which long Farewel have told the Soldier's Occupation loſt. - - - 'Twas on the Stage alone I promis'd myſelf much Pleaſure, much Income, and much Reputation: —— Nor is a theatric Profeſſion ſo contemptible as ſome affect to think. "Was a little fooliſh Prejudice laid aſide, * Mr. "*C. Cibber* truely ſays, that many a well-born younger "Brother, and many a Beauty of low Fortune would "gladly have adorn'd the Theatre, who, by their not "being able to brook ſuch Diſhonour to their Birth, have "paſs'd away Lives decently unheeded and forgotten." In ſhort, it is better to be this or that on the Stage, ſo you get handſomly by it, than live in any Degree of Igno-

* *C. Cibber*'s Life, p. 46.

mi.y

miny or not Ignominy off from it; that is, there is no Ignominy on the Stage, or, if you will, the Stage is above Ignominy.

See this Period: "I rememember (ſays Mr. *Cibber* *) "a Lady with a real Title, whoſe female Indiſcretions "had occaſion'd her Family to abandon her, being wil- "ling to make an honeſt Penny of what Beauty ſhe had "left, deſir'd to be admitted an Actreſs: Her Relations "oppos'd it for Reaſons eaſy to be gueſs'd at: It was not "our Intereſt to make an honourable Family our Ene- "mies, and ſhe was refus'd. Here you find her honeſt "Endeavour to get Bread from the Stage, (*i. e.* to make "an honeſt Penny of her Beauty) was look'd on as an ad- "ditional Scandal to her former Diſhonour; ſo that I am "afraid, had the Lady ſold Patches and Pomatum in a "Band-Box from Door to Door, ſhe might have ſtarv'd "with leſs *Infamy*, than reliev'd her Neceſſity by being "famous on the Stage." —— In ſhort, 'tis no Ignominy to be *la Damoiſelle de Plaſir* in a Theatre. - - -

But notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, and my Father before me, the Profeſſion of a Player ſtill continues, as by his Memoirs I find it has always done, to be held by many Gentlemen and People of Quality in no great Eſteem; and many outrageous Inſults have been commit- ted by Perſons, who would be thought Gentlemen, on Actors, whom they dar'd not have uſed ſo in any other Place but a Theatre. But theſe Inſulters of *Audiences*, as well as *Players*, are not to be rul'd, there is no con- tending with them; they are all Patriots, Liberty and Property Men, who roar out to defend their *Magna Charta*, of doing what they will in a Theatre. This Uſage of Players, Mr. *Cibber* ſays, "keeps young Peo- "ple of Senſe from coming on the Stage; they fear "entering into a Society, whoſe Inſtitution if not a- "buſed, is an excellent School of Morality: But alas! "as *Shakſpear* ſays:

"*Where's that Place where into ſometimes*
"*Foul Things intrude not?*

---

* *C. Cibber*'s Life, p. 46.

And

And really the Abuſe of the Stage by the Actors, be it as great as it will, by acting indiſcreetly in their private Lives, it is not greater than the Abuſe that thoſe noiſy Rioters make of it by their publick Diſturbances: I cannot apprehend what rational Authority this *Society for the Reformation of theatrical Manners* can plead, to call an Actor to an Account on the Stage for what he has done off it: Would any Judge pay leſs Regard for a Counſellor's Argument at the Bar, becauſe he may be an indiſcreet, or even a bad Man at home? —— But it is otherwiſe at our theatric Bar of Judgment; our *Judges* are alſo *Jury*, and likewiſe *Executioners*; and though you appear there not as your own Perſon, they make you the *Culprit*, put you immediately on your *Trial*, --- and *G--d ſend you a good Deliverance*. --- But I may ſay what I will againſt thſe unjuſt, unlimited Inſults, yet the Player who falls under ſuch a Caprice of publick Diſpleaſure, muſt be left *adrift, and ride out the Storm as well as he is able.*

I would here ſpeak of ſome Storms which poor I have been adrift in, and which I have out-rode by that admirable Stage Apothegm,

'Sblood I'll ſtand you all.

But that Anecdote will fall under my Pen in a ſubſequent Chapter: To conclude this; the View of riſing ſome Time or other to live in that modiſh Affluence, jovial Gaiety, and ſeeming Importance, in which my Father and ſome others I ſaw liv'd, was the flattering Light by which I ſteer'd my Courſe: Such Temptations were too ſtrong for ſo warm a Vanity as mine to reſiſt; on the Stage I came, being entered, according to my Merit, at a very low Salary; and now, gentle and moſt candid Reader, your Curioſity is from thence to expect a farther Account of me.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Author follows Mr. Colley Cibber's *Method of Hiſtory.* —— *A ſhort Hiſtory of the Stage and Actors, from the* Reſtoration *to the* Revolution. ——*Their Characters.*——*Why given,* &c.

AS I have profeſs'd myſelf an humble Imitator of Mr. *C. Cibber*'s peculiar Manner of *hiſtorical Narrations*, I hope the Reader will not think frequent *Digreſſions* from my own Actions and Life, any Way inconſiſtent; for though I have only promis'd an Account of the material Occurrences of the Theatre during my *own Time*, yet a ſhort Hiſtory of the Theatre, from the *Reſtoration* to the *Revolution*, and from thence to the preſent Year 1740, may be worth more Notice than giving the Publick an Account of my youthful Adventures, for which, little *Apology*, I am afraid, can be made. As in an Account of this Nature I cannot make uſe of my own Knowledge and Judgment, I muſt claim the Privilege of all *Hiſtorians*, of having Recourſe to thoſe Authors who have treated on the Subject before: Nor ſhall I omit that Part, which modern Hiſtory is much founded on, *Oral Tradition*: To theſe I ſhall add ſuch Intelligence as I could collate from ſuch *ancient Records* as ſtill remain in the *Archives* of the *Theatre*. But though I may ſeverally uſe all theſe Aids, the chief Support which I ſhall rely on, will be the *Memoirs* which Mr. *C. Cibber* has, with great *Authenticity* and *Judgment*, collected; and I ſhall alſo give a faithful Abſtract of his *Theatrical Characters*, becauſe they will lead you into a clearer View of ſome modern ones, which I myſelf, at a due Time and Place, ſhall venture to pourtray:

pourtray: - - - Before I enter on this Undertaking, I muſt premiſe, that many are the inimitable Beauties in Stile, in Thought, and Manner of the great *apologetical Original*, which my Compendium will not allow me to introduce; however the Reader may depend, my Abſtract from it ſhall be ſo connected, that I will give him the

Quinta pars ſui Nectaris.

The very Quinteſſence of his NECTAR.

And this Chapter ſhall be, as it were, *Ilias in Nuce*. - - The *Iliad* in a *Nutſhell*. - - Without farther Preface or Apology.

The Civil War which was begun between King *Charles* the Firſt, in Defence of his Prerogative, and his People, in Defence of their Freedom, introduced, at Length, all the Effects of Anarchy: Every Thing that was truly good and virtuous was no longer in Eſteem: Thoſe pious Schools of Morality, the *Playhouſes*, were no longer ſuffer'd; the Stage fell with Monarchy, and the Peers of the Land with the Actors of the Theatre: But as it fell with Monarchy, it was with Monarchy reſtor'd; for at King *Charles* the 2d's Reſtoration, two Patents were granted, one to Sir *William D'avenant*, and the other to *Henry Killegrew*, Eſq; according to Mr. *Cibber*'s Account, or to Mr. *Thomas Killegrew*, according to the Relation of that *Theatric Annaliſt*, *John Downes*, the old *Prompter*. The Company under Sir *William D'avenant*, ſays Mr. *Cibber*, were call'd the *King's Servants*, and acted at the *Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane*; the other the *Duke's Company*, who acted at the *Duke's Theatre* in *Dorſet Garden*: - - - But Mr. * *Downes* ſays, " that on the Reſtoration, the ſcattered " Remnant of *ſix Playhouſes*, which ſubſiſted in King " *Charles* the *Firſt*'s Time, upon the Reſtoration fram'd " a Company, and acted again at the *Bull Playhouſe*, " built them a new Theatre in *Gibbon's Tennis-Court* " in *Clare-Market*, in which two Places they continued

* *Downes* wrote an Account of the Stage during his own Time, call'd, *Roſcius Anglicanus*.

" acting

" acting all 1660, 1661, 1662, and Part of 1663. In this " Time they built them a *new Theatre* in *Drury-Lane*, " Mr. *Thomas Killegrew* gaining a Patent from the " *King*, in order to create them the *King's Servants*, " and from that Time they call'd themſelves, his " *Majeſty's Company of Comedians* in *Drury-Lane*.

As to the Company acting under Sir *William D'avenant*, *Downes* gives this particular Account of its firſt Riſe and going to *Dorſet-Garden*.

" In the Year *one thouſand ſix hundred and fifty-* " *nine* General *Monk* marching then his Army out of " *Scotland* to *London*, Mr. *Rhodes*, a Bookſeller, being " *Wardrobe Keeper* formerly, as I am inform'd, to King " *Charles* the *Firſt*'s Company of Comedians in *Black-* " *Fryars*, geting a Licenſe from the then governing " State, fitted up a Houſe for acting, call'd the *Cock-* " *pit*, in *Drury-Lane*, and in a ſhort Time compleat- " ed his Company.

" In this Interim, Sir *William D'avenant* gain'd a " Patent from the King, and opened a Houſe in " *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, with new Scenes and Decora- " tions, being the firſt that were ever introduced into " *England*; where they continued to act till the Year " 1671, when they open'd a new Theatre in *Dorſet-* " *Garden*, and remov'd from *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* thi- " ther."

The Reader cannot but obſerve ſome Difference in theſe two great Hiſtorians; to ſhew my faithful Attachment to Truth I have given both Accounts; and, gentle Reader,

Utrum Horum Mavis Accipe.

Of the King's Company, about ten were put on the Royal Houſhold Eſtabliſhment, having each ten Yards of ſcarlet Cloth, with a proper Quantity of Lace allow'd them for Liveries; and in the Warrants from the Lord Chamberlain they were ſtil'd, *Gentlemen of the Great Chamber*.

Both theſe Companies were in high Eſtimation; the long Interdiction of Plays had given freſh Appetite to ſuch Repreſentations; beſides, before now no Actreſſes had been ſeen on the Stage. The Characters of Women,

in Theatres, were perform'd by Boys, or young Men of the moſt effeminate Aſpect: And what Grace, or Maſter-Strokes of Action can we conceive ſuch ungain Hoydens to have been capable of? Theſe two Theatres had another advantageous Rule, made by themſelves, which was, that no Play acted at one Houſe ſhould ever be attempted at the other: This prevented a Satiety of the ſame Plays, and kept up the Pleaſure which might otherwiſe grow languid. - - For what Pleaſure is not languid to Satiety? - - The Neglect which has been had, for ſeveral Years paſt, to this *Management*, Mr. *C. Cibber* thinks is the Occaſion of the Degradation of the preſent Theatres, by the *Entertainments* they exhibit; " * for " when Plays are hackney'd out to the common People " indifferently at any Theatre, the beſt Actors will ſoon " feel the Town has enough of them:" Hence he proves a Plurality of Playhouſes detrimental to the Stage, unleſs a proportionable Number of good Authors could riſe to give them all different Employments: " But " while good Writers are ſo ſcarce, and *undaunted Cri-* " *ticks* ſo plenty, I am afraid a good Play and a blazing " Star will be equal Rarities: This indulging the Taſte " with ſeveral Theatres, will amount to the ſame Va- " riety as an Oeconomiſt would ſhow, who would have " *two Puddings* and *two Legs of Mutton* for the ſame " Dinner."

Though this Simile has been inſerted in many a Twopenny Jeſt-Book, yet, as it is admirably introduced, I have again ventur'd to quote it. But to reſume the Thread of this Hiſtory.

" Theſe two excellent Companies were both proſ- " perous for ſome Time, till their Variety of Plays " began to be exhauſted; then of Courſe the better " Actors, which the King's ſeem to have been allow'd, " could not fail of drawing greater Audiences. Sir " *William D'avenant*, therefore, Maſter of the *Duke's* " *Company*, introduced Muſick to Action, and a new " Species of Plays, call'd, *Dramatick Opera's*." - - - I muſt here obſerve Mr. *Cibber* ſays Sir *William* was

---

* *C. Cibber's* Life, p. 56.

Maſter

Maſter of the *Duke's Company*, though in a Page before he ſaid they were the *King*'s: This Inadvertance ariſes from his not rightly counting ONE, TWO: But he has *too bold a Diſregard for Correctneſs, which others ſet a Value on:* It is with a little Compunction that I made this Remark, yet,

Amicus SOCRATES, *Amicus* PLATO, *ſed magis amica* VERITAS.

" * This ſenſual Supply of Sight and Sound, coming " into the weaker Party, they grew too hard for Senſe " and ſimple Nature; for more People can ſee and hear " than think and judge: This Change of Taſte fell " heavy on the *King*'s Company; they had Truth on " their Side, and Praiſe for their Action; but 'tis *cold* " Comfort - - *Laudatur & Alget.* - - Unprofitable Praiſe " can hardly give it a *Soup Maigre.* - - - In this Rival- " ſhip of the two Houſes, *Mohun* and *Hart* growing " old, and the young Actors impatient to get into their " Parts, and intractable, the Audience likewiſe falling " off at both Houſes, the two Companies were united " into one, excluſive of all others, in the Year 1684." or according to *Downes*'s Chronology, 82. - - This Union, ſays the *Apologiſt*, was however ſo much in Favour of the *Duke*'s Company, that *Hart* left the Stage upon it. - - The old *Prompter* ſays, " † Upon this Union, Mr. " *Hart*, being the *Heart* of the Company under Mr. " *Killegrew*'s Patent, never acted more by Reaſon of " his Malady, being afflicted with the Stone and Gravel, " of which he died ſome time after, having a Sa- " lary of *forty Shillings* a Week to the Day of his " Death.".

One Theatre was now in Poſſeſſion of the whole Town, and the united Patentees impoſed their own Terms on the Players: The Actors, who have always as quick a Senſe of Injuries, and as high and glorious a Love of Freedom as any People whatever, appeal'd for Redreſs to the Lord Chamberlain, who was then my Lord *Dorſet*, who finding their Complaints juſt, pro-

---

* *C. Cibber*'s Life, p. 57. † *Downes's Roſcius Anglicanus.*

 cured

cured from King *William*, in 1695, a ſeparate Licenſe for Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Betterton*, Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and others, to ſet up a new Company, calling it the *New Theatre* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*; and they open'd it the laſt Day of *April*, 1695, with a new Comedy, call'd, *Love for Love*.

Mr. *Colley Cibber* begins his Account of the Actors from his entering upon the Stage, 1690, which were the Remains of what was call'd the *Duke's Company*, but is quite ſilent as to the *King's Company*, whom he allows to have been their Superiors: I ſhall, therefore, in this *Apology* for *my Life*, be bold enough to ſupply that Defect in the *Apology* for *his*: It may be ſaid perhaps, "*What, Is this apologizing for your Lives?* -- Well, Sir *Critick!* Suppoſe we call it ſo; What then? But to the Purpoſe.

The Company acting under Mr. *Killegrew* conſiſted of the following *Actors* and *Actreſſes*:

MEN.	WOMEN.
Mr. *Theophilus Bird*,	Mrs. *Carey*,
Mr. *Hart*,	Mrs. *Marſhall*,
Mr. *Mohun*,	Mrs. *Uphill*,
Mr. *Lacy*,	Mrs. *Knep*,
Mr. *Burt*,	Mrs. *Hughes*.
Mr. *Cartwright*,	And ſometime after came into this Company
Mr. *Clun*,	Mrs. *Boutell*,
Mr. *Shatterell*,	Mrs. *Ellen Gwin*,
Mr. *Kynaſton*,	Mrs. *James*,
Mr. *Winterſell*,	Mrs. *Rutter*,
Mr. *Griffin*,	Mrs. *Knight*.
Mr. *Goodman*,	
Mr. *Lyddoll*.	

Theſe Actors and Actreſſes were profeſſedly excellent, and who could have been no *Imitators* but all *Originals*, for which Reaſon it may be much doubted if they have been ſince equall'd: It is impoſſible for me to give an Account of their Perfections after the elaborate Manner Mr. *Cibber* has of ſome others who ſucceeded them; but if any Regard is to be paid to the Judgment of the Audiences and Authors of their Time

Time, they muſt have excell'd highly in Parts which we ſee them caſt to in the beſt Plays of that Time. *Hart* was the Standard to which *Mountford* and *Wilks* endeavour'd, and with great Succeſs, to arrive at; yet are ſaid not thoroughly to attain it. *Mohun* was form'd for an artful Sterneſs in Tragedy, and had great Talents in Comedy: He was the original *Ventidius* in Mr. *Dryden*'s *All for Love*, and was eminent for the *Volpone* of *Ben Johnſon*. Mrs. *Marſhall*, Mrs. *Ellen Gwin*, and Mrs. *Boutell* were equally admir'd in Tragedy and Comedy. To give the Reader, who has any Knowledge of Theatric Performances the beſt Idea I am able of theſe Actors, I will tranſcribe the Caſt of two or three Plays, in which they peculiarly excell'd, and which ſtill continue to be acted on the Stage.

The FOX.

Volpone, - - - - -	Major *Mohun*.
Moſca, - - - - -	Mr. *Hart*.
Corbacchio, - - -	Mr. *Cartwright*.
Voltore, - - -	Mr. *Shatterell*.
Corvino - - -	Mr. *Burt*.
Sir *Politick Wou'dbe*,	Mr. *Lacy*.
Peregrine, - - -	Mr. *Kynaſton*.
Lady *Wou'dbe*, - -	Mrs. *Corey*.
Celia, - - -	Mrs. *Marſhall*.

OTHELLO.

Othello, - - -	Mr. *Hart*.
Brabantio, - -	Mr. *Cartwright*.
Caſſio, - - -	Mr. *Burt*.
Iago, - - -	Major *Mohun*.
Roderigo, - - -	Mr. *Shatterell*.
Deſdemona, - -	Mrs. *Hughes*.
Emilia, - - -	Mrs. *Rutter*.

Earl of ESSEX.

The Earl of *Eſſex*, -	Mr. *Clark*.
The E. of *Southampton*,	Mr. *Griffin*,

Lord *Burleigh*. - - Major *Mohun*.
Queen *Elizabeth*. - - Mrs. *Gwin*.

I come now to ſpeak of, in the ſame tranſitory Manner Sir *William D'avenant*'s Company, and of the Perſons who compos'd it. Mr. *Rhodes*, as I mention'd before, form'd a Company, of which the following Names is a compleat Liſt.

MEN.	Theſe Six acted WOMENS Parts.
Mr. *Betterton*,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Sheppy,	*James Nokes*,
Lovell,	*Angell*,
Lilliſon,	*William Betterton*,
Underhill,	*Moſely*,
Turner,	*Floyd*.
Dixon,	
Robert Nokes,	

On Sir *William D'avenant*'s getting a Patent from the King, and forming this odd Band into a more regular Manner, he took in theſe following Actors:

Mr. *Harris*,	Mr. *Sandford*,
Mr. *Price*,	Mr. *Medbourne*,
Mr. *Richards*,	Mr. *Young*,
Mr. *Blayden*,	Mr. *Norris*.
Mr. *Smith*,	

To theſe he added the following Actreſſes, the four firſt of which he boarded in his own Houſe.

Mrs. *Davenport*,	Mrs. *Davies*,
Mrs. *Saunderſon*,	Mrs. *Long*.
Mrs. *Gibbs*,	Mrs. *Holden*,
Mrs. *Norris*,	Mrs. *Jennings*.

Thus this Company ſtood in the Year 1662; but having loſt ſeveral of the Actors by Death, and ſome by Love, it was recruited in the Year 1673, by Mr. *Anthony Leigh*, Mr. *Jevon*, Mr. *Percival* - - - and Mr. *Williams*, who came in a Boy, and ſerv'd Mr. *Harris*; and Mr. *Boman*, a Boy likewiſe: Among the new Women

men were Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Currer*, Mrs. *Butler*, and others.

Though I may ſeem impertinently prolix, yet, by ſome, this *Theatric Chronology* will be thought not unneceſſary; and it is, in fact, a proper Introduction to that Part of Theatrical Hiſtory, which Mr. *C. Cibber* has very copiouſly related, and of which I ſhall here give a Sort of an Abſtract; for this, with my own Account, will make a perfect *Compendium* of *Stage Hiſtory*. - - Thus he writes - -

" In the Year 1670, when I firſt came into this Company, the principal Actors then at the Head of it were,

Of MEN.	Of WOMEN.
Mr. *Betterton*,	Mrs. *Betterton*,
Mr. *Mountford*,	Mrs. *Barry*,
Mr. *Kynaſton*,	Mrs. *Leigh*,
Mr. *Sandford*,	Mrs. *Butler*,
Mr. *Nokes*,	Mrs. *Mountford*, and
Mr. *Underhill*, and	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Mr. *Leigh*.	

" *Betterton* was an Actor as *Shakeſpear* was an Au-
" thor, both without Competitors, form'd for the mu-
" tual Aſſiſtance, and Illuſtration of each other's Genius:
" The one was born only to ſpeak what the other only
" knew to write: But to give a more clear Idea of him:
" You have ſeen a *Hamlet*, perhaps, who, on the firſt
" Appearance of his Father's Spirit, has thrown himſelf
" into all the ſtraining Vociferations requiſite to expreſs
" Rage and Fury, and the Houſe has thunder'd with
" Applauſe, though the miſguided Actor was *tearing*
" *a Paſſion into Rags*. Now *Betterton* threw this
" Scene into another Light: He open'd it with a Pauſe
" of mute Amuſement, then riſing ſlowly to a ſolemn
" trembling Voice, he made the Ghoſt equally terrible
" to the Spectator as to himſelf; and in the deſcriptive
" Part of the natural Emotions which the ghaſtly Viſion
" gave, the Boldneſs of his Expoſtulations were ſtill
" govern'd by Decency; manly, but not braving; his
" Voice never riſing into that ſeeming Outrage, or
" wild Defiance of what he naturally rever'd.

" A farther Excellence *Betterton* had was, that he " could vary his Spirit to the different Characters he " acted: Thoſe wild impatient Starts, that fierce " and flaſhing Fire which he threw into *Hotſpur* " never came from the unruffled Temper of *Brutus*, " (for I have ſeen, more than once, a *Brutus* as warm, " as *Hotſpur.*) When the *Betterton Brutus* was pro- " vok'd in his Diſpute with *Caſſius*, his Spirit flew " only to his Eye; his ſteady Look alone ſupply'd " that Terror which he diſdain'd an Intemperance of " Voice ſhould riſe to. Thus with a ſettled Dignity " of Contempt, like an *unheeding Rock* he repell'd " upon himſelf the Foam of *Caſſius:* Perhaps the " Words of *Shakeſpear* will better let you into my " Meaning.

Muſt I give Way and Room to your raſh Choler?
Shall I be frighted when a Madman ſtares?

" And a little after:

There is no Terror Caſſius *in your Looks*, &c.

" But with whatever Strength of Nature we ſee the " Poet ſhow, at once the Philoſopher and the Hero, " yet the Image of the Actor's Excellence, unleſs Lan- " guage could put Colours into our Words to paint the " Voice with,

Et ſi vis Similem pingere, pinge Sonum,

" is an Impoſſibility.

" Beſides theſe Characters, he ſhewed an *extraordi-* " *nary Power* in *blowing* ALEXANDER *into a Blaze* " *of Admiration*, yet the furious Fuſtian, and turged " Rants in that Character he was ſenſible gain'd a falſe " Applauſe only; for he thought no Applauſe equal to " an attentive Silence; that there were many Ways of " deceiving an Audience into a loud one, but to keep " them huſh'd and quiet was an Applauſe which only " Truth and Merit could arrive at. But if Truth and " Merit were only applauded, how many noiſy Actors " would ſhake their Plumes with Shame, who, from " an injudicious Approbation of the Multitude, have " ſtrutted and bawl'd in the Place of Merit. *Betterton*

had

" had a Voice of that Kind which gave more Spirit to " Terror than to the ſofter Paſſions, of more Strength " than Melody: The Rage and Jealouſy of *Othello* " became him better than the Sighs and Tenderneſs of " *Caſtalio*; for though in *Caſtalio* he only excell'd " others, in *Othello* he excell'd himſelf. The Perſon " of this excellent Actor was ſuitable to his Voice; " more manly than ſweet; not exceeding the middle " Stature; inclining to the Corpulent; of a ſerious, " penetrating Aſpect; his Limbs nearer the athletick " than the delicate Proportion; yet, however form'd, " there roſe, from the Harmony of the Whole, a com- " manding Mein of Majeſty, which the fairer-fac'd " Darlings of his Time ever wanted ſomething to be " Maſters of. The laſt Part he acted was *Melantius* in " the *Maid's Tragedy*, for his own Benefit, when being " ſuddenly ſeiz'd with the Gout, he ſubmitted, by ex- " traordinary Applications, to have his Foot ſo far re- " liev'd that he might be able to walk on the Stage " in a Slipper, rather than wholly diſappoint his Au- " dience: He was obſerv'd that Day to have exerted a " more than ordinary Spirit, and met with a ſuitable " Applauſe; but the unhappy Conſequence of tamper- " ing with his Diſtemper was, that it flew into his " Head and kill'd him in three Days, in the 74th Year " of his Age."

This is the chief Account which Mr. *Cibber* gives of *Betterton*; he has indeed interſpers'd ſeveral Theatric Obſervations, which amount to no more than they who *write* can't *read*, and they who *read* can't *act*: Mr. *Dryden* could not read his own *Amphitrion*; yet *Nat. Lee*, read his Scenes ſo well, that *Mohun* cry'd out, ---*Unleſs I were able to* PLAY *my Part as well as you* READ *it, to what Purpoſe ſhould I take it?* -- Yet *Nat. Lee* attempted to be an Actor, but ſoon left the Stage in deſpair of making a profitable Figure there.

I could, on this Head, add ſeveral curious *Anecdotes* of my *own*, and from Experience in the Stage Affairs prove, that as ſome who *write* can't *read*, ſo there are others who *read* that can't *write*; and yet ſome who can both *read*, *act*, and *write*. -- How far indeed theſe

reading,

reading, writing, acting Qualifications may be conjoin'd in one and the ſame Perſon, this *Apologetical Hiſtory*, as well as that of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, will be ſome humble kind of *Demonſtration of*: Some indeed may think, that by theſe Memoirs *we* may *blaze to Poſterity in a ludicrous Luſtre*, and that our Obſervations and Digreſſions *ſignify, roundly, Nothing*; yet to the Drum of the Ear will I as roundly rattle,

A Fico *for thy Criticiſm, vile Wight,*
You ſay we Print indeed, yet cannot Write.
I, myſelf I, and Father print indeed,
But what we print we wrote, and what we wrote
you read.

—— But *halt a little.* —— I had ſomething to ſay on the above Deſcription of *Betterton*: It may be in the greateſt Part, or even in the whole, juſt; yet is it not carrying the Elogium too far, to think, nor *Hart*, nor *Mohun*, nor any in their Company, nor ſome before them equal'd him, perhaps ſurpaſs'd him? Mr. *Cibber* ſays none has ſince arriv'd at his Perfections; this very poſſibly may be, yet very likely every ſucceeding Age will think in the ſame Manner of other Actors: As Mr. *Hart* and *Mohun*'s Excellencies were forgot by Degrees, Mr. *Betterton*'s aroſe; when his fail'd by his Death, Mr. *Booth* was thought to be a very great Succeſſor: In ſhort, they who remember *Betterton*, ſhake their Heads at *Booth*; they that are in full Memory of *Booth*, with pitiful Scorn ſee ſome *modern Performers*, who, half a Century hence, may be highly admir'd in their Turn, in Prejudice to * *New Aleps* in the Profeſſion: This, ſay what you will, is a prejudice of Nature, the Impreſſions we firſt receive are ſo deeply affecting, that even, having Judgment afterwards, it impoſes on it: Prejudices in *theatrical Affairs* are as imperceptibly got, and as obſtinately maintain'd as thoſe in *Religion*; and we may ſay of the firſt Repreſentation we ſee, what *Lycurgus* ſays of our firſt Education.

---

* *Vide C. Cibber*'s Apology.

By

By Education moſt Men are miſled,
We ſo believe becauſe we ſo were bred;
The Prieſt continues what the Nurſe began,
And thus the Child *impoſes on the* Man

But really *Betterton*, beſides his Excellencies of *Nature* and *Judgment*, and other great Advantages, for though he is call'd an *Original*, he had ſeen all the *old Players*, who were very excellent, and thoſe were remembered who were *Originals* of *Shakeſpear*. — What Aid ſuch Remembrance might be, take from the following *Anecdotes*.

" * In the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, ſays old *Downes*, the " Part of *Hamlet* was perform'd by Mr. *Betterton*; Sir " *William D'avenant* having ſeen Mr. *Taylor* of the " *Black-Fryars* Company act it, who was inſtructed by " the Author, Mr. *Shakeſpear*, taught Mr. *Betterton* in " *every Article* of it, which, by his exact Performance " of it, gain'd him Eſteem and Reputation ſuperlative " to all other Plays."

Thus again this ancient, but faithful *Memoiriſt* delivers himſelf concerning the Play of *Henry the Eighth*.

" The Part of the King was all new cloath'd in a pro- " per Habit, and ſo right and juſtly done by Mr. *Better-* " *ton*, he being inſtructed in it by Sir *William D'ave-* " *nant*, who had it from old Mr. *Lowen*, that had his " Inſtructions from Mr. *Shakeſpear himſelf*, that I dare " and will aver, none can or will come near him in this " Age, in the Performance of that Part.

The Reader will obſerve, that in *theatrical Memoiriſts*, a Simplicity of Stile in plain Narration too often occurs; but he will pardon this bold Diſregard for grammatical Correctneſs, if, thro' our Rapidity of Thought, he inveſtigates the Meaning: He will ſee then how in *Hamlet* Mr. *Betterton* came by that Judgment, which Mr. *Cibber* takes up ſome Pages in extolling; he will find thoſe Actors who have been *Originals* in Parts, are thought to have excell'd to the higheſt Degree: And Mr. *Betterton* might have been as excellent in thoſe

* *Downs*'s Account of the Stage.

Parts

Parts in which he was an *Original*, as any other Actor before him; yet an Actor after him, who has an *original* Part, and conſequently thereby becomes an *Original*, may be thought ſo far to excel, that few Actors, while he is remember'd, ſhall, with any equal, *judicious Approbation*, ſucceed in that Part. --- On the whole, *original Parts* make an *Actor*, and they who have ſeen a perfect ſet of Actors, can only judge of ſucceeding ones by them: The

Laudator temporis acti

Is not merely confin'd to old Men; by natural Prejudice we catch this Apurtenance to old Age, when we have ſcarce paſs'd the Verge of Youth. But to conclude of Mr. *Betterton*, with a greater Compliment than any other paid him, though the Epilogue to his laſt Benefit, wrote by Mr. *Rowe*, was a very good one, take this Deſcription of him from a Prologue of *Dryden*.

He, like the ſetting Sun, ſtill ſhoots a glimm'ry Ray,
Like ancient Rome, *majeſtic in Decay.*

Mr. *C. Cibber*'s long Digreſſion has led me into this; but as, in his Account of *Betterton*, his Sentiments on theatrical Action are chiefly expreſs'd; I have ventur'd to ſubjoin theſe Sentiments of mine to his Account, that I may not be ſo tedious on this Subject in another Place. I ſhall now introduce his other drawn Characters, and * *make uſe of the ſame Vehicles, which you will find* " *waiting in the next Chapter, to carry you through the* " *reſt of your Journey at Leiſure*, --- for all know, that,

Placida narratio pro Vehiculo *eſt.*

---

* *Vide C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 71.

CHAP. V.

Theatrical Characters, Quotations, Diſſertations, Annotations, Digreſſions, Expreſſions, Alluſions collated, imitated, and related, with A few Words to critical Auditors.

IT was before obſerv'd, Women were not admitted on the Stage till after the Reſtoration, yet, by the Liſts I have given, you will find they were not ſo very eaſily ſupply'd; for in the Company where *Betterton* was engag'd, they were forc'd ſtill to put young Men into female Characters; and Mr. *Kynaſton* ſtands firſt in that motley Caſt; nor indeed had they any till Sir *William D'avenant* brought them to that Company: On the contrary, the *Old*, or the *King*'s *Company* under *Killegrew*, had at firſt ſetting out ſome Women, who in the Summer of King *Charles* the Second's Reign, even when the Companies were in their higheſt Proſperity, were thought inimitable: How hard then is it to fix unlimited Excellence to particular Perſons! ... But of theſe *Male Women*, *Kynaſton* was eſteem'd, being very young and handſome; and, according to *Downes*'s Phraſe*, *a compleat Female Stage-Beauty, performing his Parts ſo well, eſpecially* Arthiope *and* Aglaura, *Parts greatly moving Compaſſion and Pity, that it is doubted whether any Woman that ſucceeded him, ſo ſenſibly touch'd the Audience.* ... Behold the Dotage of *ſervile Partiality!* .... Mr. *Cibber* ſpeaks of his Beauty, and his performing *Evadne* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, to which he ſubjoins a facetious Incident, which thoſe Shifts once occaſion'd. .. † King *Charles* coming to a Tragedy ſooner than uſual, and was impatient to have the Per-

* *Downes*'s *Roſcius Anglicanus.*

† *Vide C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 72.

formance

formance begin, and ſent to know the Meaning of their Delay, the Maſter of the Company came to the Box, and thinking the beſt excuſe would be the Truth, fairly told his Majeſty, the Queen was not yet ſhav'd. The King laugh'd, and ſtaid till her Majeſty could be effeminated. - - - But as for *Kynaſton*, he was ſo beautiful, that the Ladies of Quality prided themſelves in taking him with them in their Coaches in this theatrical Habit, after the Play, which in thoſe Days began at four o' Clock; - - - Such a Cuſtom of the Ladies, of carrying ſuch a handſome young Fellow, though in Petticoats, in their Coaches with them, without any Apprehenſion of Cenſure, is as ſtrong an Inſtance as poſſible, to what Height the modiſh Gallantry of that Time was carried!

But even on Mr. *Kynaſton*'s changing Sexes, that is, his Petticoats to the Buſkin, and his Stays to the Truncheon, he ſtill remained famous: He had, it ſeems, a formal Gravity in his Mein, which in ſome Characters became him. His Eye was piercing, and in Characters of heroick Life, led, in his Tone of Voice, an imperious Vivacity that truely depicted the Tyrant. In theſe two Parts, *Morat* in *Aurengzebe*, and *Muley Moloch* in *Sebaſtian*, he had a fierce *Lyon-like Majeſty*, in his Utterance, that gave the Spectator a Kind of trembling Admiration. - - - In *Henry the Fourth* he was a Maſter of a different Majeſty, but of ſo true a Kind, that when he whiſper'd the following Line to *Hotſpur*,

Send us your Priſoner, or you'll hear of it,

He conveyed more Menace than the loudeſt Intemperance of Voice could ſwell to: *Kynaſton*, like *Betterton*, ſtrictly followed the Rules of Truth and Nature; yet, what ſeem'd ſurpriſing, they were as different in their Manner of acting as in their perſonal Form and Features. He ſtay'd too long on the Stage, till his Memory and Spirits fail'd him; his latter Imperfections were not his own, but thoſe of decaying Nature.

* *Mountford* was a younger Man, tall, well-made, of agreeable Aſpect, fair, his Voice clear, full, and melodious: In Tragedy a moſt affecting Lover; his Words had that *Softneſs*, that

* *Vide C. Cibber's* Apology, p. 76.

Like

Like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell.

In Comedy he gave the trueſt Life to what we call the fine Gentleman: in Scenes of Gaiety he never broke into the Regard that was due to the Preſence of equal or ſuperior Characters, though inferior Actors play'd them: He fill'd the Stage not by elbowing and croſſing it before others, or diſconcerting their Action, but by ſurpaſſing them in Time and maſterly Touches of Nature: He never laugh'd at his own Jeſt, unleſs the Point of his Raillery requir'd it: He had beſides, ſuch a Variety of Genius, that he could throw off the Man of Senſe for the brisk, vain, rude, lively Coxcomb; hence he excell'd in Sir *Courtly Nice*: His whole Man, his Voice, Mein, and Geſture was no longer *Mountford*, but another Perſon; there the inſipid ſoft Civility, the elegant and formal Mein, the drawling delicacy of Voice; the ſtately Flatneſs of his Addreſs, and the empty Eminence of his Attitudes, were ſo nicely obſerved and guarded, that had he not been an entire Maſter of Nature, had he not kept his Judgment, as it were, a Centinel upon himſelf, not to admit the leaſt Likeneſs of what he us'd to be, to enter into any Part of his Performance, he could not poſſibly have ſo compleately finiſh'd it. He was kill'd in the thirty-third Year of his Age; the Accidents that more particularly attended his Fall, are to be found at large, in the Trial of the Lord *Mohun*, printed among *thoſe* of the *State*, in *Folio*.

* *Sandford* was what Mr. *Cibber, Jen.* calls the *Spagnolet* of the Theatre: An excellent Actor in diſagreeable Characters; that is, he was the Stage Villain; but this happen'd not ſo much by his own Choice as Neceſſity; for having a low crooked Perſon, ſuch bodily Defects were too ſtrong to be admitted into great and amiable Characters; ſo that in any new or reviv'd Play, if there was a hateful or miſchievous one, *Sandford* had no Competitor for it. This perſonating of bad Characters requir'd as much Art and Judgment, as to have *ſhone* into the *Applauſe* of the *Spectators* by all the *Throws* and *Swellings of Ambition*, yet it was attended with this Dilemma, that an Audience never expected to ſee him in any

* *Vide C. Cibber's* Apology, p. 73.

other:

other: Nay, ſo far was this Prejudice carried which Mr. *Cibber* has heard was Fact: A new Play came on the Stage, in which *Sandford* play'd an honeſt Stateſman; the Pit ſat out three or four Acts in a quiet Expectation, that the Honeſty of *Sandford* ſhould, from his diſſembling it, (for they thought him a Rogue at the Bottom) *animate the Scenes to come with Confuſion:* But finding him in Truth an *honeſt Stateſman*, they fairly damn'd the Play, *as if the Author had impos'd on them a moſt fruitleſs Abſurdity.* --- This *oral Tradition* has in it a Proof (as all oral Traditions have) that much Faith is requir'd in the Reader: Might not the laſt Act in this Play have ſome other *Cataſtrophe* in it than *Sandford's* proving an honeſt Stateſman? --- No, ſo the Story was heard, and ſo it muſt be believ'd.

--- Credat Judæus Apella
Non ego.

From *Sandford's* being ſo ſucceſsful a Stage Villian, the inferior Actors thought his Succeſs owing to the Defects of his Perſon, and from thence, when they appear'd as *Bravo's*, and Murderers, made themſelves as frightful and inhuman Figures as poſſible. --- In King *Charles's* Time, ſays our *anecdoting Apologiſt*, this low Skill was carried to ſuch Extravagance, that the King, who was black brow'd, and of a ſwarthy Complexion, paſs'd a pleaſant Remark on obſerving the grim Murderers in *Macbeth*, when turning to his People in the Box, he ſaid, *Pray what is the Meaning that we never ſee a Rogue in a Play, but, God's fiſh, they clap him on a black Periwig? When it is well known one of the greateſt Rogues in the Kingdom always wears a fair one.* ---- The King's Obſervation, ſays Mr. *C. Cibber*, was juſt, tho' the King had been as fair as *Adonis*. ---- What Complexion that pretty Fellow *Adonis* had, I will not determine; yet I know not how it is, or what *Ideas* People conceive of *Black*; but it certainly has a very *Horror-moving Aſpect*: It may be a *Trick* of the *Stage*, and as ſuch laugh'd at, for I allow very great Raſcals may have very *black Hearts*, who wear very fair Perukes: Mr. *C. Cibber* thinks his ſwarthy Majeſty alluded

to

to ſome great Man out of Power, and leave them to *gueſs at* him, who *remember the changing Complexion of his Miniſters.* --- This charming Obſervation ſhows the Folly of Alluſion; for ſuppoſe *Some-body* now living, 1740, had ſaid the ſaid Sentence, who among the preſent Miniſtry would dare fix on a Man who wore a light Wig: Their Eyes might indeed naturally be converted to that great Man who wore the greateſt light-colour'd Wig, and ſo might gueſs at him --- who was a very honeſt Man. --- But tho' political *miniſterial Inuendoes* may be very juſtly prov'd to mean ſomething, yet theatrical Inuendoes are a mere *Inanity of Thought.* --- But to digreſs from this Digreſſion, --- and to enter into another. --- Many Actors and Actreſſes have made it a Point to play a Character flatly written, becauſe they ſtood in the favourable Light of Honour and Virtue. --- A Lady, *Mr. *Cibber, jun.* ſays, who was a *Demoiſelle de Plaiſir* on the Stage, acted a Part of impregnable Chaſtity, and bid the Ladies

Study to live the Character I play.

Yet this good Creature made *Faut Paux*; ſhe had ſome illegitimate Iſſue, and her Chaſtity off the Stage was not impregnable. Many are the ſame Kind of theatric Prudes now living, who are like enough to think that to ſeem virtuous is ſufficient for an Audience, and would make it a Point to be for half an hour moſt pure Virgins on the Stage, whatever kind, coming, dear conſenting Creatures they might prove after the Curtain had drop'd. --- I could enumerate ſome *dainty* modern Proofs of this theatric Prudery; but give me Leave to change an old Apothegm

De vivis nil niſi bonum.

To return to *C. Cibber*'s Deſcription of *Sandford*; his 'Manner of Speaking vary'd from thoſe before deſcrib'd: 'His Voice was acute, and had a piercing Tone, which 'ſtruck every Syllable diſtinctly upon the Ear, and in his 'Look he mark'd to an Audience what he thought worth 'more than their ordinary Notice: Had he liv'd in *Shake-'ſpear*'s Time, I am confident his Judgment muſt have 'choſe him to have play'd *Richard* III, for without conſi-

* *Vide C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 56.

" dering

'his Perſon; he had an uncouth Statelineſs in his Motion;
'a harſh ſullen Pride in his Speech; a meditating Brow;
'a ſtern Aſpect, occaſionally changing into an almoſt lu-
'dicrous Triumph over Goodneſs and Virtue: from
'thence falling into a moſt aſſuaſive Sullenneſs and
'ſoothing Candour of a deſigning Heart.'

This Actor Mr. *C. Cibber* imitated cloſely, and hit his Manner ſo true in *Richard the Third*, that Sir *John Vanbrugh* ſaid, on his playing that Part, -- *You have his very Look, Gait, and Speech, and every Motion of him; and have borrowed them all only to ſerve you in that Character.* -- They who remember Mr. *Cibber* in that Part have a Copy of *Sandford*:

--- *Ex pede Herculem.* ---

To deſcribe the low Comedians, Mr. *Cibber* makes a peculiar Apology, yet thus, after it is over, he goes on:

* *Nokes* had a Genius different from any *read, heard of*, or *ſeen, ſince* or *before* his Time; his Excellence a plain palpable Simplicity of Nature, that he was as unaccountably diverting in his common Speech as on the the Stage. This Simplicity, ſo eaſy to *Nokes*, no one could ever catch: *Leigh* and *Underhill* have been well copied, though not equall'd, by others: But not all the mimical Skill of *Eſtcourt*, nor my own, could reach the *vis Comica* of *Nokes*, though I never ſaw an Actor beſide himſelf whom I could not at leaſt ſo far imitate as to give a more than tolerable Notion of his Manner. -- The Characters he ſhone in were, *Sir Martin Mar-all*, *Gomez* in the *Spaniſh Fryar*, Sir *Nicholas Cully* in *Love in a Tub*, *Soſia* in the *Amphitrion*, *&c. &c. &c.* -- This was the Effect of his Action; he never entered the Stage but he was receiv'd with an *involuntary Applauſe*, not by Hands, for they might be *proſtituted* and *beſpoken*, but by a Laughter *(which if beſpoken could not be proſtituted)* which his Sight provok'd, and Nature could not reſiſt: -- His Perſon was of the middle Size; his Voice clear; his natural Countenance grave and ſober; when he ſpoke, that ſerioufneſs of Joakery was diſcharg'd, and a dry drolling Levity took ſuch full Poſſeſſion of him, that I can only

* *Vide C. Cibber's* Apology, p. 85.

refer

refer the Idea of him to your Imagination: In his low Characters that became it, he had a ſhuffling Shame in his Gait, with ſo contented an Ignorance in his Aſpect, and aukward Abſurdity in his Geſture, that had you not known him, you could not have believ'd he had a Grain of common Senſe. In a word, I am tempted to ſum up the Character of *Nokes*, as a Comedian, in a Parody of what *Shakeſpear*'s *Mark Antony* ſays of *Brutus* as a Heroe,

His Life was Laughter, and the Ludicrous
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up
And ſay to all the World - - This was an *Actor.*

Leigh was of the mercurial Kind, not a ſtrict Imitator of Nature; yet not ſo wanton in his Performance as to be wholly out of her Sight: In Humour he lov'd to take a full Career, but was careful to ſtop ſhort when juſt upon the Precipice: He ſo excell'd in the *Spaniſh Friar*, that the Duke of *Dorſet* had his Picture drawn in a whole Length in that Character by *Kneller*, and the whole Portrait is extremely like him: He was much admir'd by King *Charles*, who us'd to call him *his Actor*. - - He died of the Fever a Week after *Montford*, in *December* 1692.

Underhill was a natural Comedian, whoſe Excellence lay in Characters of ſtill Life, the ſtiff, the heavy, and the ſtupid; in ſome of theſe he look'd as if it were not in the Power of human Paſſions to alter a Feature of them: A Countenance of Wood could not be more fix'd than his, when the Blockhead of a Character required it: His Face was full and long; from his Crown to End of his Noſe was the ſhorter Half of it; ſo that the Diſproportion of his lower Features, when ſoberly compoſed, with an *unwandering Eye* hanging over them, threw him into the moſt lumpiſh moping Mortal that ever made Beholders merry; not but at other Times he could be awaken'd into Spirit equally ridiculous: - - In the coarſe ruſtick Humour of Juſtice *Clodpole* in *Epſom Wells* he was a *delightful Creature*. His Age oblig'd him to leave the Stage ſome Years before he died; he appeared once indeed in a Part he had been famous for, the *Grave-digger* in *Hamlet*, but ceaſing to

be what he had been, his Infirmities were diſmiſs'd with Pity: He ſoon after died a ſuperannuated Penſioner of the Theatre. Thus far Mr. *C. Cibber*.

The Characters of theſe Actors are an Extract from the Apology of Mr. *C. Cibber*, and were the Impreſſions he receiv'd in his Youth: How far he may, or may not entertain a Prejudice from thence, I ſhall not here examine: They might be ſo very excellent, as he ſays of *Betterton*, to excell themſelves: But might not as great Deſcriptions be given of the chief Performers in *Hart* and *Mohun*'s Company by ſome other Hiſtorian? Or might not ſome *modern* Hiſtory give much ſuch Characters of our *preſent Actors* who are moſt in Vogue with the Town? Surely ſuch an Attempt might not *regret* the preſent or the future Reader: I ſhall therefore in a future Chapter undertake ſo bold a Province, though the *Flatneſs* of my Characters may be *unequal* to thoſe of the great Apologiſt, which are ſaid to be of the *profound Sublime*: The ſame Liberty which I have taken with Mr. *Cibber*'s Gentlemen I ſhall take with his Ladies, and for the ſame Reaſon I have before given: After ſaying *Powell*, *Verbruggen*, and *Williams* were not worth ſpeaking of, he comes to

Mrs. *Barry*, who was in Poſſeſſion of moſt of the chief Parts of Tragedy: How ſhe excell'd in them you may judge from Mr. *Dryden*'s ſaying in his Preface to *Cleomenes*, ſhe had gain'd a Reputation beyond any Woman he had ſeen on the Stage; which Mr. *Cibber* corroborates with his own Judgment. Mrs. *Barry*, it ſeems, did not arrive at this Maturity of Power and Judgment till ſhe was more than a little paſt her Youth; whence our Apologiſt obſerves, that the *ſhort Life of Beauty is not long enough to form a complete Actreſs*. The Fame Mrs. *Barry* arriv'd to, is a Proof of the Difficulty in judging with Certainty whether any young People will ever make any great Figure in a Theatre; for Mrs. *Barry* was diſcharg'd at the End of the Year as an uſeleſs Expence. Mrs. *Oldfield* had been above a Year before ſhe gave any Hope of her being an Actreſs, ſo unlike to all Manner of Propriety was her ſpeaking: But however, both made themſelves complete Miſtreſſes

of

of their Art, by the Prevalence of their Underſtanding."

Mrs. *Barry*, in Characters of Greatneſs, had a Preſence of elevated Dignity; her Mein and Motion, ſuperb, and gracefully majeſtic; her Voice full, clear, and ſtrong, ſo that no Violence of Paſſion could be too much for her: And when Diſtreſs or Tenderneſs poſſeſſed her, ſhe ſubſided into the moſt affecting Melody and Softneſs: Of the former of theſe Excellencies ſhe gave the moſt delightful Proofs in all the heroic Plays of *Dryden* and *Lee*; and in the latter, in the ſofter Paſſions of *Otway*'s *Monimia* and *Belvidera*. In Scenes of Anger, Defiance, and Reſentment, while ſhe was impetuous and terrible, ſhe pour'd out the Sentiment with enchanting *Harmony*. She was the firſt Perſon whoſe Merit was diſtinguiſhed by the Indulgence of having an annual *Benefit Play*, which was granted to her in King *James* the 2d's Time, and became not in common to others till the Diviſion of the Company after the Death of King *William*'s Queen *Mary*: This great Actreſs died toward the latter End of Queen *Ann*: The Year, ſays our Hiſtorian, you may gueſs at, by an Expreſſion which fell from her in Blank Verſe when ſhe was delirious:

Ha! ha! and ſo they make us Lords by Dozens!

Mrs. *Betterton* was, in the Year 1690, when Mr *Cibber ſenior* firſt came upon the Stage, far advanc'd in Years, yet ſo great a Miſtreſs of Nature, that even Mrs. *Barry*, who acted Lady *Macbeth* after her, could not, in that Part, with her ſuperior Strength and Melody of Voice, throw out thoſe quick and careful Strokes of Terror from the Diſorder of a guilty Mind, which the other gave us with a Facility in her Manner, that rendered them at once tremendous and delightful: Time could not impair her Skill, though it had brought her Perſon to Decay: She was to the laſt the Admiration of all true Judges of Nature and *Shakeſpear*, in whoſe Plays ſhe chiefly excell'd without a Rival: She was a Woman of an unblemiſh'd ſober Life, and had the Honour to teach Queen *Anne*, when Princeſs, the Part of *Semandra* in *Mithridates*, which ſhe acted at

-ourt in K--g *Charles*'s Time: After the Death of Mr. *Betterton*, her Husband, that *Princeſs*, when *Queen*, order'd her a Penſion for Life, but ſhe liv'd not to receive but one half Year of it.

Mrs. *Leigh*, the Wife of Mr. *Leigh* the Comedian before-mentioned, had a droll Way of dreſſing the pretty Foibles of ſuperannuated Beauties: She had in herſelf a good Deal of Humour, and knew how to infuſe it into the affected Mothers, Aunts, and affected ſtale Maids, that had *miſs'd their Market*: In theſe ſhe was extremely entertaining, and *painted*, in a *lively Manner*, the *blind Side* of Nature.

Mrs. *Butler* was recommended to the Stage by King *Charles*: She was the Daughter of a decay'd Knight, and proved a good Actreſs, and was beſides in thoſe Days allowed to Sing and Dance in Perfection: In ſpeaking her ſweet-ton'd Voice, with her naturally genteel Air, and her ſenſible Pronunciation, rendered her wholly Miſtreſs of the *Amiable* in many ſerious Characters: In Parts of Humour ſhe had a Manner of blending her *aſſuaſive Softneſs*, even with the Gay, the Lively, and Alluring; as in the ſecond *Conſtantia* in the *Chances*, in which Mrs. *Oldfield*'s lively Performance did not equal hers: She having only 40 Shillings a Week, and being denied the Addition of ten more, ſhe went with Mr. *Aſhbury* to *Dublin*, who offered her any Conditions.

Mrs. *Montford*, whoſe ſecond Marriage gave her the Name of *Verbruggen*, was a Miſtreſs of more Variety of Humour than I ever knew in any one Woman Actreſs: This Variety was attended with equal Vivacity, which made her excellent in Characters extremely different. Nothing, though ever ſo barren, if within the bounds of Nature, could be *flat in her Hands*: She was fond of Humour, in what low Part ſoever found, and would make no Scruple of defacing her fair Form to come heartily into it; for when ſhe was eminent in ſeveral deſirable Characters of Wit and Humour, ſhe would deſcend from high Life into low Characters with as much Fancy as when triumphing in all the Airs and vain Graces of a fine Lady: In a Play of *D'urfey*'s, call'd

call'd the *Weſtern Laſs*, which Part ſhe acted, ſhe tranſformed her whole Being, Body, Shape, Voice, Language, Look, and Features into almoſt another Animal, with a ſtrong *Devonſhire* Dialect, a broad laughing Voice, a poking Head, round Shoulders, an unconceiving Eye, and the moſt bedizz'ning dowdy Dreſs, that ever covered the untrain'd Limbs of a *Joan Trott*. To have ſeen her here you would have thought it had been impoſſible the ſame Creature could ever have been recovered, to what was eaſy to her, the gay, the lively and deſirable. Nor was her Humour limited to her Sex, for while her Shape permitted, ſhe was a more adroit * pretty Fellow than is uſually ſeen upon the Stage: Her eaſy Air, Action, Mein quite chang'd from the Coif to the cock'd Hat and Cavalier in Faſhion. People were ſo fond of ſeeing her a Man, that when the Part of *Bays* in the *Rehearſal* had for ſome Time lain dormant, ſhe was deſired to take it up, which ſhe acted with all true coxcombly Spirit and Humour, that the Sufficiency of the Character requir'd.

After an *Apology* which the *Apologiſt* makes for deſcribing Mrs. *Bracegirdle* now living, he introduces her into his Apology, which is ſufficient Authority for me to give an Abſtract of that Paragraph in mine.

Mrs. *Bracegirdle* was now [1690] *blooming* to her *Maturity*, her Reputation as an Actreſs gradually riſing with that of her Perſon: Never was any Woman in ſuch general Favour, which to the laſt Scene of Dramatick Life ſhe maintained by not being unguarded in her private Character. - - - This Diſcretion made her the *Cara*, the Darling of the Theatre: She had indeed no greater Claim to Beauty than the moſt deſirable *Brunette* might pretend to; but her Youth and lively Aſpect threw out ſuch a Glow of Health and Chearfulneſs, that on the Stage few Spectators that *were not paſt it*, could behold her without *Deſire*. In all the chief Parts

* She was thought ſo excellent in theſe Characters and Dreſs, that Mr. *Southern* wrote the Comedy call'd *Sir Anthony Love* (which Character ſhe perform'd) on purpoſe for her.

ſhe acted, the *Deſirable was ſo predominant*, that *no Judge could be cold enough to conſider from what other particular Excellence ſhe became delightful.* -- To ſpeak critically of an Actreſs, extremely good, were as hazardous as to be poſitive in ones Opinion of the beſt *Opera Singer:* We can only appeal to *Taſte*, and of *Taſte* there can be no *diſputing:* I ſhall therefore only ſay, that moſt eminent Authors always choſe her for their favourite Character, and ſhall leave that Proof of her Merit to its own Value.

She retir'd from the Stage in the Height of her Favour, when moſt of her Cotemporaries ſhe was bred up with were declining, in the Year 1710. She play'd once after the Part of *Angelica* in *Love for Love*, for the Benefit of her old Friend Mrs. *Betterton*.

Here Mr. *Colley Cibber* cloſes his Account of theſe memorable Actors, of which I have given a Quotation of great Fidelity, as to the Matter of Fact chiefly contain'd; but many are the Prettineſſes, Daintineſſes, Rhetorical Flowers, vivifying Images, Floods of fine Language, and Rapidities of Wit, which are all like his *clear Emanation of Beauty*, they *ſtrike* you into a *Regard* that has ſomething different from *Reſpect*. As I am ſo greatly indebted to him for this Chapter, I ſhall follow my old Way, and, till we ſettle Accounts, ſtill run myſelf more into his Books; therefore, what he ſays from his *Word* to the *critical Auditors*, I will borrow a *Line* or *Two*, and then again *digreſs* to *myſelf*.

" This Account may inform or aſſiſt the Judgment " of future Spectators, it may be of Service to their " publick Entertainments; for as their Hearers are, ſo " will the Actors be, worſe or better, as true or falſe " Taſte applauds or diſcommends them. *Hence only* " can our Theatres improve or muſt degenerate: Yet " there is another Point which I recommend to the " Conſideration, which is, that the extreme Severity " with which they damn a bad Play, ſeems ſo terrible a " Warning to thoſe whoſe untry'd Genius might here- " after give them a good one: But the Vivacity of our " modern Criticks is of late grown ſo riotous, an un- " ſucceſsful Author has no more Mercy ſhewn him than

" a

" a notorious Cheat in the Pillory: Every Fool, the " loweſt Member of the Mob, becomes a Wit: When " this is the Caſe, while the Theatre is ſo turbulent a " Sea, and ſo infeſted with Pirates, what Poetical Mer- " chant of any Subſtance would venture to trade in it. " In a Word, theſe Criticks ſeem to me like the Lions " Whelps in the *Tower*, who are ſo *boiſterouſly* game- " ſome at their Meals they daſh down their Bowls of " Milk brought for their own Breakfaſt."

I have a Word alſo to give to theſe critical Auditors, theſe *Lion-Cubs*, theſe *Pirates* in our Seas; but that will fall more naturally in ſome ſubſequent Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

A State of the Stage continu'd.

HAVING reſolv'd to make theſe Memoirs in ſome Manner contain the *Utile Dulci*, what by Abſtracts from Mr. *Cibber*'s Hiſtory, and what by my own Hiſtory, the Readers will find a ſuccinct Account of the Stage, from the Year 1660 to 1740. I ſhall not indeed prove ſo deſcanting an Author as that great Man, yet my compendious Breviary may be of ſome Uſe and Entertainment: Of his elaborate Lucubrations mine are but an Epitome: Let him be the *Trogus Pompeius* of the Stage, I am contented to be the *Juſtinus*.

I am now entering into that Part of the Hiſtory, where the Theatre fell frequently in Labour of Revolutions. In 1690 the Stage was under the Government of united Patentees, who had under them ſo compleat a Set of Actors as has been deſcribed: yet they were weak enough, or the Taſte of the Publick was ſo weak,

as to Force them to it, to exhibit Spectacle; and the Expences they were at in *Diocleſian* and *King Arthur* (though ſeemingly ſucceſsful) were ſo great that they run into Debt, which found Work for the Court of Chancery twenty Years following: Theſe Exhibitions of Spectacle made Plays of Courſe neglected, Actors held cheap and ſlightly dreſs'd, while Singers and Dancers were better paid and embroider'd: Theſe Meaſures of Courſe created Murmurings on one Side, and ill Humo r and Contempt on the other. When it became neceſſary to leſſen the Charge, Reſolution was taken to begin with the Players Salaries. *Nokes*, *Montford* and *Leigh* all died this ſame Year, yet they choſe rather to diſtreſs the ſurviving Actors than encourage them. To bring this about, ſome of *Betterton*'s Parts were given to *Powell*, and ſome of Mrs. *Barry*'s to Mrs. *Bracegirdle*. - - - *Powell* accepted *Betterton*'s, but Mrs. *Bracegirdle* denied *Barry*'s. *Betterton* on this form'd one Aſſociation and the Patentees another. During theſe Contentions, Treaties of Peace were offered by the Actors, but haughtily refuſed by the other. The Publick, naturally more byaſs'd to the Actors, whom they ſee and are pleas'd by, than Patentees whom they never ſee, ſupported their Intereſt; and Perſons of the higheſt Diſtinction entertained the King in his Circle about Affairs of the Theatre. About this Time Queen *Mary* died, and on ſuch Occaſions all publick Diverſions ceaſe. *Betterton* and his Adherents had now Leiſure to ſollicit Redreſs, and collected a Company, the Patentees being forced to accept ſuch Actors as were the Leavings of *Betterton*. On this the Patentees engag'd *Powell* and *Verbruggen*, and rais'd them from two to four Pounds a Week; and beſides the other Leavings were Mr. *C. Cibber*; yet they were forc'd to recruit, and beat up for Volunteers in diſtant Counties, which brought *Johnſon* and *Bullock* into the Service of the Theatre Royal: Forces thus rais'd, they open'd the Campaign: *Betterton* by Subſcription at the *Lincolns-Inn-Fields Tennis-Court*, the Patentees at *Drury-Lane*, who took the Field firſt, Mr. *Cibber* writing their opening Prologue, having no better Poet: " That memorable Day being, as he ſays,

" the

" the Day his Muſe brought forth her firſt Fruit that " was ever made publick; how good or how bad im- " ports not, but he receiv'd for it two Guineas, not " being ſuffered to ſpeak it himſelf." The Patentees went on but lamely againſt the new Colony of Actors, who were like the Common-wealth of *Holland* divided from the Tyranny of *Spain*: -- But the Simile, according to the Apologiſt, is but very little farther a Simile, for they found in a ſhort Time they were never worſe govern'd than when govern'd by themſelves: They began to conſult private Intereſt more than the general Good; and though ſome Deference was paid to *Betterton*, ſeveral wanted to govern in their Turns: -- * *But is not the ſame Infirmity in States?* -- *Dogget* could not with Patience look on the *coſtly Trains* and *Plumes of Tragedy*, in *which* knowing himſelf to be uſeleſs, he thought a vain Extravagance; which when he could not oppoſe he came over to *Drury-Lane*. -- *Betterton*'s Company began at laſt to loſe Ground, nor was *Drury-Lane* Company in very great Proſperity; yet the Patentees had found out a Remedy againſt a thin Houſe, *viz.* † *Never to pay their People when the Money did not come in, nor then neither but in ſuch Proportion as ſuited their Conveniency.*

Such was the Fortune of both Companies, when our ‖ Maſter, who had practis'd the Law, and therefore loved a Storm better than fair Weather, thinking the Quality rather prefer'd the other Company than ours, reſolv'd to ingratiate himſelf with their Domeſticks, and open'd a Gallery for the Footmen *gratis*, who were never before admitted into it till the fourth Act was over: This he thought would get us a good Word in their reſpective Families, and incite them to come all Hands aloft into the Crack of our Applauſes. Hence aroſe this Cuſtom, which ripen'd into Right, and became the moſt diſgraceful Nuſance that ever depreciated a Theatre.

---

* *C. Cibber*'s Apology. † *Ditto*, p. 134

‖ Mr. *R—b*, Father of the preſent Maſter of *C—— Garden* Theatre.

About

About this Time Mr. *Wilks* came from the *Dublin* Company to *Drury-Lane Theatre:* He firſt commenced an Actor by performing in a private Play at *Dublin*, of which Country he was a Native: He had been on *Drury-Lane* Stage before, but quitted it to go to *Ireland*, not riſing in Parts there according to his Ambition: On his Return, in 1696, *Montford* was dead, and *Powell* in his chief Parts, and the only Actor that ſtood in *Wilks*'s Way: They ſoon became avowed Rivals, and without quoting their every Quarrel for Parts, be it ſufficient to ſay, that *Wilks* by Induſtry, Care, and Sobriety, gain'd the Favour of the Publick, which *Powell*, with more Merit, by his Neglect and Intemperance forfeited.

On this Narration the Apologiſt obſerves, that an Actor is diſeſteemed or favoured on the Stage, more or leſs, according as he has or has not a due Regard to his *private Life* and *Reputation*: Nay, *falſe Reports* ſhall affect him, and become the *Cauſe* or *Pretence* of uſing him injuriouſly: He gives this Inſtance in Regard to himſelf.

" * After the Succeſs of the *Beggars Opera*, I was " ſo ſtupid to attempt, the following Year, ſomething " of the ſame Kind, on a quite different Foundation, " to recommend Virtue and Innocence: My new-" fangled Performance was call'd, *Love in a Riddle*, " and was as vilely damn'd and hooted at, as ſo vain a " Preſumption in the idle cauſe of Virtue cou'd deſerve: " I will grant the *Beggars Opera* had more skilfully " gratify'd the publick Taſte than all the brighteſt Au-" thors before him. The ſame Author wrote a Second " Part to his *Beggars Opera*, and tranſported his Heroe " beyond Sea; but this was forbid to come on the " Stage. Soon after this Prohibition *my* Performance " *was* to come on the Stage: Great Umbrage was taken " that I was permitted to have the whole Town to " myſelf, by this abſolute Forbiddance of what they " had more Mind to be entertain'd with. And ſome " Days before my Bawble was acted, I was inform'd a

---

* *C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 141.

ſtrong

" ſtrong Party would be made againſt it: A Report it
" ſeems had ran againſt me, that to make Succeſs for
" my own Play, I had privately found Means or Intereſt
" that the Second Part of the *Beggars* Opera ſhould be
" ſuppreſs'd; as if I, a Comedian, had been of Conſe-
" quence enough to influence a great Officer of State to
" rob the Publick of an innocent Diverſion (*if it were*
" *ſuch*) that none but that cunning Comedian might
" entertain them: --- But againſt *blind* Malice, and
" *ſtaring* Inhumanity, whatever is upon the Stage has
" no Defence! There they knew I ſtood helpleſs and
" expos'd.---I had not conſider'd, *poor Devil*, that from
" the Security of a full Pit Dunces might become Wits,
" Cowards valiant, and Prentices Gentlemen. Whe-
" ther ſuch were concern'd in the Murder of my Play
" I am not certain; I never endeavour'd to diſcover any
" of my Aſſaſſins; I cannot afford them a better Name,
" from their unmanly Manner of deſtroying it: It
" faintly held up its wounded Head till the ſecond
" Day, and would have ſpoke for Mercy, but was not
" ſuffered: The Preſence of the Royal Heir appa-
" rent could not protect it. I therefore, to ſtop their
" Clamour, quitted the Actor for the Author, and told
" them, *That ſince they were not inclined this Play*
" *ſhould go farther, I gave them my Word that after*
" *this Night it ſhould never be acted again; but that in*
" *the mean Time I hoped they would conſider in whoſe*
" *Preſence they were, and for that Reaſon at leaſt*
" *would ſuſpend what farther Marks of Diſpleaſure*
" *they might think I had deſerved.* --- After a dead
" Silence and ſome little Pauſe, ſome few Hands ſigni-
" fy'd their Approbation. --- When the Play went on
" I obſerv'd about a dozen Perſons, of no extraordinary
" Appearance, ſullenly walk'd out of the Pit, after
" which every Scene of it met with Applauſe - - - -
" But it came too late: *Peace to its Manes.* Now tho'
" this was the only Tumult that I had known to have
" been ſo effectually appeas'd, in fifty Years, by any
" Thing that could be ſaid to an Audience in the ſame
" Humour; yet it was no Merit in me, becauſe, when

" like

" like me you ſubmit to their doing you all the Miſchief " they can, they will at any Time be ſatisfied. "

I have been more particular in the Length of this Queſtion, as it contains a curious Anecdote on damning *Love in a Riddle*, and carries this Moral, that a *Suſpicion* of an Actor's doing a *baſe Action*, may lay him open to very *ſevere* and *unjuſt* Puniſhments from an *Audience:* This unjuſt Treatment, not three Seaſons ago, became a certain Actor's Fortune to meet: The Affair was of a *private Nature*, and therefore was thought a *publick Audience* had no Right to take it under their Cognizance: The Affair was this.

There was a certain Lady, - - - a very fine Lady, --- to whom an Actor was once ſo fatally ally'd that the Law gave her a Privilege to call him Husband. --- Huſband! -- O fatal Name! This Lady was young, beautiful, ſenſible, and virtuous when this Actor fell in Love with her: She had appear'd on the Stage as a *Singer*, and was eſteem'd an admirable one. This Actor, who was at that Time at the Head of the theatric *Revolution*, which brought back the old *Drury-Lane* Actors to their old Houſe at *Drury-Lane*, thought this young Woman had ſo much of the *amiable* and *virtuous* in her, that without any other Conſideration, made her his Wife. What connubial Love and Harmony ſubſiſted ſometime between them, thoſe only can judge of whoſe Hearts have felt the inexpreſſible Delights of a ſincere and mutual Union. - - - But alas, how ſhort is all human Happineſs! - - - The Lady began to grow more cool in her Affections to her Huſband than her Duty, her Honour, or her Intereſt, ought to have ſuffer'd her. - - - Her Heart was eſtrang'd, and foreign Inclinations contaminated her Soul. - - - What can be ſaid, when ſo much Innocence ſhould plunge ſuddenly and raſhly into Vice! - - - But alas!

Frailty, thy Name is Woman!

This domeſtic Unhappineſs of the Actor brought on others: Negligent of every Thing, his Affairs grew worſe, and he was at laſt compell'd to baniſh himſelf to another Kingdom, till Meaſures were taken to make his Creditors eaſy. During his Abſence this bad Woman

man carried on a Correſpondence of the moſt criminal Nature, and ſpread every falſe Report to injure him in the tendereſt Point, his Honour, that witty Malice could invent, or the damnedſt Fiend perpetrate ; it was reported her *Husband* was not only *privy* to, but the *willing*, *procuring*, *pandering Promoter* of her Crimes, and *his own* Infamy. - - - Good God! - - - What will not Iniquity ſuggeſt, and Uncharitableneſs believe? --- Although

* *It is a Kind of Slander to truſt Rumour.*

Yet this vile Notion too far prevail'd, as you will immediately ſee. - - - The Seaſon of acting was now pretty far advanc'd, and this Actor, as returned to his Employment, was to do his Duty, and get his Livelyhood at the Theatre. The Night came on he was to appear ; and tho' it had been bruited about the Town, that becauſe he was a *willing Cuckold*, there was a very *virtuous Party* form'd to drive him off the Stage, and not ſuffer him to appear again ; he paid little Regard to this Rumour, conſcious of his Innocence. But the poor Devil found himſelf miſtaken. The Houſe was very early crowded, and the harmonious diſcordant Concert of *Catcals*, *Whiſtle*, *&c. &c.* began to play before the Curtain drew up. - - - Well, - - - though the Actors were all frighten'd, the Play began with Calmneſs and Applauſe ; but this was only a Prelude to the Battle: When the Scene came in which he was to appear, there was a dead Silence, till he popp'd his poor Head from behind the Scenes, then at once the Hurley-Burley began, Volleys of Apples and Potatoes, and ſuch vile Traſh, flew about his Ears. He retir'd, the Storm ſubſided ; he advanc'd, it began again. - - - In the moſt humble Geſture and Addreſs, he made a Motion to be heard ; it was all in Vain, and he was once more pelted off. --- But what can deſcribe, in thoſe dreadful Moments, the Anguiſh of his Heart? Who can conceive the various Agitations of his Soul? - - - Grief, Rage, Reſentment, Horror, Deſpair mix'd with Reſolution, were all at once fermenting in his Boſom. - - - But determin'd to go through the Play, he went through it amidſt the greateſt Uproar that ever was heard ſo long a Space in a Theatre, and by a

* *Vide* Motto to Letters from a Husband to a Wife, *&c.* publiſh'd by Mr. *T. C.*

confident Heart he ſurmounted what many of leſs Reſolution would have ſunk under.

For ſome time after, every Joke in a Part he himſelf ſpoke, or if, when he was on the Stage, any Thing was ſaid that alluded to Cuckoldom, the Joke was made alluſive to him, and the Audience had their Laugh. This could be born, and he knew it would die away of itſelf. But on a Trial in Relation to his Wife's Infamy, ſomething gave Offence to a noble * *Colonel* in the Army, who, to revenge a ſuppos'd Affront, raiſed a *Poſſe* againſt the *Actor*, and from the Boxes began a new Attack, and were determin'd he ſhould appear no more on the Stage, till he had given the Gentleman Satisfaction, by making a publick Recantation: All Attempts were made to get over this; ſome of the *Royal Family* came, but their Preſence was not thought of Sanction enough to curb the Inſolence of *ſome People*, and an *obſcure Thing* of an *Actor* performing his Part. He was at laſt forc'd, out of prudential Reaſons, not from any Conviction of his Error, to give the Colonel the Satisfaction of a publick Recantation; and ſo that Affair drop'd.

I could enumerate ſeveral other Inſtances of *my own*, where my private Conduct and Character have laid me under a publick Cenſure; but as the two Inſtances I have quoted are the moſt material, and freſh in every one's Memory, they may be thought ſufficient to prove that the Publick, or rather ſome of the Publick, will aſſume a Liberty over a Player's private Life and Actions.

But now, *Reader*, let your Memory return ſome Page or two back, and, to carry on a Connection, remember the Reaſon why *Wilks* gain'd a Superiority over *Powell* †: "There are other Inſtances, ſays the apologetical Hi-"ſtorian, of the Reward and Favour which in a The-"atre, Diligence and Sobriety ſeldom fail: *Mills* the el-"der, grew into the Friendſhip of *Wilks*, with not a "great deal more than their uſeful Qualities to recom-"mend him: With this Aſſiduity, and this Friendſhip, he was advanc'd to a larger Salary than any Man-Actor,

---

* C. *M-ret-n.* † *C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 151.

"during

" during my Time on the Stage The Contempt and
" Diſtreſſes of *Powel* ſtruck *Booth* with ſuch a Terror of
" his Example, that though he had been a frank Lover
" of his Bottle, he immediately reform'd, for which,
" both in his Fame and Fortune, he enjoy'd the Reward
" and Benefit."

I muſt here add a living Inſtance of what Care and indefatigable Induſtry will do: The younger *Mills*, not to take from him the Merit he has, is not equal to the late Mr. *Mills:* When he was a young Actor he followed his Father's Steps, and being endow'd with a prodigious Memory, would get Parts of very great Length, which then he had not a diſtant View of ever performing: This Talent, and his Application to his Buſineſs, made him, in a Courſe of Time, become *uſeful*, which in a Theatre is the beſt Recommendation. On his ſucceeding to many of Mr. *Wilks*'s Parts, the Town look'd on him in a very indifferent Light; but his being always thoroughly perfect, and improving by Encouragement and Application, many Prejudices inſenſibly wore away, and now he is ſeen in Mr. *Wilks*'s Parts not without Approbation.

I muſt here ſpeak of *myſelf*: When I firſt came on the Stage the Town had very little Hopes of me, nor did I fling out the *Preſſer* of any *great Genius*, yet I was induſtrious and obſervant of my Buſineſs on the Stage, and did all in my Power to become any Way *uſeful*. I remember, that for Want of a better Performer, I undertook to be the *Harlequin*, and as few knew who it really was, I was received with more Applauſe than I could have imagin'd; ſufficient enough, if I had not had an inborn Contempt for ſuch *Mummery*, to have rais'd my Vanity: Nor was this my only Succeſs in *Pantomime*; every one who remembers *Doctor Fauſtus* at *Drury-Lane*, muſt remember the *Statue:* All the Pantomimical Motions of this magic Statue had a good Effect in that Scene; they ſurpriz'd, they elevated, they pleas'd, and were applauded: I had the Honour to animate that *Statue*, yet as the Applauſe I receiv'd was falſe, I receiv'd it not as a Tribute to the Merit of an Actor, but the Tricks of a *Scaramouch*, or *Sadler's Wells Tumbler:* As I had ſet my

Father, and other firſt Rate Actors for my *Exemplar*, before my Eyes, I had Ambition enough to attempt their Parts, and ſay to Poſterity,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

I have from this Principle all along puſh'd forward for the Goal of *theatric Fame*, and throughout my Character, as an Actor, have kept to the *ſibi conſtet*; for what other Failures and Follies ſoever I might be guilty *propria perſona*, yet in my *perſona perſonata* on the Stage, I have done every Endeavour to pleaſe; nor can my Enemies ſay that I ever came before an Audience imperfect, or inebriated: If I have ſometimes miſtook my Talents, and appear'd in Characters to which I was unequal, I hope and believe the Candour of the Town will excuſe that *Ambition*, if in ſome others I give them any Pleaſure.

To digreſs from this *Apology* to my theatric *chronological Hiſtory*, to underſtand which, after ſo many intervening Paragraphs, ſee the ſuccinct Account. From 1660 to 1684, the *King* and *Duke*'s Companies had various Fortunes till they united: After that, the Actors Characters in 1690 are given; a Revolution happen'd again in 1695, and after various Changes of *theatric Miniſters*, *Stage Cabals*, *Patentee Oppreſſions*, (too numerous to be extracted from Mr. *C. Cibber*'s Hiſtory, as they conſiſt chiefly of *Chit-Chat*, and *l'Amuſements* and *Gayete de Cœur*) they *united* at the *Union* *. - - - - -

" *Hold, let me ſee.* - - - *Ay, it was ſo: I am right in*
" *my Chronology*, for the Play of *Hamlet* being play'd,
" ſoon after, *Eſtionſt*, who then took upon him to ſay
" any Thing, added a fourth Line to *Shakeſpear*'s Pro-
" logue to the Play in that Play, which originally con-
" ſiſted but of three; but *Eſtionſt* made it run thus.

" *For us, and for our Tragedy,*
" Thus *ſtooping to your Clemency,*

---

* *C. Cibber*'s Apology.

" [Thus

" [This being a Year of Unity]
" *We beg your Hearing patiently.*

The private *Policies*, *Law-Suits*, *Converſations*, &c. &c. &c. I paſs over, and come to the *Patent* which was granted to Mr. *Colley Cibber*, Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Booth*, and Sir *Richard Steele*, after the Acceſſion of his late Majeſty, not only for the Reaſon I mention'd before, but becauſe I have much to ſay in my *own Hiſtory* of the ſame Kind on thoſe Subjects in which I was the † *Buſtle Maſter-General*, as *Wilks* had been ſome few Years before: And if in my Relations there are any cloſe Reſemblances of Paſſages to Mr. *Cibber*'s Apology, I ſhall continue to quote them, to illuſtrate mine, as I before promis'd.

Well then, in the Year 1718, the Patent was given, whereby the Stage came under the ſole Management of *three Actors*, and a *Gentleman* who had long been acquainted with theatric Affairs. Under this *auſpicious Triumvirate*, ... *A* new *theatric golden Age aroſe.*

Redeunt Saturnia Regna.

An acting *Author* now was a Judge of Dramatic *Authors.*

Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

Oh, ye Gods! give me, give me, this great Boon.
That I o'er Bards may rule, and rule alone.

Then may I follow my great Examplar

- - - - - - - *Paſſibus Æquis:*
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima Vitæ
Spiritus & quantum ſat erit MEA *dicere facta,*
Non me Carminibus, &c.

Quo me BACCHE *rapis tui plenus, &c.*

Gentle Reader, you will excuſe this Rhapſody when I tell you I am writing it at One o'Clock this Morning,

† *Vide C. Cibber*'s Account of *Wilks.*

the 20th of *May*, 1740, after hearing ſomething relating to *Drury-Lane*, of which you may hear more hereafter. But to the Patentee-Actors let us turn our View: They had now gain'd all they wiſhed for, as to their *Power* and *Management* at *Drury-Lane:* But at the ſame Time the preſent Mr. *Rich*'s Houſe in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* was opened, which not only terrified the Managers at *Drury-Lane*, but was in fact, for a great Time, a Draw-back to their Profits; however, both Patents have ſince ſubſiſted a Company with various Fortune: I find nothing after of any Conſequence in the theatric Hiſtory worthy of Notice during the Triumvirate: They long went forward in a ſettled Courſe of Proſperity, which Mr. *Cibber* attributes to their "* viſible Errors of former Managements; from "them they at laſt found the neceſſary Means to bring "our private Laws and Orders into a general Obſer-"vance and Approbation of our Society. Diligence and "Neglect were under an equal Eye, the one never "fail'd of its Reward, and the other, by being rarely "excuſed, was leſs frequently committed."

Yet ſure there muſt be ſome Partiality in theſe Menagers, and ſome Jealouſy of young Actors; for ſeveral whom they ſlighted became at the other Stage good Actors, and were in high Eſteem with a great Part of the Town; and ſeveral in their own Houſe have ſince been thought excellent, who in their Menagement ſeldom or ever appear'd. But Appearance, as well as Applauſe, is the *warm Weather* of a *Theatrical Plant*. This Obſervation, and ſeveral others, will ſhow that I write as an Hiſtorian ought, without Favour or Affection.

One Reformation which the *Apologiſt* and his *Co-Rulers* introduced deſerves Attention, as the preſent Stages ſtand in need of ſuch another.

"† Among other neceſſary Reformations, ſays he, "what not a little preſerv'd to us the Regard of our "Auditors was the Decency of our clear Stage, from "whence we had many Years ſhut out thoſe idle Gen-

---

* *C. Cibber*'s Apology. † *Ditto.*

tlemen,

" tlemen, who ſeem'd more delighted to be pretty Ob-
" jects themſelves, than capable of any Pleaſure from
" the Play: Who took their daily Stands where they
" might beſt Elbow the Actor, and come in for their
" Share of the Auditor's Attention. In many a la-
" bour'd Scene of the warmeſt Humour, and of the
" moſt affecting Paſſion, have I ſeen the beſt Actors
" diſconcerted, while theſe buzzing Muſcatoes have
" been fluttering round their Eyes and Ears. How was
" it poſſible an Actor ſo embarraſs'd ſhould keep his Im-
" patience from entering into that different Temper,
" which his perſonated Character might require him to
" be Maſter of."

This Nuſance of having Crouds behind our Scenes is now as intolerable as ever, both to the judicious Spectator and careful Player; and nothing but the *Auri Sacra Fames* of the *Managers* would induce them to indulge ſuch an Abuſe of the Stage: They may ſay indeed it has been ſo long a Cuſtom that young Gentlemen of Diſtinction will not be denied, nor is it their Intereſt to deny them. - - Pray good Maſter Manager let me ask you a Queſtion: - - Will a *dozen Crowns* compenſate the Affront given to a whole Audience of a hundred or a hundred and fifty Pounds? Will or can a few young Men of Quality ſupport your Intereſt like the Ladies in the Boxes, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court in the Pit, or the more grave Citizens in the firſt Gallery? - - - Well, but you anſwer, if ſuch a Cuſtom was now denied, there would be *Uproars* in the Houſe, which of late have been of ſuch fatal Conſequence, that it would be dangerous to hazard them again. - - That might be, *Sirs*, as your Conduct prov'd: It has been experienc'd, if you give proper Notice to the Town, *None will be admitted behind the Scenes*, and your Servants execute thoſe Orders with the greateſt Complaiſance, yet determined Reſolution, the Evil might be ſoon remedied, as it is an Evil which no Pretence can defend, and all the Town will ſupport an Alteration of: The Spectators would think themſelves injured as well as you; and the Town very lately ſupported a Manager in ſuppreſſing another Nuſance, the noiſy Inſolence and Impertinence of the *Footmen*: In ſhort, were they reſolved

to give up a few *pecuniary Pittances*, they might, in a Week, keep the Scenes as clear from theſe Squirts and Puffs of Foplings as ever. Beſides, as *Ars eſt Celare artem*, it would be politick not to let them ſee the *Backſide of our Tapeſtry*; for many an Actor and Actreſs may ſeem but ordinary Stuff on ſtrict Examination, who from a front Proſpect on the Stage may ſeem very well: Mr. *Rich*, indeed, when his own important Action is depending, has ſome Regard to this Rule, and the Scenes are kept clear becauſe Perſons then admitted might impede the *Scenery*; and the *Beaus* and *Impertinents* are ſatisfied with this Reaſon. - - Is not then the Reaſon the ſame in Relation to the Actors, and the Scenery of a Play, as to a Pantomime: - - *Res ipſa loquitur*. - - This Nuſance is beſides a Diſencouragement to an Actor's Performance; for when all who appear well dreſs'd are admitted behind the Scenes, may it not, as it has ſometimes happen'd, give an Opportunity to a Monſter dire, hated by Gods and Men, a *Catchpole* call'd, under this Form, to touch, with magic Spell, the Shoulder-Blade of ſome plum'd buskin'd Heroe, and --- *O! vile Shame!* - - - compulſive force him into *Durance baſe*; where, by coercive Power, he is reſtrain'd, till Bail of Manager ſhall ſet him free. - - Such Apprehenſions muſt alarm an Actor who may not be the beſt Œconomiſt; and I am ſure I have often ſeen Faces that have given me the Palpitation of the Heart.

Mr. *Cibber* complains juſtly of another Diſtreſs the Managers of a Theatre are under, which, as I have myſelf experienc'd when I was the deputed Manager for *Summer* Companies at *Drury-Lane*, and a real one at the *Theatre* in the *Hay-Market*, I ſhall conſider this Particular. There is no greater Perſecution in the Government of a Playhouſe, than the Perſecution of *bad Authors*: The Managers think their Caſe hard, and the Authors think ſo of theirs: Indeed it would move Pity when an ingenious Indigent has been labouring, *invita Minerva*, to heap up a Pile of Stuff which he calls Poetry, and to depend on it for more Months Support than he has been ſcribbling it, yet after all to find it rejected. But though rejected in the mildeſt Manner, and

and for the juſteſt Cauſe, yet the Manager muſt fall under ſevere Cenſure, and can have no Taſte for good Writing, nor knows what is Senſe: He muſt be a Blockhead convict: Out comes an Epigram or a Satire, and we are ſtigmatiz'd as Fools, becauſe we will not exhibit a Piece which we are ſure we muſt looſe by. But, pray, if we have Pity for a Gentleman's Circumſtances, is our good Nature to carry us ſuch Lengths as will injure ourſelves? No. *Charity begins at home*; and I ſee no Reaſon why a theatrical Trader ſhould not have the ſame Privilege as his Majeſty's other Liege Subjects in Trade, to buy or refuſe what he pleaſes: The Managers ought to be allowed this Liberty of judging Plays, *&c.* before they are brought on the Stage; for when they are brought on, the Audience will claim the Freedom of judging of them as they think proper: They damn many which are brought on, but they would have nothing elſe to do the Year throughout, were the Managers of a Theatre to exhibit all the theatrical Lumber which is brought to them: To give a Refuſal to theſe Sparks is difficult, and practiſed differently by different Perſons: Mr. *Wilks* would ſhow the utmoſt Complaiſance on theſe Occaſions, and by paying the Author Compliments on his Piece, that there were many *pretty Things* in it, but it would not do as it ſtood then, or that it might be alter'd for the better: By this, I ſay, he ſooth'd the Poet's Anger, who though he went not away ſatisfy'd, did not go away enrag'd. Mr. *C. Cibber* was more ſhort: He return'd a Piece with, *It is not fit for our Stage*, Sir, *it is not Theatrical.* - - - Mr. *Rich* is more laconic ſtill; for he only ſays, or writes, - - *It will not do.* - - Mr. *Fletewood* took a different Way from them all; he being a Gentleman of Rank by Birth, piqu'd himſelf on treating Authors as Gentlemen: He would ſee them, excuſe his not having had Time to peruſe their Pieces, treat them with great Deference, and deſire them to call again: - - Though this was a wrong Method, and gave him much unneceſſa y Trouble, yet, Courtier-like, he was pleaſed w th a great Number of Dependants, to all of whom he gave as much Favour as he could, and when he had

kept them in Suſpence ſometimes too long, he diſmiſs'd them with much Complaiſance and good Nature. -- As for myſelf, on ſuch Occaſions, I followed my Father's Track; if I read a Piece and found it was not *Theatrical*, I returned it to the Author, and told him ſo *roundly*. Perhaps the Spark, with a *miſty Air*, walk'd off and wrote againſt me: But what car'd I ---

Demens Judicio Vulgi, Sanus Meo.

But the moſt pleaſant Way of returning an Author a refus'd Play, was that of *Quin*'s: This Anecdote is worth relating. When Mr. *James Quin* was a managing Actor under Mr. *Rich*, at *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, he had a whole Heap of Plays brought him, which he put in a Drawer in his Beauroe: An Author had given him a Play behind the Scenes, which I ſuppoſe he might loſe, or miſlay, not troubling his Head about it. Two or three Days after Mr. *Bayes* waited on him to know how he lik'd his Play: *Quin* told him ſome Excuſe for its not being receiv'd, and the Author deſir'd to have it *return'd*. -- "There, ſays *Quin*, there it lies on that Table." -- The Author took up a Play that was lying on a Table, but on opening found it was a *Comedy*, and *his* was a *Tragedy*, and told *Quin* the Miſtake: -- "Faith "then, Sir, ſaid he, I have loſt your Play" -- *Loſt my Play!* cries the Bard -- "Yes by G--d I have, an-"ſwer'd the Tragedian, but here is a Drawer full of "both *Comedies* and *Tragedies*, take any *two* you will "in the Room of it." -- The Poet left him in *high Dudgeon*, and the Heroe ſtalk'd acroſs the Room to his *Spaw Water* and *Rheniſh* with a negligent Felicity.

But to drop the Cutrain of this Chapter, which ſhall cloſe with Mr. *Cibber*'s laſt Speech.

"* During our laſt four Years, there happen'd ſo "very little like what has been ſaid before, that I ſhall "conclude with barely mentioning thoſe unavoidable "Accidents that drew on our Diſſolution: The firſt "that for ſome Years had led me the Way to

---

* C. *Cibber*'s Apology, p. 345.

"greater

" greater, was the continued ill State of Health which " render'd *Booth* incapable of appearing on the Stage. " The next was the Death of Mrs. *Oldfield*, which " happen'd on the 23d of *October*, 1730. About the " ſame Time Mrs. *Porter*, then in her higheſt Repu- " tation for Tragedy, was loſt to us by the Misfortune " of a diſlocated Limb, from the overturning of a " Chaiſe; and our laſt Stroke was the Death of *Wilks*, " in *September* the Year following, 1731.

" Notwithſtanding ſuch irreparable Loſſes, whether, " when theſe favourite Actors were no more to be had, " their Succeſſors might not be better born with than " they could poſſibly have been while the other were in " Being; or that the Generality of Spectators, from " their Want of Taſte, were eaſier to be pleaſed than " the Few that knew better; or that at worſt our " Actors were ſtill preferable to any other Company of " the ſeveral then ſubſiſting; or to whatever Cauſe it " might be imputed, our Audiences were far leſs abated " than our Apprehenſions had ſuggeſted; ſo that tho' " it began to grow late in Life with me, having ſtill " Health and Strength enough to have been as uſeful " on the Stage as ever, I was under no viſible Neceſſity " of quitting it: But ſo it happen'd, that our ſurviving " Fraternity having got ſome chimærical, and, as I " thought, unjuſt Notions into their Heads, which, " though I knew they were without much Difficulty to " be ſurmounted, I choſe not, at my Time of Day, to " enter into new Contentions; and as I found an Incli- " nation in ſome of them to purchaſe the whole Power " of the Patent into their own Hands, I did my beſt, " while I ſtay'd with them, to make it worth their " while to come up to *my Price*, and then *patiently* " ſold out my Share to the firſt Bidder, wiſhing the " Crew I had left in the Veſſel a good Voyage.

" What Commotions the Stage fell into the Year " following, or from what Provocations the greateſt " Part of the Actors revolted, and ſet up for themſelves " in the *Little Theatre* in the *Hay-Market*, lies not " within the Province of my Title Page to relate: Or " as it might ſet ſome Perſons living in a Light they

" might

" might poſſibly not chuſe to be ſeen in, I will be rather " thankful for the involuntary Favour they have done " me, than trouble the Publick with private Complaints " of fancied or real Injuries."

Thus ends Mr. *Colley Cibber*'s Hiſtory of his *own Times*, and from this *Æra* I ſhall, as a Supplement to his *Apology*, continue *mine*. The View of the Stage for Nine Years paſt, in which I have had a large Share of Action, may ſeem a proper *Appendix* to his more copious and laborious Hiſtory.

But before I conclude this Chapter, I muſt do Juſtice to another compendiary Hiſtorian, old *Downes*, the Prompter, who has given the Characters of the Actors in 1706, the Year of the *Union*. There is a Particuliarity in his Stile and Manner, and a turgid Pompouſneſs in his Epithets; yet it is not to be wondered at, having been ſo many Years converſant with *theatric Phraſes*, and *elevated Elocution*: His Stile nor Manner are not copious and digreſſive as that of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, yet there is a *Something* in it, by which the judicious Reader will diſcern ſome Affinity of *Genius*. Take his Characters in their own Order and Orthography.

Mr. *Wilks*, proper and comely in Perſon; of graceful Port, Mein, and Air; void of Affectation; his Elevations and Cadences juſt; congruent to Elocution, eſpecially in genteel Comedy; not inferior in Tragedy; the Emiſſion of his Words free, eaſy, and natural, attracting attentive Silence in his Audience (I mean the Judicious) except were there are unnatural Parts, as

- - - - - I'll mount the Sky,
And kick the Gods like Footbals, as I fly;
As Poet *Durfey* has it.

Which puts the Voice to ſuch obſtreperous Stretch,
Requires the Lungs of a Smith's *Bellows to reach.*

He is indeed the finiſh'd Copy of his famous Predeceſſor Mr. *Hart*.

Mr. *Cibber*, a Gentleman of his Time, has arriv'd to an exceeding Perfection in hitting juſtly the Humour of a ſtarch'd Beau or Fop to the Lord *Foppington*, Sir *Fopling*,

Fopling and Sir *Courtly*, equaling in the laſt, the late eminent Mr. *Mounford*, not much inferior in *Tragedy*, had Nature given him Lungs ſtrenuous to his finiſh'd Judgment.

Mr. *Eſtcourt*, *Hiſtrio natus*; he has the Honour (Nature endowing him with an eaſy, free, unaffected Mode of Elocution) in Comedy always to *lætificate* his Audience, eſpecially Quality (witneſs Serjeant *Kyte*:) He's not excellent only in that, but a ſuperlative Mimick.

Mr. *Booth*, a Gentleman of liberal Education, of Form venuſt, of mellifluent Pronunciation, having proper Geſticulations, which are graceful Attendants to true Elocution, of his Time a moſt compleat Tragedian.

Mr. *Johnſon*. He's skilful in the Art of Painting, which is a great Adjument very promovent to the Art of true Elocution, which is all requirable in him that bears the Name of an Actor: He has the Happineſs to gain Applauſe from Court and City, witneſs *Moroſe*, *Corbacchio*, Mr. *Hothead*, and ſeveral others: He is a true Copy of Mr. *Underhill*, whom Sir *William D'avenant* judg'd 40 Years ago in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, the trueſt Comedian in his Company.

Mr. *Dogget*. On the Stage he is very *aſpectabund*, wearing a Farce in his Face; his Thoughts deliberately framing, his Utterance congruous to his Looks: He is the only comic Original now extant.

Mr. *Pinkethman*, he is the Darling of *Fortunatus*, has gain'd more at the Theatres and Fairs in twelve Years, than thoſe that has tug'd at the Oar of acting theſe 50.

Next Mr. *Mills*, Mr. *Powel*, Mr. *Bullock*; the two firſt excel in Tragedy, the other in Comedy.

I muſt not omit Praiſes due to Mr. *Betterton*, the firſt, and now only Remain of the old Stock of the Company, of Sir *William D'avenant* in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*: He, like an old ſtately ſpreading Oak, now ſtands fix'd environ'd round with brave, young, growing, flouriſhing Plants.

Mr. *Dryden*, a little before his Death, rend'ring him this Praiſe;

" *He, like the ſetting Sun, ſtill ſhoots a glimmering Ray,*
" *Like ancient* Rome, *majeſtic in Decay.*

Having

Having thro' this hiſtoric Narrative rather made uſe of Hiſtory already compiled than wrote my own, the next Scenes will open with great Events, in which I was a principal Actor; what a Kind of a Part I play, or how well I perform'd it, I muſt ſubmit, as I ever ſhall all my other theatrical Actions, to the Cenſure or Approbation of the Publick.

CHAP. VII.

The Author's Ambition in the remarkable Year 1720.--- *His commencing Author. The Reaſons for it. The* Author *and* Alexander *compared. Mr.* Colley Cibber *privately takes away* King John *from* Drury-Lane *Theatre.*--- *The Author's Speech as a* theatrical Patriot.--- *The* Drury-Lane *Company revolt from* Highmore, *and go to the* Hay-market. *The Act of Parliament for* licenſing *the* Stage *conſidered by the* Author *and Mr.* Colley Cibber.--- *Reflections on the Author of* Paſquin.--- *A theatrical State Secret.*

THE Theatre has, with Humour and Propriety been compared to a Political State, but the Nature of its Government has never been fixed: Some affirm the natural Conſtitution of a Theatre is a Republick; ſome ſay it is a limited, others an unlimited Monarchy: What is the beſt, or what the original Form of Government was, or what future Kind of Government it may have, the moſt ſhrewd theatric Politician cannot affirm. Whatever my Notions may be as to national Government, yet, as to a Theatrical State, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs myſelf Anti-monarchical: I am for a Government by a few; a Triumvirate; and I will tell you roundly, Reader, my Reaſon. The Stage never ſucceeded better than under the Triumvirate; and as I can never be a ſole Monarch, this is the beſt Form I can think of, which would give me Power equal to a Monarch, though not the titular Honour; for my Co-partners in Empire ſhould be little more than Cyphers, ſignifying, roundly,

Nothing.

Nothing. They might indeed be *Triumvirs*, but then, like Duke *Trincalo* in the Play, I would Triumvir over them. This may ſeem too vain a Conjecture of my own Parts, and too vain a Contempt of the Underſtanding of others; but in the Sequel of this Story you will find, that as I was the Buſtle-maſter General, I was alſo the Commander-General, and Treaty-maſter General; if with all theſe Commiſſions I could not ſecure to myſelf as much or more Power than moſt Monarchs in fact have, I ought to be ſtigmatiz'd for the erranteſt Dolt that ever pretended to *Machiaveliſm*.

But after this *Pro-æmium* let me introduce Matters of Fact, for which it will be neceſſary to premiſe ſome few Things regarding myſelf before the Triumvirate was diſſolv'd, and Mr. *Colley Cibber* ſold his Share in the Patent, as they will the better connect what Relations, Obſervations, Contemplations, Ruminations, Quotations, and Argumentations which may enſue.

From the little hopes which the Publick conceived of me as an Actor who would make any Figure, by Induſtry, Application, and what join'd to them is Τὸ Πᾶν, the All in All, *Genius*, I roſe into a gradual Eſteem of the Town: But leſt my Significance as an Actor ſhould not be glaring enough, I was reſolved, young as I was, at a Time when the whole Nation was in a Buſtle, to make my Share in it. In the Year 1720, when all Men thought of raiſing Eſtates, and bubbling the World out of what Money they could, I had a violent Ambition of getting much Money, and making much Noiſe. Would you think it, but I will confeſs the Simplicity of my Heart: I thought then that were I a *South-Sea* Director,

That I wou'd do - - Ye Gods! - - What I wou'd do!

But as I was, reſolv'd I was to act ſomething *adventrous* within my Sphere; and, unlike the other Projectors, I built my Scheme on a valuable Foundation; and, according to City Phraſe, I had the Credit of the beſt Man in *England* to make uſe of: In ſhort, as all were commencing great Men, I was reſolv'd to commence Author, and accordingly alter'd a Play of *Shakeſpear*'s

and

and had it brought on the Stage; nor was the Succeſs of it much unequal to my Hopes. This indeed was thought ſtriking a bold Stroke; to alter *Shakeſpear* was a Task that ſome Perſons, merely bigotted to Antiquity, ſhudder'd at the Name, they calling it ſacrificing, violating, affronting, and I don't know what, the Manes of that Bard: But ſure all unprejudic'd Perſons will not deny, that ſome hiſtorical Plays of *Shakeſpear* want what we now call *Jeau de Theatre*, that is, a ---, a --- ſomething neceſſary to make *Shakeſpear* be .... more ... more, in brief more *Jeu de Theatre*. My parental Exemplar had alter'd *Richard* the IIId before, that is, he had cull'd the Flowers of two or three Plays, and had bunch'd them up into a Noſegay, for the Devil a Line did he write himſelf; ſome indeed he alter'd, but ſome ſay for the worſe: In this Manner I alter'd *Henry the Sixth*; and that the preſent and future Age might know that I had alter'd it, I printed it with my own Name, in *capital Letters*, in the Title-Page. This is mention'd to ſhew what I did *patraſſare* in my firſt ſetting out in a Theatre; but here I allow *non paſſibus æquis*. From this Inſtance, however, the Publick ſaw there was ſome Spirit of Audacity, and the Dawn of Genius in me. From this notable Æra I became more ſingularly remarkable both on and off the Stage: I had ſome few ſmall Parts given me, in which I ſucceeded beyond Expectation; but as by this Time I knew ſo much of a Theatre, that I was ſenſible *Original Parts* made the ſtrongeſt Influence in the Audience, I endeavour'd to get all the little, ſprightly, or humourous Parts which I thought I could hit; the firſt in which I was more particularly taken Notice of, was the *Country Foot-Boy* in the *Conſcious Lovers*. The Part was but a few Lines, yet I, without Affectation ſay, that I ſtruck in to the aukwardly-pert cunning of ſuch an unlick'd Cub, ſo naturally, that I had as many Claps as Speeches. I valued not the Length of a Part ſo much as its Humour, and if I had Applauſe when I was on the Stage, I was better ſatisfied than being on the Stage longer, and having no Applauſe at all: Other young Actors of the Houſe thought in regard to me, what *Wilks* and *Powel* did

did as to Mr. *Cibber, ſen.* --- * " They generally " meaſured, ſays he, the Goodneſs of a Part by the " Length of it: I thought none bad by being ſhort, that " were cloſely natural, nor any the better for being " long, without that Quality. But in this I doubt as to " their Intereſt they judg'd better than myſelf, for I " have generally obſerv'd, that thoſe who do a great deal " not ill, have been preferr'd to thoſe who do but little, " though never ſo maſterly." As to the latter Part of the Sentence, Experience has prov'd equally, that to act much tolerably, and not ſo much maſterly, are the Ways to riſe to the Top of a Theatre: Mr. *Cibber* was himſelf a Maſter of a Company, and it is no very great odds, but Mr. *T. C.* may ſucceed to the ſame Poſt of honourable Profit.

As I roſe into ſome Degree of Approbation, I ſucceeded Mr. *Norris*, commonly call'd *Dicky Norris* in ſeveral of his Parts; which, with ſeveral others, which I was well receiv'd in, put me a little upon my Mettle; and I began to think, as I had heard my Father ſay, he was taken Notice of moſt for being an Author as well as an Actor, that I would purſue the ſame Meaſures. I ſoon came to a Reſolution, for Ambition in great Souls acts with incredible Rapidity. - - - *Aut Cæſar aut nullus*, I thought an excellent Apothegm: *Nec mora, nec requies*, Pen, Ink, Paper, a Collection of Plays, *&c.* being prepar'd, to Work went I. When I had thought of a Plot, ſtruck out Hints for ſome Characters, and fix'd in the Name of a Comedy, I communicated, at a proper Opportunity, my Deſign to my Father. He heard me with an indolent Air, and gave me no Anſwer, but lolling back in his great Chair, took a *Pinch of Snuff*, and fell aſleep. - - - It is impoſſible to conceive the tumultuous Paſſions that then agitated my whole human Frame:

Quick beat my Heart, my Pulſe ran high,
And Vengeance darted from my Eye;
Upon my Brow ſat lowring Care,
And all the Horror of Deſpair.

---

* *Colley Cibber's* Apology, p. 123.

--- Yet

--- Yet I waited till he awoke, and repeated to him my Deſign of writing a Comedy. --- "*A Comedy*, "*Boy! Thou write a Comedy!*" --- Yes, Sir, ſays I, why not? You wrote a Comedy before you was my Age. --- "*True, Child; but, my Dear, I hope you* "*don't think of this Affair ſeriouſly.*" --- Yes, Sir, I have thought on it, and have begun it, and half wrote it. --- "*Well, but harkye, Sir, What has put you on* "*this Exploit? Fame, Fame, I ſuppoſe, and* Parnaſſian "*Glory: Pr'ythe ſtick to thy Buſineſs as an Actor, and don't ſhew yourſelf in a double Capacity a moxcomb.*" --- Saying this, he took a Pinch of Snuff, and walk'd off. -- Reader, you may believe I was not in a little Confuſion, and you may equally credit me, when I tell you I thought my *Father* as errant a conceited pragmatical ſelf-ſufficient *Coxcomb* as ever he repreſented. However, on I went with my Play, and when I had finiſh'd three Acts, I accidentally happen'd to be with him alone, when he ſurpriz'd me, by ſaying, "*Well, Boy, What is become* "*of this Comedy of thine? Haſt thou wrote a favourite Scene yet?*" I told him what Progreſs I had made, when, taking a Pinch, and ſmiling, "*Pr'ythe*, ſays, he, *what* "*doſt thou mean? What a Gad's Name*, THE' *inſpires* "*you in this Attempt?*" --- That Principle, Sir, ſaid I, that moſt of the World act upon, *Intereſt*. You know, Sir, I have not been the moſt frugal Oeconomiſt; my Finances low, my Debts high, and my Creditors impatient; a Comedy, Sir, from me would ſet all right: I am ſure it will do; my writing it would make it run: The Name would raiſe a *Curioſity*. . . . . "*Yes, Sir*, "anſwer'd he, *thy Name, for my Name-ſake would ſe-* "*cure your being damn'd. . . . However, as this is the* "*State of the Caſe, let me ſee your Play when you have* "*finiſh'd it, and I will let you know more of my Mind.* "*I like the Reaſon you give for writing, and therefore* "*ſhall not oppoſe it.*" . . . . Now my Heart bounded with Joy, and what will not the Gratification of our Deſires work upon our Heart? I began to *love* my Father; I look'd on him in another Light, and inſtead of thinking him a *Coxcomb*, thought he talk'd like a very ſenſible Man. In a Fortnight my Play was finiſh'd, and I brought

brought it him, and read it: He told me it was a rough Pebble, yet might do with a little poliſhing; for it was a tolerable good firſt Play: In brief, it pleas'd him ſo much, that he lick'd the rude *Poetic Cub* into that Form in which it afterwards appear'd. On his Conſent it ſhould be brought on the Stage immediately, I could not help ruminating on the Happineſs of my Caſe as an Author; for there was not one Author then living could have brought a Performance on the Stage without infinite Trouble, Vexation, Charge and Intereſt. I took Care it ſhould get into Rehearſal at the Time the Managers had appointed, who were ſo civil as to compliment me with the prime Part of the Seaſon. *It may ſmell pragmatical in the Noſtrils of Gravity*, yet I cannot here help remarking what Ideas the Thirſt of *Fame* and *Intereſt* will raiſe in a generous Mind. The Reader will think, *Alexander* the *Great* and I, can have no Analogy on this Occaſion: But though my Character is not *parallel* to him, my Soul may. The Minds of two Men, though they are plac'd at ſome Diſtance, if they think in a right Way, will and muſt meet in one and the ſame Thought; ſo every one knows two parallel Lines, the leaſt inclining to one another in the Progreſſion, muſt and will meet in one and the ſame Point; as then an Analogy between *Me* and *Alexander* may be mathematically prov'd, I'll ſhow it alſo by Example. The *Macedonian* when he had meditated in Youth high Exploits, and noble Feats of Arms, his Breaſt all ſwelling with the Heaves and Throws of Ambition, he ſet before his Eyes the Acts of *Achilles*; inſpired by theſe he ſhook his brandiſh'd Falchion; on Conqueſt he reſolv'd; . . . reſolv'd and conquer'd: ſo I ruminating on dramatic Fame, *Parnaſſian* Glory, and three third crowded Nights, ſet before my Eyes the Writings of *Colley Cibber*; inſpir'd by thoſe, I brandiſh'd high my Pen, hurling Defiance in vile Critick's Teeth. On Triumph I reſolv'd. . . . reſolv'd and triumph'd. . . Now ſome ſmart theatrical *Wou'dbe* will ſay this Compariſon proves me no more like *Alexander* the *Great*, than that of *Fluellin's* in *Henry the Fifth* does him like *Alexander* the *Pig*: This would give me no Pain.

Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.

But as to my Play: When it began to *mellow* in Rehearſal, and was almoſt ripe enough for the Stage; a peſtilential Blaſt of Envy had like to have deſtroy'd it, and with it all my fair Hopes: A Rumour had gone abroad, that truly this Comedy was none of mine, but my Father's; and that he, not willing to ſtand the Bears any more, brought it out under my Name. As ridiculous as this was, it gain'd Belief among many, therefore it was thought neceſſary that I ſhould make a previous Apology to the Town to ſet Matters in a true Light, and to take off Prejudice: Accordingly I wrote a *Letter* to the *Town*, and printed it in one or more of the publick Papers, in which I told them that, upon my Word and Credit, it was all *my own Doings*, and that my Father never wrote a Line of it, or ſaw it. Notwithſtanding this Letter, and the intrinſic Value of the Comedy, there was great Oppoſition made to the Play, and damn'd it had ſurely been, if the Epilogue ſpoke by my firſt Wife *Jenny Cibber* and me had not ſav'd it; for my Father knowing how it would be, wrote an *Epilogue* as a *Dialogue*, between me and *Jenny*, in which ſhe told me I was a *Blockhead to write*, and that I was my *Father's own Son*; all which were ſtrong Jokes with the Audience. I put on a pitiful Face, told her I wrote to pay my Debts, and that I would for the future, prove a good and loving Husband, if ſhe would ſave my Play: The Audience being won by her Entreaty, to

" *Give us, at leaſt, an honeſt Chance to live,*

The Play liv'd nine Nights. - - - This being the chief Incident of my Life as an *Author*, I have been ſomewhat prolix in the Account of it; and have yet ſome more Obſervations to make. I mention'd that I wrote a Letter to the Town previous to the Performance of my Play: Now there is a Parallel to this in the Conduct of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, which is not mention'd in his Apology, his *Apology* not reaching to that Time. Every one muſt remember that three Years ago Mr. *Colley Cibber* brought to *Drury-Lane Theatre* his Play, alter'd from

Shake-

Shakeſpear, call'd *King John:* It was no ſooner in Rehearſal, but ſlap the Criticks were at him directly; Letters, Epigrams, Odes, Jokes, and all the Ribraldry of *Grubſtreet* flew about in the Papers, and it was ſaid the Templars, and their *Poſſe Legiſlatus*, were engag'd to damn it. On this Mr. *Cibber* wrote a Letter, directed, *To the Students of the Inns of Court*, and very handſomly and mighty civilly deſired them to do no ſuch Thing. This Letter was new Fuel to the Flame; they fell foul of the Letter immediately, from whence he might eaſily conjecture how they would uſe his Play: But what could he do; the Play was juſt ready to be perform'd, the Actors perfect, Scenes painted, and much Time had been ſpent which the Maſter of the Houſe would otherwiſe have been uſing to his Intereſt, therefore he could not fairly withdraw it: However, he was reſolv'd it ſhould not be damn'd; and fearing the Maſter might inſiſt on its being play'd, what does he, but at a Rehearſal, ſeeing his Play lying on the Prompter's Table, he takes up the Copy, and puts it up into his Pocket *ſnug*, and decently walk'd off with it, reſolving he would not run the Riſque of ſo precarious a Fortune.

I ſhall here, while I think of it, ſpeak of a Theatrical Conduct lately practiſed, nor can I ſpeak of it in any Place more proper than in this: I mean that of Perſons belonging to a Theatre addreſſing the Town by Letters.

I muſt confeſs, that I and my Father firſt practiſed this Art, with the ſame Succeſs: It laid us open to the Criticiſm of Coffee-houſe Wits, who thought ſoberly on what we wrote haſtily: There was ſuch canvaſſing the Stile; this was not *Grammar*, and that was not *Senſe*; one Thing was *falſe Engliſh*, another a *Cibberiſm:* But beſides the Jokes, which if nothing elſe are nothing at all, they debated the Point over, and form'd themſelves into Parties, which we experienc'd were not to our Advantage. I have, indeed, ſince the Time of my Play, addreſs'd the Town, and with the ſame Succeſs; for I find by our Theatric Squabbles and Altercations we make as much Amuſement to the Town in a Morning, as by our Performance in an Evening. The Contentions

for the Part of *Polly* between Mr. *Clive* and my late --- I was going to ſay *Wife*;---but a late *Woman* who was call'd by my Name: That Conteſt, I remark, furniſh'd a copious Topic for Converſation, Argument, and Publication, and ended with Noiſe and Uproars in the Play-houſe: There has been the ſame Thing practiſed by *Monſieur Denoyer* and *Madamoiſelle Roland*, and before by *Monſieur Poitier* and *Madamoiſelle Roland*, *verſus* Meſſieurs *Quin* and *Fleetwood*, and yet another, which made not a little Noiſe, between the two *Harlequins*, Meſſieurs *Philips* and *Woodward*. The Conſequence of all theſe Addreſſes has been this; the Town is call'd into the Playhouſe, as the *dernier Reſort*, to judge of Things which the *Maſter* of the Houſe is only Judge of: When the Judges come to this mixt Court of Judicature, where all preſent may paſs Sentence, they are divided in Opinion, and then the Queſtion muſt be decided by Noiſe and Tumult, and they who are the greateſt Rioters carry it. I do not find that any of theſe epiſtolary Addreſſes to the Town from theatric Performers have done them any Service, nor would I adviſe, on any Occaſion, to have Recourſe to ſuch Expedients: However, there is no Rule without Exception. Mr. *Rich*, who has never ſuffered his People to make Appeals, nor ever made them himſelf, was at laſt drawn in by meer Neceſſity. A little, trifling, pragmatical, obſcure *'Pothecary*, that lives in ſome bye Street or Alley about *Covent-Garden*, one *J--- H--ll*, publiſhes a *Thing* call'd the *Opera* of *Orpheus*, and in a ſcurrilous Preface to it, abuſes Mr. *Rich* for having ſtole his Entertainment of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* from *his Orpheus*, and inſtigated the Publick to do Juſtice for ſo notorious a Fraud; nor was this Pamphlet his only Attack: He run about the Town, made Parties, and People from his Repreſentations, thought him really injured: Now it became neceſſary for Mr. *Rich* likewiſe to appeal to the Town, and to ſet the Affair in a true Light, and plainly narrate downright Matters of Fact: To this *H--ll* replied, with all the ſcoundrel Scurrility his little Wit could afford; and I alſo became an Object of his Malice. There was a candid Anſwer printed to his Pamphlet the Night be-

fore

fore the Entertainment came out: This Addreſs to the Publick, from Mr. *Rich*, was neceſſary, and had the deſired Effects: The firſt Night the *Entertainment* was *crouded*, and was received with general Applauſe; and the World has never ſince hear'd of that *J--- H--ll*, who ſunk into that Obſcurity from whence he emerg'd.

But to return, Reader, to that Station in the Theatre from whence I digreſs'd. After having wrote my Play call'd the *Lover*, I began to think myſelf every Day of more and more Conſequence; and having got an Inſight into the Manner of Managing, I began to think I was Equal to the Management of a young Company to play in the Summer Seaſon. Accordingly I got Leave from Mr. *Wilks*, and the other Maſters, to form a young Company, and, to play during the Vacation: This was no bad Thing for the Maſters, nor the inferior Players; for the firſt receiv'd a ſettled Payment for the Uſe of a few old Scenes and Cloaths, and the latter generally five or ſix Days pay *per* Week for two Days Performance. Beſides, I generally brought out ſome new Pieces and Farces, which not only turned to our immediate Account, but to the Good of the *Actors*, as *Actors*, and to the *Maſters*, by becoming very gainful Performances the Winter or two following. To Inſtance this, I need ſay no more than that *George Barnwell*, the *Devil to pay*, the *Mock Doctor*, and the *Beggars Opera*, the Part of *Polly* by Mrs. *Clive*, were firſt perform'd under my Management of Summer Companies: From theſe young Companies ſee what Performers have been chiefly ſprung; Mrs *Clive*, Mrs. *Buttler*, and, though laſt, not leaſt in Love --- MYSELF. This Cuſtom I continued till the Revolution of the whole Company under my Conduct, of which more hereafter. This Management of mine was an undoubted Proof of my Abilities, and I did imagine I might become a Manager in my own Right: But, alas, how frail are all human Hopes! On the Death of Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Cibber*, *ſen.* ſold out, at a proper Opportunity, his Share of the Patent to Mr. *Highmore*, a Gentleman who had a great liking to theatrical Affairs, and who had play'd ſome Parts on the Stage, meerly, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew what a Judge he was of acting, and

conſequently of Actors. The Parts he play'd were *Hotſpur* and *Lothario*. This Gentleman, beſides his Liking to theatrical Affairs, had chiefly a Liking to theatrical Gain: He had heard, and partly ſeen what Profits the Managers had made for a long Courſe of Years, and had a Mind to purchaſe what he thought would prove ſo fine an Income: How his Expectations were anſwered, you will find related. Here I muſt diſcloſe a Secret; When Mr. *Cibber*, *ſen.* ſold out his Share in the Patent, I was deſperataly alarm'd, and look'd on it as a Piece of Injuſtice done to myſelf: For I thought his Share, or at leaſt the major Part of his Share, would have devolved upon me as an Inheritance; therefore I looked on myſelf as a *diſinherited Son*, and that *Highmore* had bought, clandeſtinely, my *Birth-Right*, or rather by ſiniſter Means *deprived* me of it. This may ſerve for a Reaſon why I ſo heartily enter'd into the Meaſures I afterwards proſecuted: On Mr. *Booth*'s Death the Patent became inveſted to the Property of Mr. *Highmore*, the Widow *Booth*, and the Widow *Wilks*. The whole Company began to murmur at being rul'd by ſo motley a Kind of Government as they were now falling under, *viz.* A Man who knew nothing of the Buſineſs, and two Women unfit for ſuch a Province: Mr. *Ellis* was indeed deputed to act for Mrs. *Wilks*, but I believe that did not much better the Affairs: Mr. *Ellis*, however, became not only a Deputy to Mrs. *Wilks*, but Prime-Miniſter and *Fac-Totum* to *Highmore*. This could be no pleaſant Situation for the other Actors, who had been ſo many Years labouring in the Theatre, and bore the Burthen of the Day; ſuch as the elder *Mills*, Mr. *Johnſon*, *Miller*, *Griffin*, and ſome others, who, though younger, had ſome Claim, as *Mills*, *jun.* and *myſelf*: I found this an admirable Time to put in Execution a Deſign I had plan'd, which was, at a proper Opportunity, to fling off the Yoke, and ſet up for Maſters and Managers ourſelves: At one of our private Meetings all were complaining, yet no one propoſed a Method of Redreſs, when I got up from my Chair and thus delivered myſelf.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen,

" MY Heart never beats with a ſtronger Joy than " when I have a Power of *thinking* and *acting* " right: I think the Glow that now warms my Boſom " is raiſed by *Truth* and cheriſhed by *Sobriety*. Long " have you complained of the Tyranny you groan " under, and long have looked with Indignation on your " Chains: But what, *O ye Gods!* can avail lugubrious " Lamentations? Of what Force is ſuch female Rhe- " torick? . . . If you think you receive Injuries, deliver " yourſelves from them: If you would not be *Slaves*, " be *free:* If you have a *Will* to be ſo, you have " *Power*. Under what Bonds are you confined? By " what Allegiance are you reſtrained? You have a glo- " rious Cauſe: You may be the Aſſerters of the Cauſe " of *Liberty*. What though your Enemies have got " the *Patent*, you have your *own Talents*, your *own* " *Endowments* of *Nature*, and *Acquiſitions* of *Art*. " What is the *Great Seal* to you? You may ſay of " *that*, as was ſaid by a great and bold Man of *Magna* " *Charta*, it was a *Magna Farta*. If you have Spirits, " Reſolution, and Conduct, a fair Road invites to " Wealth, Fame, and Freedom. You may take their " Houſe of ſome of the Renters, and get Poſſeſſion of " it by Artifice, and ſet up yourſelves: A Stratagem in " War is no Crime: Or, failing in that, you may, " *pro tempore*, take the little *Hay-market Houſe:* Your " Company will be better than theirs, and Novelty of " Places will be changing the Scene, and give Succeſs. " Perhaps it may be objected we have no *Exchequer*, no " *Scenes*, no *Cloaths*, with a long *Et cætera*. What " then? You may have Credit enough .... Though " ſome among you have not much Credit in a *private* " *Capacity*, yet in a *publick Capacity*, as a Body cor- " porate, as it were, much Credit will be given: There " are monied Men who will adventure Sums on ſuch a " Proceeding: Therefore, *Sirs*, no longer ſhew this *Ina-* " *nity* of *Complaint*; the Means of Freedom are in your " own Poſſeſſion, which, if you refuſe, may you be

" perpetual Slaves, and be ſold like a Herd of Sheep " from one Purchaſer to another: If you dare be other- " wiſe, by this *honeſt Heart* I will riſque my Life and " Fortune with you, and prove to you, that I cannot " only, *Fari quæ ſentio* ſed *Agere quæ Sentio*, *ſpeak* " what I *think*, but *act* accordingly."

This Harangue had all the Succeſs that I could wiſh; They reſolved no longer to bear the galling Yoke of Tyranny, but aſſert that Liberty and Property which all true *Britons* are ſo tenacious of. When the Seaſon was quite over, we thought it a proper Time, having gain'd ſome of the Renters to our Side, to endeavour to gain Poſſeſſion of the Theatre; but in this we fail'd, though we attacked it, *Vi & Armis*. On this Diſappointment, we all agreed, that the only Place we could pitch our Tents at, and open our theatrical Campaign, muſt be at the little Houſe in the *Hay-market*. Several Objections were made to the Situation of the Place, and the Smallneſs of the Theatre; but, as I had the Revolution ſtrongly at Heart, I talked them and perſuaded them out of all their Objections. At Length it was reſolved, in a full Council of War, that we would encamp at the *Hay-market*; we accordingly took the Houſe of one *Potter*, a Carpenter, who was the Landlord, beſpoke all our dramatick Equipages and Furniture, and held frequent Councils to ſettle the Operations of the enſuing Campaign. At the Fair of *Bartholomew* we gain'd ſome Recruits; but beſides thoſe Advantages over the Enemy, I myſelf went there in Perſon, and publickly *expoſed* myſelf: This was done to fling Defiance in the Patentees Teeth; for on the Booth where I exhibited, I hung out the *Stage-Mutiny*, with *Piſtol* at the Head of his Troop, our Standard bearing this Motto, - - *We Eat*. - - In a few Days after, the Patentees opened with *Æſop*, to which they added an occaſional Scene, written formerly by Sir *John Vanbrugh*, on a prior Deſertion of Actors, wherein they thought they did great Service to the Patentees, and caſt a ſevere Reflection on us: They next attack'd us by another old, worn-out, rhapſodical Affair of one *Feildings*, call'd the

the *Author*'s Farce, in which I and my Father were daily ridicul'd: But all this I laugh'd at in my Sleeve, well conſidering, that joking on the *Cibbers* could not hurt us. On the contrary, we open'd with *Love for Love*, and got up all the ſtrongeſt Plays with a diligent Expedition. Our Company conſiſted of the old *Veterans*, who were allow'd by the Town to be greatly ſuperior to our Antagoniſts; for excepting Mrs. *Clive* and Mrs. *Horton*, there was not one in their Company but was the contemptible Refuſe of the Theatre. We had alſo receiv'd an additional Force, by receiving Mr. *Milward*, who having left Mr. *Rich* on ſome Diſguſt, join'd our Forces. The Patentees imagin'd that much depended on the Number of their Troops, and they had try'd conſiderable Reinforcements from ſtrolling Companies; but being all awkward and undiſciplin'd, they were no more to compare to us than the County Militia to the King's Body-Guards *. - - - - -

" What rude, riotous Havock was made of all the late " dramatic Honours of our Theatre! All became at " once the Spoil of Ignorance and Self-Conceit! *Shake-* " *ſpear* was tortur'd and defac'd in every ſingle Cha- " racter. *Hamlet* and *Othello* loſt in one Hour all their " good Senſe, their Dignity, and Fame. *Brutus* and " *Caſſius* became noiſy Bluſterers, with bold unmeaning " Eyes, miſtaken Sentiments, and turgid Elocution: " Not young Lawyers in hir'd Robes and Plumes at a " Maſquerade, could be leſs what they could ſeem, or " more aukwardly perſonate the Character they belong'd " to." This exclamatory Invective of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, on the Revolution which *Betterton* made, is ſo *apropos* to my Revolution, I could not forbear quoting it. As we met with much Succeſs, and the Patentees with none at all, they thought to effect by Policy what they could not obtain by Force: They endeavour'd therefore to ſilence us, not by the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain, but that of an Act of Parliament, by which they would prove us Vagabonds. To effect this, Mr. *Harper* was taken up as a Vagabond, and was com-

* *Vide C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 116.

mitted

mitted to *Bridewell*: But on the Trial of the Legality of his Commitment, it appear'd that he was not within the Deſcription of the Act of the Twelfth of Queen *Ann*, againſt Vagabonds, he being a Houſe-keeper, and having a Vote for the Members of Parliament for *Weſtminſter*: He was therefore diſcharg'd, and conducted through the Hall, amidſt the triumphant Acclamations of his theatric Friends. Having carried this important Point, we had nothing to fear from the Patentees, knowing now that our Succeſs depended ſolely on our own good Conduct, and the Favour of the Publick. I cannot but confeſs that we had diſmal Apprehenſions of the Force of the Act, which would have ſo fix'd the Power of the Patent, that we muſt *invitis animis* have return'd to the Dominions of our former Maſters: We had indeed got a ſpecious Colour of a Licence, and put at the Top of our Bill, *By Licence of the Maſter of the Revels*; for which titular Honour we paid him handſomely; yet we did this rather to induce the Publick to think we play'd by a legal Authority and under the Sanction of the Court, than for any Right which we thought it conferr'd on us. We could not be ignorant that Mr. *Giffard*'s Company at *Goodman*'s *Fields* was then playing againſt all the Oppoſition that could be made to it, againſt the Power of the City of *London*, and even their Remonſtrances to the Court that it was a Nuſance. In ſhort, it was not then thought in the Power of the Crown to ſuppreſs a Playhouſe, though acting without Royal Licence and Permiſſion, becauſe it was not evidently an illegal Thing. But the Caſe is now alter'd by a late Act of Parliament, which has fix'd all Power in regard to Theatres and theatrical Affairs in the Lord Chamberlain for the Time being: As this Act is of ſuch Importance to the Theatres, and the paſſing it caus'd great Debates in both Houſes, it may be proper to conſider the Cauſe and Reaſons given for having it enacted; in relating which, I may give ſome curious Anecdotes, and State-Secrets, which Mr. *C. Cibber* has omitted; yet I ſhall open my Narrative in his Words, as they are an Invective againſt a certain Perſon, for whom alſo I have a Word or two in *Petto*.

" Theſe

" * Theſe tolerated Companies gave Encouragement " to a broken Wit to collect a fourth Company, who for " ſometime acted Plays in the *Hay-Market*, which " Houſe the united *Drury-Lane* Comedians had quited. " This enterpriſing Perſon, I ſay, (whom I do not chuſe " to name, unleſs it could be to his Advantage, or that " it was of Importance) had Senſe enough to know, " that the beſt of Plays with bad Actors would turn " but to a very poor Account, and therefore found it ne- " ceſſary to give the Publick ſome Pieces of an extraor- " dinary Kind, the Poetry of which he conceiv'd ought " to be ſo ſtrong, that the greateſt Dunce of an Actor, " could not ſpoil it. He knew too, that as he was in " haſte to get Money, it would take up leſs Time to be " intrepidly abuſive, than decently entertaining; that to " draw the *Mob* after him, he muſt rake the Chanel, " and pelt their Superiors; that to ſhew himſelf Some- " body, he muſt come up to *Juvenal*'s Advice, and " ſtand the Conſequence.

" *Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris & carcere dignum*
" *Si vis eſſe aliquis.* - - - Juv.

" Such then was the mettleſome Modeſty he ſet out " with; upon this Principle he produc'd ſeveral frank " and free Farces that ſeem'd to knock all Diſtinctions " of Mankind on the Head. Religion, Laws, Govern- " ment, Prieſts, Judges, and Miniſters were all laid flat " at the Feet of this † *Herculean Satyriſt*. This " Drawcanſir in Wit, that ſpar'd neither Friend nor " Foe; who, to make his Fame immortal, like ano- " ther *Eroſtratus*, ſet Fire to his Stage by writing up " to an Act of Parliament to demoliſh it. I ſhall not " give the particular Strokes of his Ingenuity a Chance " to be remember'd, by reciting them; it may be " enough to ſay, in general Terms, they were ſo open-

---

* *Vide C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 164.

† This is to be taken in a double Senſe, the Perſon ſtruck at having ſince called himſelf *Hercules Vinegar*, and is the notorious Author of the *Champion*.

" ly

" ly flagrant, that the Wiſdom of the Legiſlature " thought it high Time to take Notice of them."

The Perſon of whom Mr. *Cibber* only gives the Outſide Lines of his Pourtrait, is at preſent well known by thoſe only: but that Poſterity may know this iniquitous Son of Wit, who has fell under this heavy Cenſure of the Laureat for ſatirizing the juſt Meaſures of the preſent all-juſt, all-wiſe, and all-powerful Miniſter; I will ſubſcribe the Name of *H---y F---d--g*, Eſq; Author of *Paſquin*, the *hiſtorical Regiſter*, *Eurydice hiſs'd*, and others of the ſame political Caſt. To theſe Farces, which were allegorical Satires on the Adminiſtration, the Town run with the utmoſt Avidity of Defamation and Scandal: He drew the *Mob* after him from *Grovenor*, *Cavendiſh*, *Hanover*, and all the other faſhionable Squares, as alſo from *Pall Mall*, and the *Inns of Court*: I call them as the Apologiſt I quoted calls them, Mob; for there may be your Mobs of Quality as well as Mobs of Raggimuffins; your *Magnum vulgus & imum* - - - - Your great Vulgar and the ſmall. - - - Well - - - Theſe Mobs or Multitudes, or Concourſe, or Audiences, call them what you will, reſorted nightly to hear theſe Farces, and were dull enough not only to think they contain'd Wit and Humour, but Truth alſo. It could not but regret me to ſee ſome noble Peers and Gentlemen I had entertain'd a very good Opinion of, as to their Parts and Capacities, ſitting in the Side-boxes, and ſeemingly delighted with the Performance: But I have Charity enough for theſe Gentlemen to think they did all this more out of Party-Zeal, and to byaſs the *Mob*, than from any Conviction, there was, in thoſe Farces, either Senſe, Humour, or Truth. - - - But what will not Men proſtitute in a Party-Cauſe! - - - The Succeſſes of theſe dramatic Peices made the M - - - r not a little uneaſy, nor could the merry droll Mortal his Brother keep his Temper; for let ſome Men be as facetious as they pleaſe, and love a Laugh as much as they will, they don't like the Laugh to be always on them. I and my Father, who can bear as much laughing at, and have had as much laughing at as any two Perſons in the Kingdom, not excepting the two honourable Gentlemen I juſt now mention'd; yet though we carry it off in Company, it ſtings,

it

it hurts our Hearts to be the ſtanding Objects of Raillery; and I will not ſay, but if we could as well avenge the Inſults on us, as the M . . . r could againſt him, but We might perform it. . . . But to the Point. From theſe farcical Satires, a dainty Opportunity offer'd itſelf to the great Man, not only to ſuppreſs thoſe, but to bring all Stages, and all Stage-writings under ſuch a Reſtriction, that nothing ſhould be exhibited for the future that ſhould give him the leaſt Uneaſineſs. Here was an admirable Proof of deep Policy and Sagacity, to make the Satire of his Enemies be the Tools of his Intereſt: A Scheme was laid to accompliſh his Deſign, it was put in Execution, and it ſucceeded.

I muſt here enter the Verge of private Hiſtory, and by the following Anecdote ſhow, that I have that great Talent of an Hiſtorian, not to dare to ſpeak falſe, and not afraid to ſpeak Truth.

Mr. *Giffard* had remov'd about this Time from *Goodman's Fields* to *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* Houſe, which he had hir'd of Mr. *Rich*; His Removal had not anſwer'd his End, and his Affairs began to grow deſperate. He had never as yet given any prejudicial Offence to the Court, yet was ſuppos'd not to have ſuch Obligations to it, as to deny, at this Juncture, the performing a Farce which might bring him a large Sum of Money. At this ſame Time, in a moſt vile Paper, call'd *Common Senſe*, there was a libellous Production call'd the *Golden Rump*, which the Town and the Mob were Fools enough to think Wit and Humour: Now as the hitting in with the Humour of the multitudinous Mob is very advantageous to a Theatre, a Dramatick Piece was wrote on the *Golden Rump* Subject, and call'd the *Golden Rump*, which was given Mr. *Giffard* to be perform'd; but before it was rehears'd it ſo happen'd, no Matter how or why, but ſo it happen'd, that Mr. *Giffard* went to *Downing-Street* with this Satirical Farce in his Pocket, which was delivered to a *great Man* for his Peruſal; and it was found to be a ſcurrilous, ignominious, traiterous, ſcandalous, *&c. &c. &c.* Libel againſt Majeſty itſelf. It was immediately carried to . . . ſhown to . . . explain'd to . . . and remonſtrated to . . . that if there was not an immediate Act of Parliament

to

to ſtop ſuch Abuſes, not Regal Dignity was ſafe from them. - - - *Actum eſt.* - - - 'Twas done. - - - The Point gain'd in a Moment, and a proper Act order'd to be got. - - - Well, now, ſays ſome impatient Reader, *What of all this? What Secret is this? By what Inference or Inuendo does this ſhow the M.....'s Policy or Fineſſe?* ... Prithee don't be ſo miſty, and let me ask you a Queſtion by Way of a Suppoſe. - - - - Suppoſe Sir, this ſame *Golden Rump* Farce was wrote by a certain great Man's own Direction, and as much Scurrility and Treaſon larded in it as poſſible. - - - Suppoſe *Giffard* had a private Hint how to act in this Affair, and was promis'd great Things to play a particular Part in this Farce. - - - Suppoſe he was promiſed a *ſeparate Licence*, or an Equivalent: - - - You may then ſuppoſe the M..... a thorough Politician, who knew to manage bad Things to the beſt Advantage. - - - *O! but*, ſay you, *I will not found my Belief on Suppoſes* - - Truth may be ſuppoſed: Suppoſe this Truth and you may be right. - - - If you are ſo ungenteel to require Proof demonſtrative I have done with you, and can only refer you to the Author and Negociators of the *Golden Rump*. - - - This, however, is notoriouſly certain, that the Farce of the *Golden Rump* was carried to a great Man, and the Maſter of the Playhouſe, who carried it, was promiſed ſomething, which he has been ſome Time in a vain Expectation of, but will now, in all Probability, end in nothing at all.

But, laying aſide private Anecdotes of the obtaining the late Playhouſe Act, I muſt mention what was known to all: The Maſters of the two Houſes acting under the Patent made no Oppoſition to this Bill; they did all in their Power to promote it, becauſe it would ſuppreſs, for the preſent, all Theatres but their own: They were ſo full of this Proſpect, that they did not perceive they were at the ſame Time becoming abſolute Dependants on a M - - - - r; for the Bill contain'd a Clauſe, that the Lord Chamberlain ſhould have a Power of licenſing other Theatres, if he ſo thought proper, within the City and Liberties of *Weſtminſter*. The Actors were indeed alarm'd, and imagin'd this Act would lay them under Oppreſſions, from which they could

could gain no proper Redreſs; for the conſtant immemorial Way of redreſſing Grievances, in the Government of a Theatre, is to raiſe a Revolt, and bring about a Revolution: But the Security of the Maſters of the Playhouſes, and the Alarm of the Actors were both ill-founded, as I ſhall, in the ſubſequent Narration, make appear. If the Lord Chamberlain can grant another Licence, why then ſhould not the Actors, who may be aggriev'd by the preſent Maſters, endeavour to gain one? I only ask that Queſtion here; I may explain it in another Place.

* Mr. *C. Cibber* has made a copious and florid Diſſertation, as well political as theatrical, on this Law: He proves Satire on a Miniſter, when repreſented on the Stage, is ſtronger than any Satire can be that is read in the Cloſet, therefore to licenſe the Stage could bear no Analogy with licenſing the Preſs: He lays it down alſo, " that a theatrical Inſult to the preſent Miniſter, is equal " to the Stab *Guiſcard* gave the late Lord *Oxford*:" Then adds, " Was it not as high Time to take this dan- " gerous Weapon of mimical Inſolence and Defamation " out of the Hands of a mad Poet, as to wreſt the " Knife from the lifted Hand of a Murderer?" --- In ſhort, the *Laureat* has ſhewn himſelf a profound Politician, by becoming a *voluntary Champion* for that Law: He ſays, he writes on this Subject to ſhew the *true Pourtrait of his Mind*, and *to ſhew how far he is or is not a Blockhead*: Perhaps this was not the only Motive; if he had another Deſign than merely to give his *ſhallow Reaſons a little Exerciſe*, and if it ſhould ſucceed, the World muſt admire at the Depth of his Speculations. I ſhall illuſtrate this Remark when I come to deſcant on ſome Tranſactions of a very late Date, thinking it now Time to return to that Part of my Hiſtory from whence I digreſs'd.

By the Releaſe of *Harper*, we gain'd a compleat Conqueſt over the Pattentees; they indeed carried on the Campaign, but with ſuch Loſſes and Diſadvantage, that Mr. *Highmore*, the chief Sharer and Director, be-

* *Vide C. Cibber's* Apology, p. 165.

gan to think it the moſt prudent Method to make the beſt Retreat he could: Upon my Soul, though as an Enemy in the Field I could not be diſpleas'd with his Diſtreſs; yet, as he paid ſo many thouſand Pounds to my Father, my honeſt Heart could not but feel for his being plung'd in an Affair he knew nothing of. I cannot blame my Father for ſo advantageouſly ſelling out; and, was my hereditary Claim laid aſide, he acted prudently, and conſequently honeſtly. But let that go: He made me ſome amends by giving *Highmore* no aſſiſting Advice how to conduct his Theatre, which, if he had, muſt have greatly injured us; for no one knows that Province but myſelf and him. The new Purchaſer therefore being left to himſelf, and his Prime Miniſter Mr. *E-ll-s*, Singers, Dancers, Tumblers, and other exotic Performers were hir'd at extraordinary Rates. This was but of very little Service, and the Poſture of his Affairs grew daily into a worſe and worſe Situation.

I cannot but here obſerve to the Reader how different our Conduct was at the *Hay-market*: I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, though we kept our ſimple Heads above Water, we had got out of our Depth; for after our firſt Run of Novelty and Intereſt was over, our Audiences grew thin, which Deficiency we ſupplied by Orders of our own; for in the Theatres, as in Shops, the Appearance of Buſineſs brings Cuſtomers. Nevertheleſs, we found large Deficiencies in the Office; and by the Accounts in our Books we had contracted a very conſiderable Debt; yet we conceal'd the State of our Caſe as much as poſſible, reſolving to beat our Antagoniſts out of the Field, and by ſuch a Conqueſt ſet every Thing right. If the Patentees at *Drury-Lane* had either known our Condition, or had Prudence and Courage enough to bear with their own for another Seaſon, I know not what the Conſequences might have been: I may ſay it now, I believe we ſhould have been forc'd to a Ceſſation of Arms, and capitulated on the beſt Terms we cou'd have got.

Mr. *Rich* had either gain'd better Intelligence of the State of our Affairs, or from the State of thoſe at *Drury-Lane*, had found the Patentees were heartily tir'd

tir'd of their expenſive inſtead of lucrative Offices: From one of theſe Reaſons, or both, he had formed a Scheme, which, had it been carried into Execution, muſt have proved very gainful to the Patentees, and very agreeable to the Town, as it would have given them the beſt Plays, play'd by the beſt Performers in *England*: But as well concerted as it was for theſe Intentions, it was deſtructive of the natural and legal Liberty of the Actors: They would have become mere Servants to two co-join'd Patentees; nor could have had, on any Diſguſt or Affront, any Power to revolt. The Scheme was for to have *Drury-Lane* Patent purchaſed of the Patentees who were tired of it, at a cheap Rate, and then the Patentees of *Covent-Garden* and *Drury-Lane* to enter into a joint Partnerſhip, and engage the beſt Actors, who ſhould act occaſionally at both Houſes, performing always a Comedy at one Houſe and a Tragedy at the other. There were ſeveral other Conditions which would have prov'd beneficial to the Maſters, which are needleſs to enumerate.

This Plan, though it has been long thought a new Fineſſe in theatric Policy, yet *Cibber's Apology* ſhows it is an old Stage-Cunning, practis'd, in ſome Meaſure, by Mr. *R--h*'s Father, and Mr. *Owen Swinney*. This Deſign, however, could not be carried into Execution by Mr. *R--h* alone: There was wanting the *Primum Mobile*, the *Sine qua non*; the Purchaſe Money: On this Occaſion he apply'd to Mr. *Fl--t---d*, who was his Friend, and propoſed *his* purchaſing the Patent, and to enter into a Sort of Partnerſhip: This Propoſal was ſet in ſo advantageous a Light, and ſuch fair Hopes offer'd themſelves, that Mr. *Fl--t---d* came into this Scheme, and purchaſed the Patent of Mr. *Highmore* and the other *Patentees*. On this Turn in Affairs, We at the *Hay-market* were under a moſt terrible Conſternation; we look'd on ourſelves as Perſons who were never to enjoy that Liberty we had ſo ſtrenuouſly endeavour'd to obtain: For this Conjunction of the Patentee Maſters muſt have compell'd us to have returned under their Management, our Affairs being in a very ſad Poſture, and daily growing worſe: But, very happily for us, a Breach happen'd between Mr. *R--h* and Mr. *Fl--t---d* at

a Time we could have leaſt ſuſpected it, and that gave us all we wanted, an Opportunity to make the beſt Terms with the latter, get rid of our Stock-Debt, and return to *Drury-Lane*: I ſhall not enter into the Reaſons for this Breach of Friendſhip between the two Maſters, as that Affair has been ſo differently repreſented; but Mr. *R--h* has been chiefly cenſured as having drawn a Gentleman into an Affair, which he would not otherwiſe have thought to have embarked in, and then leaving him to conduct his new Undertaking as he might: But let their Quarrel be what it would, it was advantageous to us; for Mr. *Fl--t---d* being work'd into the higheſt Reſentment, was reſolv'd to make up the beſt Company, and to hurt *R--h* by getting from him his chief Actors, and moſt neceſſary People: Mr. *Quin* was ſoon gained, but on ſuch Terms as no *hired Actor* had before received. At the ſame Time Mr. *Fl--t---d* had entered into a Treaty with us at the *Hay-market*, and agreed to allow all the managing Actors *two hundred Pounds* a Year each, and to ſome a clear Benefit, and to others a Benefit at a lower Rate than uſual. As in all the Tranſactions of that Affair I was *Treaty-Maſter General*, and negociated that important Peace with the Patentee, it may be expected I ſhould enter into a long detail on that Subject. My Conduct in this Reſpect may be ſomewhat ſingular, but I can give ſome Reaſons as an Apology for it: As this will be entering on a new Scene, I will halt a little as well to give my Reader a little Relief as myſelf; for I don't know how it is, but I begin to perceive myſelf ſomewhat dull, and perhaps ſome People may have perceiv'd it a great while ago. If then, *Sir Reader*, your Patience and good Nature are worn out, fling down the Book, that you may, when you think proper, begin the next Chapter with a better Temper, and a Spirit more alert and lively, - - - and all that.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Nature of writing Apologies: The Author's Proof againſt Scandal. —— *His Negociations and thoſe of* H——o W———e *compared.* —— *His Conduct and the Duke of* A——le's *parallel'd.* —— *Obligations received are no Reaſon for Gratitude.* —— *The Company fixed at* Drury-Lane: *Some Remarks on it, and a* Digreſſion.

WELL, *courteous Reader*, you venture then to travel on, maugre all the Things I can ſay to my own Diſpraiſe: If I, like my Father, tell you, about every ſixth Page, I am a Blockhead or a Coxcomb, yet you ſtill away with my Nonſenſe; and as my Vanity is not quite jaded, you read on in Hopes to meet with ſome freſh Inſtances of it. But perhaps thoſe who may peruſe this *Apology* for my *Life* may expect that I would enter into ſome very illuſtrious and renowned Acts of my private Conduct which have been very publickly talked of: To ſuch Perſonages I ſhall anſwer, they are not to imagine a Man would ſet down in cool Blood and write the Devil of a Satire againſt *himſelf*! That would be dainty apologizing indeed: No; the Thing is to ſay nothing harſh againſt your own dear Self, but as many ſevere Things and Reflections as poſſible againſt other People. Mr. *Colley Cibber*, whoſe apologetical Talents are admirable, has ſhewn this Species of writing in *Perfection*: A great many People, on the Publication of his Apology, cry'd, *An Apology for the Life of* Colley Cibber! *Well, now we ſhall ſee what he can ſay in Regard to this, and that, and t'other* --- Things which related to *Gaming*, or *Gallantry*, or a thouſand Things

not ſo very proper to be mentioned: But they were all out; not a Syllable of his private Character; not a Word for excuſing, palliating, or defending little fooliſh Acts which merely related to Religion or Morality. I can gueſs what may be expected from me; what Defence of particular Conduct I may make; but I ſhall relate only ſuch Things as may ſhow my Parts, my theatrical Character, and, in ſhort, what I think proper, not what every impertinent Perſon may want to know: Nor is this ſo unfair a Proceeding as ſome may imagine: No Man can be obliged to accuſe himſelf: I write to put a Gloſs upon my Acts and Deeds, not place them in the moſt odious Light, and erect myſelf in an hiſtorical Pillory. It would alſo be an endleſs Work to vindicate all the ſimple Accuſations which have been brought againſt me, and which no Perſons have any Buſineſs to trouble their Heads about. Should Men ſay, for Inſtance, I uſed my firſt dear and well-beloved Wife, of ever bleſſed Memory, *J--n--y C*-----, with ill Uſage: Should they affirm, that when her all pale and breathleſs Corps was in the Coffin laid, and I, with Sobs and Tears and interjected Sighs, had moaned to many a Witneſs, my too unhappy Fate, yet that ſame Night had a Brace of *Drurian* Doxies vile in the ſame Houſe. -- Again, ſhould baſe Defamation whiſper in my Ear I ſold and barter'd away my preſent moſt virtuous Spouſe, and that I was a voluntary Cuckold on Record: Should Scandal with her hundred-tongu'd curs'd Mouth, rumour it up and down, that neither *common Honour* nor *common Honeſty* were lodg'd within the Centre of my Soul. -- Should even all this be ſaid, calm and unruffled would I contemn it all, and look on ſuch Reports in the cool Light of mild Philoſophy. There are indeed a Set of People who will be Buſy-Bodies: To ſuch I would anſwer very pithily, ſometimes, *What is that to* ME, ſometimes, *What is that to* YOU. To illuſtrate what a Propriety there is in curbing ſuch Kind of Impertinence by a *Laconic* Sentence, I will tell you a ſhort Story.

A great Lawyer, who now makes one of the moſt illuſtrious Figures in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, was as remarkable for his Amours as his Pleadings: What was

his

his Gallantry to any Body? Yet was he often cenſured and made the Object of Wit for this Foible. It happen'd his *Lady*, his *Chambermaid*, and *Couſin* all lay-in at the ſame Time: A Friend of his took an Occaſion to ſpeak to him on this Subject by Way of Raillery, in this Manner: They ſay, my L--d, your *Lady* is brought to Bed. - - *She is ſo.* - - They ſay your *Couſin* and *Chambermaid* are alſo brought to Bed. - - *What's that to* ME. - - But they ſay you are the Father. - - *What's that to* YOU. - - Upon which, turning on his Heel, my L--d left Mr. *Impertinent* with a proper Indignation. - - - *What's that to You*, is the ſole Anſwer I ſhall give to any defamatory Scurrility, and if any Perſon is not ſatisfied with ſuch a Reply, he may get a more ſatisfactory one if he knows how. - - After this Obſervation it may be proper to reſume my theatrical Story, which I left off at the Treaty with Mr. *Fl--t---d*, to return to *Drury-Lane* Houſe, and act under his Patent.

As I had been the chief Perſon in raiſing our theatrical *Revolt*, and being of a daring puſhing Temper, I was reſolved to have the principal Share in the *Reſtoration* of the Company to *Drury-Lane*: I accordingly got myſelf nominated as *Plenipo*, and began my Negociations with Mr. *Fl--t---d*. How happy I was in my Negociations the Event proved; and as I had to deal with a Perſon of Honour and Generoſity, I manag'd the Conduct of the whole Affair in ſuch a Manner as to make it turn out to *myſelf*. In ſhort, I got a good round Sum of Money out of him; for why ſhould I *negociate* and *negociate* and get nothing myſelf. Some People may ſmile to ſee me, on this Occaſion, compare myſelf to another great *Negociator*, and wonder how I and *H----ce W------e* can have any Analogy. But pray do you think that he for ſo many Years has run from *Court* to *Court*; now at the *Hague*, now at *Paris*; negociating here and negociating there, and all for a Joke only? Would any Man do this without the pleaſing Recordation of *Place* and *Penſion*? In Truth my Friend *H-----*, as well as myſelf, was a little mov'd by Self Intereſt: Beſides, our Negociations have been ſome what alike; for mine, in fact, was a patch'd up Affair, and I did not ſo much conſult the Intereſt of my Maſter, as

to ſerve a Turn for that Time: I botched up a Peace, but I knew it would not laſt many Years: If there is any Pre-eminence in our Talents, I hope I ſhall not ſeem immodeſt, when I frankly own I think the Ballance turns in my Favour; for I am now more for War than Peace.

" * Thus we ſee, as Mr. *C. Cibber* truly obſerves, let " the Degrees and Ranks of Men be ever ſo unequal, " Nature throws out their Paſſions from the ſame Mo- " tives; 'tis not the Eminence or Lowlineſs of either " that makes us the Difference. If this familiar Stile " of talking ſhould, in the Noſtrils of Gravity and " Wiſdom, ſmell a little too much of the Preſump- " tuous or the Pragmatical, I will at leaſt deſcend lower " in my Apology for it, by calling to my Aſſiſtance the " old humble Proverb, *viz.* *'Tis an ill Bird that*, &c. " Why then ſhould I debaſe my Profeſſion by ſetting it in " vulgar Lights, when I may ſhow it to more favourable " Advantages? Or why, indeed, may I not ſuppoſe " that a ſenſible Reader will rather laugh than look " grave at the Pomp of my Parallels."

When I had concluded this Treaty with Mr. *Fl--t---d*, ſo advantageous for the Company, and more particularly in a private Manner to myſelf, we remov'd Bag and Bagage from the *Hay-Market* and return'd to our old Camp at *Drury-Lane*: Our Government was then thought to be fixed in a peaceable Manner; every Thing went on with great Succeſs, and I took Care to be ſo much in the Maſter's Favour, that in the Direction of the Theatre I was a kind of Prime Miniſter: I ſay a kind of Prime Miniſter, for even then there was another Perſon ſhared amply in his Confidence, and by whom he was chiefly adviſed. When I found out this, I was not a little nettled; a Jealouſy raiſed various Sentiments in my Breaſt; for, like *Pompey* the Great, my Soul diſdain'd the Thought of an Equal. Glory and Power are the darling Paſſions of my Heart; and not to enjoy either of them was, to ſo jealous an Ambition, a meer Shade to my Laurels. My Competitor

* C. *Cibber*'s Apology p. 326.

was

was the Perſon who had been concern'd for Mrs. *Wilks*, and who thought himſelf to have an admirable Talent for theatric Affairs. This Talent was to compoſe *Pantomimes*, furbiſh up old Tricks, and make what he call'd Entertainments: As a Specimen of what Notion he had of the Dignity of the Stage, I muſt obſerve, that his Genius turn'd to the monſtrous and the marvellous; for which Reaſon nothing could be brought to Town to be exhibited to the Vulgar, but he was for having it exhibited on the Stage: There was a Fellow of an enormous Height came from *Germany* to be ſhewn for a Sight, call'd *Mynheer Cajanus:* Such a Spectacle, proper enough for a *Smithfield* or *Moorfields* Booth, was thought a proper Perſonage to grace the Theatre Royal. Accordingly Negociations were begun; but to my Honour be it ſpoke, I had no Concern in them: I was kept out of the Secret, nor was I much affected that I was ſo. I and his Grace the Duke of *A——le*, in this Reſpect, may be ſaid to have the ſame Notion of Things: His late Speech on the State of the Nation ſhows that he was out of the Secret, in Regard to the Conduct of Affairs, and, as he thinks them wrong, was proud that none of them could be laid to his Charge: though I and that illuſtrious Perſon differ in other Sentiments in Regard to the preſent Miniſtry, yet I am proud that in this Point he agrees with me. — But to the Hiſtory: *Mynheer* ſoon agreed to ſome very advantageous Terms propoſed to him; was with all Secrecy convey'd into *Drury-Lane* Theatre, and was ſoon ſhown ariſing from a Trap-Door, to the no ſmall Admiration of the Spectators, and the no ſmall Joy of my Co-Rival. Nothing could give me and my Brethren, both of the Buskin and the Sock, who had any Regard for that School of Honour and Virtue, the Stage, more ſecret Indignation than to ſee it proſtituted in ſo ignominious a Manner: And what ſtill added to our Reſentment was the conſummate Folly of the Town, who crouded to the Houſe a great Number of Nights to ſee the *Tall Man*. But I had yet other Reaſons to be no Friend to this *Tall Man*. It regretted my Soul, frequently and oft, when on Buskins a Foot and a half high I was to perſonate a great Heroe, and had my wavy Plume high o'er my

Brow, Nod ever and anon with tragic Grace; yet was I thought diminutively great, and rais'd the Audience to a mock Laugh, while he —— that *Orion*, that *Polephemus* of a Man, with an Inanity of Voice and Geſture, excited Wonder and Applauſe.

——— *Pudet hæc opprobria Nobis*
Et dici potuiſſe & non potuiſſe reſelli.

After this *tall Man* was gone, we had a *tall Woman*, and after that *Sadler's Wells Tumbling*. It is true, this pleas'd the Mob, and brought Money, nor was this Cuſtom new. Did not the late Mr. *R--h* act in the ſame Manner by this Humour: " * In this Notion, " ſays Mr. *Cibber*, he kept no Medium, for in my " Memory he carried it ſo far, that he was ſome Years " before this Time, actually dealing for an extraordinary " large Elephant, at a certain Sum, for every Day he " might think fit to ſhow the tractable Creature's Genius " of that vaſt quiet Creature, in any Play or Farce in " the Theatre (then ſtanding) in *Dorſet Garden*: But " from the Jealouſy ſo formidable a Rival had raiſed " in the Dancers, and by his Bricklayer's aſſuring " him, that if the Walls were open'd wide enough for " his Enterance, it might endanger the Fall of the " Houſe, he gave up his Project: But at the ſame " Time of being under this Diſappointment, he put " in Practice another Project of as new, though not of " ſo bold a Nature, which was introducing a Set of " Rope Dancers into the ſame Theatre; for the firſt " Day of whoſe Performance he had given out ſome " Play in which I had a material Part: But I was hardy " enough to go into the Pit and acquaint the Spectators " near me, that I hop'd they would not think it a Diſ- " reſpect to them if I declin'd acting upon any Stage " that was brought to ſo low a Diſgrace as ours was like " to be by that Day's Entertainment. My Excuſe was " ſo well taken that I never after found any ill Conſe- " ſequences, or heard the leaſt Diſapprobation of it: " And the whole Body of Actors proteſting againſt

* *C. Cibber's* Apology, p. 195.

" ſuch

" ſuch an Abuſe of their Profeſſion, our cautious " Maſter was too much intimidated to repeat it."

Now I was not hardy enough to make any publick Remonſtrances on this Occaſion; for I had a Point to carry, which was to fix my Wife's Character as an Actreſs, whoſe firſt Performance was to be cloſed with theſe *Sadler's Wells Tumblers:* On this Account it was my Buſineſs to be as well with the *Maſter* as poſſible; and, though I from my Soul abhor'd ſuch Meaſures, yet no one was more buſtling and commendatory in the Deſign than myſelf: By this I not only ſhow'd an Attachment to his Intereſt, but kept myſelf on good Terms with the other Miniſter: But had I thought it would have been any *Gain* to me, to have *diſtreſs'd* the Maſter by making any Remonſtrances, my Father's *Hardineſs* ſhould not have come up to mine; for I would not have gone ſneaking into the Pit in hugger-mugger: Not I truly; But bounce upon the Stage, with bluſtering Mood, have ſtalk'd and made a Speech, which, with pathetick Air in Words and Action, had repreſented our Diſaſters dire; and though they had hiſs'd again and yet again, I'd have ſtood 'em all till they had heard me out.--- On this ingenuous Confeſſion of how I did act or how I would have acted, ſome may ſay, *Are theſe Principles honourable? Is not* this *ſervile Flattery, and* that *ſcandalous Injuſtice?* --- *Are not Favours received ſtrong Obligations for Gratitude?* --- Well, Sir *Caſuiſt*, what of all this? *Honour* and *Gratitude*, and *this* and *that* and *t'other* are quite *different Things*, according to the receiv'd Notions of *different Places*; for what is *diſhonourable* and *immoral* in *England*, may be thought quite otherwiſe among the *Hottentots:* A Man in *London* may be thought odd if he offers his *Wife* for his *Friend's Service*, yet it is well known ſeveral Nations of *Negroes* practiſe it even to Strangers. If *Morality* is *local*, as I have fully prov'd, I have prov'd alſo there may be much *Difference* between *theatrical Honour* and *common Honour:* Now my Notion of *theatrical Honour* is to act only for your own *Convenience*, and you can do no *Injuſtice* if you ſerve *yourſelf*. If I ſhould now be pertly ask'd, --- What THE', where are thy Morals? Haſt thou no *Conſcience?* Yes, I have but

what

what then? That I have embrac'd the Philoſophy of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, I told the Reader in a prior Chapter; and what does that great and good Man ſay in his three hundredth Page, - - - "I did it againſt my *Conſcience*; "and had not Virtue to ſtarve by oppoſing a Multitude "that would have been too hard for me. - - - Had *Harry* "*the Fourth of* France a better Excuſe for changing his "Religion? I was ſtill in my Heart on the Side of "*Truth* and *Senſe*, but I had their Leave to quit them "when they could not ſupport me; for what Equiva-"lent could I have found for my falling a Martyr to "them." - - - O moſt admirable Doctrine! The Plea of *Convenience* is a full Anſwer for a Breach of *Conſcience*. - - - Is not this a Doctrine that *Machiavel* himſelf might have boaſted? Having here obſerv'd on what Maxims I and my Father act, ſome of our late Conduct, which ſhall be conſider'd in a ſubſequent Chapter, may now be eaſily accounted for. Though our Notions may be exploded by ſome, Mr. *Colley Cibber* has, among Mankind, more Diſciples than Mr. *George Whitfield*; and this I am ſure of, their Zeal is ſtronger, as there are many who die *Martyrs* to his Doctrine every *Seſſions* at the *Old-Bailey*, having liv'd in a full Faith, that to do what they think *convenient*, is to do *right*.

There is a private Anecdote of my Life, which is a Proof how early I imbib'd this convenient Opinion; I have indeed often related it to my theatrical Acquaintance with much Glee of Heart, and boaſtful Satisfaction; but as I would be by this Apology, *Toto notus in orbe Theophilus*, I cannot reſiſt the Temptation of inſerting it in theſe my Memoirs. You muſt know, Reader, that even by the Time I had reach'd my eighth Year, my Papa ſaid I was a ſad *young Dog*, and upon ſome Prank I had play'd, I was in ſome Diſgrace: It happen'd I went into his Chamber, to endeavour a Reconciliation one Morning; and as he had gone to Bed in his Cups over Night, he had, I ſuppos'd, drop'd a couple of Guineas out of his Breeches; be that how it will, I ſaw the two pretty ſparkling Rogues lie at the Edge of the Carpet, by his Bed-ſide: What does I, but Slap runs to the happy Spot, fell on my Knees, and, like a good and dutiful Child, cried out, in a devout Tone,

Tone, *Pray, Father, bleſs me, and pray to G--d to bleſs me, and make me his true and faithful Servant for ever and ever*, Amen. - - - He, ſurpris'd at ſuch a ſudden Strain of filial Duty, (for I don't believe I ever ask'd him Bleſſing twice before in my whole Life) ſtroak'd me down the Head, and bid me riſe, by which Time I had, by Slight of Hand, touch'd the Spankers, and convey'd them ſnug into my Pocket; - - - and he will never have heard of them ſince, till he reads this *Apology* for ſuch an Action; that, as I thought they would be a *Convenience* to me, my *Conſcience* was not too dainty to take them. - - - *E minimis majora.* - - -

All this Harangue on my Philoſophy is neceſſary, though it may ſeem odd to many Readers, becauſe it is an *apologetical* Defence for every Action of my Life at once: I may indeed illuſtrate it by more Inſtances in the Sequel of my Story, but ſhall now return where this Digreſſion began. - - - The Company went on under Mr. *F---d* with very great Succeſs, equal to the greateſt under *Cibber*, *Wilks*, and *Booth*: As for me, I was occaſionally more or leſs in his Favour and Intereſt as it ſuited my own Convenience; for he ſhow'd me many Inſtances of his Readineſs to ſerve me, and was on all Occaſions prompt and ready to do Acts of *Friendſhip* and *good Nature*. The Stage was then as well rul'd by *my Aſſiſtance*, as a Gentleman not brought up to it, cou'd rule it; yet as it was my Opinion, and ſeveral other Players, that *no Gentleman* is proper for the *Maſter* of a *Theatre*, we were not abſolutely contented, and we did not want for *Grumbletonians* in a *theatric Government*. We knew indeed that our *Maſter* had redeem'd us from a thouſand Inconveniencies we had labour'd under, gave us our own Terms, but yet we did not look upon him with an equal Eye, and thought that Actors were the only proper and fit Perſons to rule over Actors, and receive all the Profits of a Theatre. Theſe, I ſay, were Maxims that the chiefeſt Actors embrac'd, and inculcated into others, as the fundamental Rights of our Conſtitution: On this the Company became uneaſy, and form'd themſelves into little Factions, and Cabals, but which could not then have been attended with any ill Conſequences to the Patentee. But theſe little Murmurings

ings were greatly heighten'd by the following Event. On the late Act for licenſing the Number of Stages taking Place, Mr. *Giffard*'s Company acting then at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, to whom Mr. *Rich* had let it, were oblig'd to break up, and provide for themſelves in the acting Companies as well as they could: Mr. *F---d* on this Occaſion took ſeveral into *Drury-Lane*, and to make Way for them, diſmiſs'd ſeveral, who had long been appertaining to that Theatre. Mrs. *Giffard* and Mr. *Giffard* were themſelves likewiſe afterwards engag'd. This gave new Uneaſineſs to the old Stock, for we look'd on them in a contemptible Light; and when the Seaſon came on, and Parts were caſt to theſe *exotic* Actors, ſtill more and more murmuring Taunts and Jealouſies aroſe. The Maſter favour'd ſeveral of theſe additional Recruits in a particular Manner, and ſeem'd to make them his Confidents and Favourites. This ſtill made more Faction in our State, till at laſt it was divided into two Parties, the *Riff-Raffs*, and the *Scabs*. The firſt were the Maſter's Party, the latter *mine*; his were as the preſent Courtiers, and mine as the *Patriots*. The Titles may ſeem coarſe to the Ears of Delicacy, but why not as good and ſignificant as the preſent Names of Diſtinction in *Sweden*, the *Hats* and the *Night-Caps*, or indeed as our own *Whig* and *Tory*. Another notable Mark of Diſtinction was, the Maſter's Party inſtituted a famous *Club* of *Riff-Raffs*, call'd the *Ox-Cheek-Club*; and this was erected on the Ruins of a Club, which the old *Drury-Lane* Company had formerly erected. Theſe Party-Diviſions are in a theatrical Government as prejudicial to the publick Good, as in a political one. The Buſineſs of the Stage was not follow'd with that Spirit and Alacrity as when Unanimity reigns in the Hearts of the People. I did, I frankly confeſs, what a theatrical Patriot ſhould do, foment all the Diſcord, raiſe all the Jealouſies, in order, at a proper Time and Seaſon, to raiſe a Rebellion, and bring about a new Revolution; and theſe Sentiments of *Patriotiſm* have been ſince very ſerviceable to me in another Reſpect, for in my *political Eſſays*, which I had the Honour to write in Defence of the *preſent Adminiſtration*, I have charg'd all theſe Maxims home upon the Gentlemen in the

the Country-Party, for my Father has prov'd the Rules for the *Stage* and *State* are the ſame in Parallel, ſo alſo muſt be thoſe of *Patriotiſm*. About this Time alſo I found the Wings of my Power clip'd in Relation of preſiding over Rehearſals, and brought on one Morning a round Quarrel between *Q---n* and *Me*; for I had long look'd on him as a proud imperious Blockhead, and he on me as a vain impertinent Coxcomb; and perhaps we might both be ſomewhat right in our Conjectures. In this Conteſt I valued nothing ſo much as his Contempt of *Me*; for on my ſmart cutting Repartees on him, he cry'd, with a *Laugh*, *Quarrelling with ſuch a Fellow, is like ſh--t--g on a T--d*, walking off as cool as a Cucumber. --- And that was the Sire of the Rencounter we afterwards had at the *Bedford* Coffee-Houſe. All theſe Affairs happening, and my Trial not turning out to my Favour, my Soul became chagrin'd both with the Place and my Maſter: I was therefore reſolved to leave that Stage, and for ſuch Reaſons as you will meet with in the Sequel of my Story. Therefore as ſoon as my Benefit was over, I determin'd, according to an old Practice I had got, of being of no more Service to the Maſter that Seaſon, to appear no more that Year, and indeed no more at all, while he was concern'd there. -- Retiring therefore from *Covent-Garden* into the more agreeable and convenient Air of *Charing-Croſs*, I flung off the *Comedian*, and commenc'd *Politician*; but as by entering on that Subject, I ſhall begin a new Farce, it would be more proper to let the Curtain of this Chapter drop here.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The Author ſteps out of his Way: Turns M n-ſt-r--l Writer. —— The Reaſons why. Some chimerical Thoughts of making the Stage uſeful.

" A Quiet Time in Hiſtory, ſays Mr. *Colley Cibber*, like a Calm in a Voyage, leaves us " but in an indolent Station: To talk of our " Affairs when they were no longer ruffled " by Misfortunes, would be a Picture without a Shade, " a flat Performance at beſt." This is his *Apology* for the Relation of his *ſtepping out of the Way*, and turning Pleader at the Bar; nor can I make any better for telling how I became a *M -------al Writer*. The Affairs at *Drury-Lane* went on too ſucceſsful for me to carry ſome Views I had into immediate Execution, therefore I thought it would be beſt to pave my Way to my Project by engaging the Favours of the *Miniſter*, and becoming his Advocate in Print. In this I thought to kill two Birds with one Stone, as I could at the ſame Time take an Opportunity of revenging myſelf to the full on Mr. *Fl--t---d*, by *ſatirizing* him, not only as to his *theatrical Affairs*, but with Regard to his *private Oeconomy*. Accordingly I went to work and wrote a Pamphlet call'd the *Country Correſpondent*, in which I have ſhewn a Specimen of my moral, theatrical, political, and gallant Character. Some People immediately knew the Author, for *two* great Authors are ſoon found out let us take what Care we will to conceal ourſelves. If I, or Mr. *Pope*, or my *Father* were to write any Thing without ſetting our Names to it, we ſhould be diſcover'd in ſix Lines reading; the Stile, the Manner, the Thoughts would all glare out Perfection, and the inimitable

table *Ja ne ſcai quoy* would diſtinguiſh the Author. On my publiſhing the *Country Correſpondent*, and being known for its *Sire*, many were the Criticiſms upon it: Some called me a *Coxcomb* for writing ſo much upon *myſelf*: Some called me a *baſe impudent Fellow* for publiſhing ſuch Invectives againſt Mr. *Fl--t---d*, who had been my *Friend*: Others fell foul on me becauſe I had openly, boldly, and ſtrenuouſly eſpouſed the Cauſe of the *Miniſter*. As for being called a *Coxcomb*, I had been ſo long us'd to it that it ſeem'd as natural to me as my own Name; nor did the Accuſations againſt me for libelling Mr. *Fl--t---d* give me any Pain: They who had odd Notions of *Honour* and *Honeſty* ſaid that I was an ungrateful Raſcal, and this and that and t'other; but they might as well have ſung Pſalms to a Cow, for my *Philoſophy* could *away with it*. What I did was conveniently neceſſary, and if from being an obliged Friend I became a mortal Enemy, what more is it than what frequently happens among *Miniſters* of *State* and *Rulers* of *Empires*. *Auguſtus* and *Antony* had their fierce Conteſt for the World; and what was the Cauſe of the Quarrel between Sir *R----t W-------e* and Mr. *P------y*, but Ambition in the one, and a Diſregard of his Claims in the other. In all theatrical as well as political Diviſions, to ſucceed in your Deſign you muſt go through *thick* and *thin*; the Sword of *Defiance* is drawn, and the Scabbard muſt be thrown away: Every one who has read *Machiavel* knows theſe Tenets are juſtifiable: therefore whatever *Falſhood*, *Scandal*, *Infamy*, and *Ingratitude* my *Country Correſpondent* might have contain'd againſt Mr. *Fl--t---d*, yet it being conſiſtent with my *private Views*, no one who knows Men and Things can blame me; for I ſhall explain myſelf by giving ſome Reaſons which were then in Embrio, why I ſo acted. I had determined to be as well with the *M---ſt---y* as poſſible, and to merit ſomething from them, I undertook firſt to be a Kind of an *Informer* of what they call'd theatrical Secrets. Our Maſter had publickly eſpous'd the Party in Oppoſition to the *M---ſt---r*, and was firmly attach'd to the Intereſt of the P----- of *W----*: This Conduct I heard was reſented by the *M---ſt---r*, with whom he had once been on very good Terms: I thought therefore

therefore any private Intelligence againſt the Maſter, if I could poſſibly make it a *political* Concern, would be an Introduction to his Favour, and aſſiſt my future Scheme. An Incident happen'd as favourable as I could wiſh: A certain *Iriſh Author* was writing a *Tragedy*, which was, by his Friends, who were reckon'd the tiptop Criticks in Town, ſaid to be a Performance of ſuch extraordinary Merit, that no Tragedy ſince *Shakeſpear*'s Time could equal it, either for the *Sublimity* of the *Ideas*, the *Dignity* of the *Stile*, the *Nobleneſs* of the *Subject*, and the *Conduct* of the *Scene:* That it was wrote in the Defence of *Freedom*, and had ſuch Speeches that at that *Criſis* of Time it would run as long as *Cato* had at another particular *Criſis*. This *dainty Tragedy* was the much nois'd, much ſubſcrib'd for GUSTAVUS VASA, written by HENRY BROOKE, Eſq; The Maſter had great Expectations from it; and though it had been often read in private Company before it was brought to the Houſe; yet I knew little of it till then, as I was look'd upon as a Malecontent to the Maſter, and conſequently out of the Secrets of the Miniſtry. But as ſoon as it had been read in the Green-Room, and the Parts deliver'd out to the Actors, and I was acquainted perfectly with the Play, I was determined I would take ſuch Meaſures that it ſhould not be acted; which would ſhew to the Miniſter what Zeal I had for his Service, and at the ſame Time indulge that Spirit of Revenge which I had againſt the Maſter. Now what does I, but repreſented to Mr. --- no Matter for his Name --- but it was the proper Perſon to make ſuch an *Information* to, that this ſame Tragedy of *Guſtavus Vaſa* was a ſcandalous Libel againſt the Government, and ſome Lines in the Praiſe of Liberty were ſo introduc'd as to make ſtrong *Inuendoes* that the Liberty of *England* was in Danger: This I repreſented with ſuch a Vehemence of Words and Action, that it gain'd Credit, and before it was ready to be perform'd, it was prohibited by my *Lord Chamberlain*. The Prohibition open'd the Mouths and Hearts of the Admirers of this Tragedy, and they talk'd roundly about the Injuſtice and Oppreſſion the Author and the Maſter of the Playhouſe met with, which they attributed to the Fear the Miniſtry

Miniſtry had of its being perform'd on the Stage. Now to give my own impartial Thoughts on this Affair, I avow that I believe there was no Harm in the Play, nor do I think it would have met with that great Succeſs as was expected from it; for on the Publication it was not judg'd near equal to the Character that had been given it. However I cannot but make this Obſervation, that from the Action on the Stage, and the Aſſiſtance of the Scenes and Actors, it might have received ſuch additional Strength, that it might, by the further Aid of a Party, have had a Run of ten Nights. And here I muſt obſerve again, that it was with great Policy and Prudence, that the Miniſter obtain'd the *Licenſing Act*, for though the *Liberty* of the *Preſs* allows a refus'd Play to be printed, yet the Reading of it in the Cloſet will not convey an adequate Idea to the Repreſentation on a Theatre: Mr. *Colley Cibber*, who is a moſt ſtrenuous *Champion* for the *Licenſing Act*, has fully conſider'd this Difference between a Performance *printed* only, and when it is acted. - - - Thus he argues * - - - "It was "ſaid that this Reſtraint upon the Stage would not re- "medy the Evil complain'd of: That a Play refus'd to "be licens'd would ſtill be printed with double Advan- "tage, when it ſhould be inſinuated that it was refus'd "for ſome Strokes of Wit, and would be more likely "then to have its Effect among the People: However "natural this Conſequence may ſeem, I doubt it will be "very difficult to give a *printed* Satire, or Libel, half the "Force or Credit of an *acted* one. The moſt artful or "notorious Lye, or ſtrain'd Alluſion that ever ſlander'd "a great Man, may be read by ſome People with a "Smile of Contempt, or at worſt it can but impoſe on "one Perſon at once. But when the Words of the "ſame plauſible Stuff ſhall be repeated on a Theatre, "the Wit of it among a Crowd of Hearers is liable to be "overvalued, and may unite and warm a whole Body of "the Malicious and Ignorant into a Plaudit: Nay, the, "partial Claps of only twenty ill-minded Perſons "among ſeveral hundred of ſilent Hearers, ſhall, and

* *C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 169.

" often have been miſtaken for a general Approbation,
" and frequently draw into their Party the Indifferent
" or the Inapprehenſive, who rather than not be
" thought to underſtand the Conceit, will laugh with
" the Laughers, and join in the Triumph! But alas!
" the quiet Reader of the ſame ingenious Matter, can
" only like for *himſelf*, and the Poiſon has a much ſlower
" Operation upon the Body of a People, when it is ſo
" retail'd out, than when told to a full Audience by
" Wholeſale: The ſingle Reader too may happen to
" be a ſenſible, unprejudic'd Perſon, and then the merry
" Doſe, meeting with the Antidote of a ſound Judg-
" ment, perhaps may have no Operation at all: With
" ſuch a one the Wit of the moſt ingenious Satire will
" only, by its intrinſic Truth or Value, gain upon his Ap-
" probation, or, if it be worth an Anſwer, a printed
" Falſhood may poſitively be confounded by printed
" Proofs againſt it. But againſt Contempt and Scandal
" heighten'd by the Skill of an Actor, ludicrouſly in-
" fuſing it into a Multitude, there is no immediate De-
" fence to be made, or equal Reparation to be had, for
" it would be but a poor Satisfaction at laſt, after lying
" long patient under the Injury that Time only is to
" ſhew which would probably be the Caſe, that the
" Author of it was a deſperate Indigent, that did it for
" Bread: How much leſs dangerous and offenſive then,
" is the *written* than the acted Scandal? The Impreſſion
" the Comedian gives it, is a Kind of double Stamp in
" the Poet's Paper, that raiſes it ten Times to the in-
" trinſic Value.

" Upon the whole; if the Stage ought ever to have
" been reform'd; if to place a Power ſomewhere of
" reſtraining its Immoralities was not inconſiſtent with
" the Liberties of a civiliz'd People, (neither of which
" any moral Man of Senſe can diſpute) might it not
" have ſhewn a Spirit too poorly prejudic'd to have re-
" jected ſo rational a Law, only becauſe the Honour
" and Office of a Miniſter might happen, in ſome ſmall
" Meaſure, to be protected by it."

I muſt annotate, that all that is ſaid here in Reference to comic Satire, and the Comedian, is, *vice verſa*, equally applicable to the Tragedy and Tragedian: For when

when a mad brain'd tragic Author has ſtream'd into a Patriotic Stile, pompouſly rolling into vilifying Periods, ſignifying roundly nothing, but Invectives againſt a Miniſter, the pompous Buskins and Plumes of Tragedy, together with the Aſpect and Elocution of the Tragedian, ſo ſpeak and play with the Imagination, that they deceive the Judgment, and win over many Spectators who might have thought them ſcandalous Bombaſt, had they been read ſoberly in the Cloſet. This, as I obſerv'd, was the Fate of *Guſtavus Vaſa*, Eſq; for after the Prohibition, the Author publiſh'd Advertiſements for a Subſcription, aad in thoſe Advertiſements made his Cauſe the Cauſe of the Publick, inſinuating it was refus'd for ſome Strokes of Liberty, which were diſagreeable to People in Power: This indeed anſwer'd his Ends in point of Profit, for being the firſt Play refus'd ſince the Commencement of the Act, People's Curioſity were rais'd not only by wanting to ſee the prohibited Play, out of political Reaſons, but becauſe it was ſaid by common Rumour to be a moſt excellent Tragedy: The Profit of the Subſcription was equal to what his moſt ſanguine Hopes might have promis'd him from the Stage. As this may be the moſt proper Place for it, I muſt inſert another Remark on refus'd Plays. After this Succeſs of the Subſcription of *Guſtavus Vaſa*, all the tragic Bards who were under the Influence of Mr. *L--tt--t--n*, Prime Miniſter at *N--rf--k* Houſe, threw into bombaſt Scenes all the Patriot-Liberty Flights their own little Geniuſes could ſuggeſt, or their Patron and Court of Aſſiſtants could muſter up: Some indeed ſay they did not, on this Occaſion, inſert any Thing new, but that they had all from the firſt, wrote according to their Inſtructions, and had fill'd their Scenes with the worn-out, unfaſhionable Notions of Liberty and publick Spirit: The next refus'd Plays were the *Edward* and *Eleonara*, of Mr. *Thompſon* at *Covent-Garden*, and a Tragedy wrote by Mr. *Pattiſon* at *Drury-Lane*, both of which were publiſh'd by Subſcription, and adverti's'd that they fell the Martyrs to Freedom, publick Spirit, and the Devil and all: But, as the homely Proverb ſays, Enough is as good as a Feaſt: The Publick had been cram'd by Eſq; *Guſtavus* to Satiety; and Satiety,

from a natural Effect it has on the Generality of Stomachs of Mankind, will not allow an Avidity for more; for, as Mr. *Colley Cibber* philoſophically and beautifully obſerves *, *What Pleaſure is not languid to Satiety* †. .... *Satiety puts an End to all Taſte that the Mind of Man can delight in:* Therefore their Subſcriptions fell ſhort of Mr. *Brooks*'s conſiderably; and I believe the Patriot-Poets begin now to feel the ill Conſequences of an Oppoſition to a certain great Man as much as the Merchants: The Merchants would have a War, and they have had their Hearts full of it: The Poets would write up to a Refuſal, and I believe they begin heartily to repent it: *We* of the Court have, I gad, given them their Bellies full: I and Sir *R...t* play all the Game, and let us ſhuffle the Cards theatrically, or patriotically, we ſtill turn up Knave. ... But halt a little, moſt gracious Reader, in the Fulneſs of my Heart I have digreſs'd ſo long, that I don't know where I digreſs'd from: But that is juſt my Father's Way, for as we write, ſo we do but write on, 'tis ſufficient; as for Method and Connexion, we leave them to your little Geniuſes; our Irregularity in writing, like our Irregularity in living, is more beautiful from its Deformity: Were we not ſingularly eminent, we might die unnoted by Fame; but it is our Extravaganzas in Life which mark us out to the *Gaze* and *Wonder* of the preſent Age; and the *inexpreſſible Somewhat* in our Apologies will record us the moſt notable *Par nobile* of the Year 1740, excepting, with due Submiſſion, that great *Par nobile Fratrum*, who in *A.....ſtr.....n* and *Negociation* have ſo eminently diſtinguiſh'd themſelves to all *Europe*.

But ſeriouſly to recover the Clue of my Hiſtory; from having given Reaſons why I abus'd Mr. *F....d* in my miniſterial Eſſays, I digreſs'd to my turning *Informer* about *Guſtavus Vaſa*, and ſo deduc'd ſome hiſtorical Anecdotes concerning that dainty Piece, and added ſome political Remarks from *Cibber*'s Apology, in Defence of the *licenſing Act*. . . . Let me ſee . . . Ay, it

---

* *C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 79. † *Ditto*, p. 171.

was

was ſo. - - I will now draw the Back Scene of my Proceedings, and ſtill enlarge the Proſpect: It was in the Vacation of laſt Summer, when having retreated from *Covent-Garden*, I retir'd to *Charing-Croſs*. My Enemies gave out, that I went there for ſome trifling Sums I had run in Debt for at Mrs. *St--w--d*'s, and ſome other faſhionable reputable Bawdy-Houſes in *Covent-Garden* Piazzas. . . . Vile Inſinuation! How weak the Underſtanding of Man to account for Conduct of great Men, when they are ignorant upon what Principles they move. - - - What reflective Witticiſms and Inuendoes have been flung at Sir - - - - about this ſecret Expedition, which has been ſo long fitting out: What Things have been ſaid about a Suſpenſion, or Ceſſation of Arms, and I don't know what, when, at the ſame Time, the great Man acts upon other Meaſures than they gueſs, and intends to proceed on other Motives than they imagine. --- I was us'd in the ſame Manner as to my *ſecret Expedition* to *Charing-Croſs*: And as it is now over, and to put ſuch fruitleſs Revilers to the Bluſh, I will tell them my Motives to it: *Imprimis*, as I was going to commence M - - - - - al Writer, it was proper I ſhould live near the M - - - - - r, not only for more eaſily attending his Levees, but to be more readily ſent for to attend a private Conference, and receive Inſtructions whom I was to laſh, what I was to defend, what gainſay, when to give the evaſive, and when the downright Lie: All which Things are neceſſary for a Writer to know, who has ſuch a Patron to defend. - - - As for the Frequency of my private Conferences, and the Nature of my Inſtruction, I ſhall prudently be ſilent; Inſtructions given to Ambaſſadors, tho' mov'd for by Members of the Houſe of C----s to be laid before them, are not to be revealed in ſuch a Manner: But as to my frequenting a *Levee* in *Downing ſtreet*, that is notoriouſly known; and I can ſay, with ſome Elevation of Heart, few in his Circle were more diſtinguiſh'd for their Senſe, Learning, Virtue, Honour, Policy, Ability, and Eloquence, than your little humble Servant *T. C.* - - - But beſides theſe Reaſons, my Printer and Publiſher lived at that Place, and it is beſt for an Author to confer with his Printer very often; as how the Sale goes on, and whether any Caſh

is become due, without mentioning the Neceſſity of correcting the Sheets from the Preſs; for what a ſad Figure an Author makes in Print who don't know how to make his Stops: I therefore always ſtop my Works myſelf; though as for the Spelling I leave that to the Printer's Boy. Sure then theſe are ſufficient Reaſons to take off the Obloquy that was caſt on me, that vile *Catchpoles* drove me to a Place which I out of mere Policy retired to. - - - Well, there it was I compoſed my *Country Correſpondents*, in all which I continued my Attack on Mr. *Fl--t---d*; and in a miſcellaneous rhapſodical Way defended the P---- M------r Tooth and Nail: In Taverns I eat for him, drank for him, talk'd for him, and when I went home about Four o'Clock in the Morning I wrote for him.

Aurora Muſis Amica.

Then wou'd I write about it and about it.

I continued this zealous and ſatirical Fury for the whole Summer, nor did I write *Country Correſpondents* only, but ſometimes occaſional *Gazetteers*, in both which Kinds of Writing I equally ſucceeded.

This ſtrenuous Attachment of mine to the *Adminiſtration*, drew on me the Abuſe of the *Country Party*; and I was libell'd under the Character of *Piſtol* in a ſcandalous Paper call'd *Common Senſe*. The Author of that Journal is a profligate forging Fellow; for he inſerted Letters from *Piſtol*, with an Inſinuation (as I go by the Name of *Piſtol*) that they came from me, which was as *notorious* a *Fib* as his Predeceſſor *Miſt* told of *Colley Cibber*; and I take this Opportunity to avow to the whole World that I never had any thing to do with *Common Senſe*, nor ever will: From my *Soul* I *heartily* deſpiſe it; and from this Moment, till *Atropos* with fatal Shears ſhall ſnip the ſpinning Thread of vital Life, *Common Senſe* and I are Enemies, and ſo, Mr. *Common Senſe*, your humble Servant. —— But it ſeems my great Apologiſt himſelf was droll'd upon for his State-writings: I mean the Comedy of the *Non-Juror*, and *Mynheer Keyber* was a ſtanding Joke till at laſt *Miſt* fairly kill'd him. —— Take the Story in his own Words.

" Soon

" Soon after the *Non-Juror* had receiv'd the Favour of " the Town, I read, in one of *Miſt*'s Journals, the fol- " lowing ſhort Paragraph: *Yeſterday died Mr.* Colley " Cibber, *late Comedian of the Theatre Royal, noto-* " *rious for writing the* Non-Juror. The Compliment " in the latter Part I confeſs I did not diſlike, becauſe " it came from ſo impartial a Judge; and it really ſo " happen'd that the former Part was very near true; " for I had juſt that very Day crawl'd out, after having " been ſome Weeks laid up with a Fever: However I " ſaw no Uſe in being thought to be thoroughly dead " before my Time, and therefore had a Mind to ſee " whether the Town cared to have me alive again. " So the Play of the *Orphan* being to be acted that " Day, I quickly ſtole myſelf into the Part of the " *Chaplain*, which I had not been ſeen in for many " Years before. The Surprize of the Audience at my " unexpected Appearance on the very Day I had been " dead in the News, and the Paleneſs of my Looks " ſeem'd to make it a Doubt whether I was not the " Ghoſt of my real Self departed: But when I ſpoke " their Wonder eas'd itſelf by Applauſe, which con- " vinc'd me they were then ſatisfy'd that my Friend " *Miſt* had told a *Fib* of me. Now if ſimply to have " ſhewn myſelf in broad Life, and about my Buſineſs, " after he had notoriouſly reported me dead, can be " called a Reply, it was the only one which his Paper, " while alive, ever drew from me: But my particular, " Offence of writing the *Non-Juror* has made me more " honourable Friends than Enemies; the latter of which " I am not unwilling ſhould know that that Part of the " Bread I now eat was given me for having writ the " *Non-Juror*."

This ſhows that though we State Writers are jok'd upon, yet Reward makes up for theſe Squibs of Drollery. I may be ask'd why I was ſo voluntary a Champion for the M--------r, and why I relate this Account of State Writing, and interſperſe political Memoirs and Remarks in this Apology, as they do not immediately relate to the Hiſtory of the Stage. Some *John Trot* may ſagely reply, that I write in this Manner merely to imitate the Manner of *Colley Cibber*. —— But, Mr.

Trot, you are miſtaken; *Colley Cibber* interſpers'd *Defences* of *Lord Chamberlain's Power*, and *Licenſing Act*, for the ſame Reaſon that I wrote *Country Correſpondents* and *Gazetteers*, to create Merit with the M-------y, which we, at a proper Time, migh: make uſe of: The private Reaſon of writing theſe, and abuſing Mr. *Fl--t—d* all tended to the ſame Point: I have often promis'd to tell them to the Reader, and the Secret ſhall lie no longer a Burden to me, but out it ſhall.

Mr. *Colley Cibber* retired from the Stage, having *patiently* ſold his Share of the Patent to Mr. *Highmore*, when he had *managed* him ſo that he had got *his own Price*, and then he *wiſh'd the Crew he left in the Veſſel a good Voyage*; yet, ſays he, " though it began to grow " late in Life with me, having Health and Strength " enough to have been as uſeful on the Stage as ever, I " I was under no viſible Neceſſity of quitting of it." As an undoubted Proof of that, he has ſeveral Seaſons ſince, on very valuable Conſiderations from Mr. *F---d*, perform'd occaſionally on the Stage. But though he had quitted the Theatre, and ſold his Share in it, when he had ſtaid with new Patentees, and made them think it worth their while to come up to his Price; yet the ſweet Profits of the Management of a Theatre remain'd ſtrongly in his Mind; and notwithſtanding all his Profeſſions of the Love of Retirement, he would gladly have been reinſtated in the Government of a Theatre, could he have obtain'd ſuch an Office, and not to have coſt him any Thing. Now as he knew that I was a ſtrong Malecontent at *Drury-Lane*, and was ſenſible what Torrents of Ambition roll'd tumultuouſly o'er my Soul, having deriv'd their Source from his own Spring, he was aſſured that I would come into any Scheme that would ſooth my Ambition, and put me at the Head of a Company over which I was to have any *profitable* Share of the Management; for *Ambition* will be but an inglorious Paſſion if not founded upon *Intereſt*: It is the *Utile Dulci* ſhould govern the Thoughts and Actions of the rational Part of Mankind. Acquainted with my Principles, and having ſeen what an *Achitophel* I was in theatric Policy; how adroit in raiſing Commotions,

tions, ſtirring up Revolts, heading Rebellions, and bringing about Revolutions, he thought proper to communicate to me a Deſign of gaining over to his Intereſt ſome principal Players of *Drury-Lane* Company, and then ſetting up a new Company under a Licenſe, which he did not doubt, for his great Merit and Services, he could eaſily obtain. —— This Scheme jump'd with my own Way of Thinking, and I came into it with Heart and Hand; nor did he omit hinting to me that his only Motive to ſuch a Deſign, *when it began to grow late in Life with him*, was purely to retrieve the Honour of the *Britiſh Theatre*, and leave me handſomely provided for. Now though I knew he did not care a Ruſh for me, nor would, out of pure Love, give me a Farthing to keep me from the Gallows, yet I had learn'd Art enough to diſguiſe my real Opinion, and give his Propoſal the Turn he would have it take. Having reſolved on this Deſign, we did ſecretly all we could to bring it about; for your important Schemes cannot be executed as ſoon as plan'd, and therefore we were oblig'd to wait a proper Opportunity, which was, while the Articles of ſome of the principal Actors under Mr. *Fl--t---d* were expired. In the mean Time, laſt Summer, to deſerve ſomething from the M-------y when I ſhould petition for any Favour, *more Paterno*, I took up my Pen, wrote *Country Correſpondents* and *Gazetteers* in Defiance of *Common Senſe* and all its Adherents. —— So, Mr. *Reader*, you now know for what Reaſon I commenc'd *Politician*: —— Well, methinks I hear ſome *John Trot* object and ſay, —— Is writing *Country Correſpondents*, and *Gazetteers* of ſuch Conſequence? —— Yes, Sir, to write as I did, and lay about me like a *Drawcanſir*, and all that, Sir, is look'd on as meritorious; and Merit is to be rewarded. —— All that Summer was chiefly ſpent in *Politicks* and *Amours*; for I, as well as Sir ------, or ------, muſt have my Relaxations and Divertiſements after the Concerns of a Nation have been pothering in my Brain: —— I remember the old Maxim:

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia Curis.

Which

Which I thus render:

Sometimes the Cares of Empire to remove,
Retreating to your Miſs, indulge your Love.

A Maxim I always follow, when fatigued either with the Affairs of the *State*, or the *Stage*, and the Example of my Betters keep me in Countenance, when I make this publick Confeſſion of it. --- To return: --- That my Politicks would not ſupport me, I ſoon found out, though had a particular *Right Honourable Gentleman* taken me more particularly under his Patronage, it might have been worth *his* While, as well as *mine*: I might have been of great Service to him, for I could have made as good a *Buſtle-Maſter-General* in St. *St*---'s *Chapel*, as behind the *Scenes*: Of this I gave him a Hint in one of my Pamphlets, and told him with what an Air the *young Captain* could loll in his *Chariot*, while it roll'd down to the Houſe, and that he could make Speeches to a *Senate*, as well as to an Audience. --- But if People can't take a Hint, whoſe Fault is that? Perhaps he wanted more explicit Explanation, but my *conſummate Modeſty* not ſuffering me to make ſuch an Attempt, it may have been my Diſappointment. --- However I have this Conſolation, I am not the firſt Man of *Merit* who have ſuffer'd by that ſimple Virtue --- As I was not taken ſuch Notice of as my Vanity had ſuggeſted I deſerv'd, I retreated from the Service. ---- The Practice of all great Men on ſuch Occaſions. --- *Scipio, and others have done it.* --- As I was reſolv'd not to act with Mr. *F*----*d* again, and he equally reſolv'd not to *let* me, I engaged with Mr. *Rich*; and appear'd on *Covent-Garden Theatre*. --- I ſo manag'd Matters, that I ſoon became *Buſtle-Maſter-General* there, and made the Under-Actors and Under-Servants of the Theatre know who they had got among them. As my Enemies will allow I am a clever Fellow in my Way, I muſt here mention the Succeſs I met with in my theatrical Way; I had long ſighed to perform the Character of *Bayes* in the *Rehearſal*, but my own Fears, and my Father's inimitable Action, ſtill ſo freſh in every Memory, clip'd the Wings of my Ambition: However I was reſolv'd to make a Puſh at it, and propos'd to my new

new Maſter the getting up the *Rehearſal*. -- Rehearſal, ſaid he, -- umph! And who can do *Bayes?* O! Sir, ſays I, you need not have ask'd that Queſtion, when you have taken me into your Company. -- Umph! ſays he, -- and took a Pinch of Snuff, and remain'd ſilent. -- I urg'd the Thing, and what Houſes it would bring, if I had the Management of getting it up. ... His Anſwer came from him by half Sentences, and Inuendoes, and Pinches of Snuff, as, ... *No*, ... *'Twont do.* ... [Snuff] *The Character.* ... *The Character of Bayes ſupported it.* ... *'Twas a Hazard.* ... *'Twou'd be an Expence.* ... *Wou'd adviſe me not to think of it.* ... [Snuff] *My Father indeed to have play'd it might do ſomething.* ... *The Town wou'd make Compariſons.* ... *Perhaps not for my Advantage.* ... *The Expences, in ſhort, wou'd be too conſiderable.* ... (Here it was eaſy to underſtand him) I therefore propos'd to him to add ſuch a ludicrous Spectacle, as, by his Advice and Aſſiſtance, might bring great Audiences, though a Thing of a trivial Nature. ... Here I knew I ſhould tickle him: In ſhort, I propos'd to reinforce *Bayes's Troops*, and, with a new Set of *Hobby Horſes*, raiſe two new Regiments, who ſhould Exerciſe in martial Order upon the Stage, and by their capering and prancing like menag'd War-Horſes, divert the Multitude; and that the *Captandum vulgus* he knew was the *ſine qua non* in the Theatre. ... This did all I wanted; he came into my Scheme, and was ſo very full of the additional Troops, that he undertook to *raiſe* them *himſelf*, which he not only did, but attended at all their *Exerciſes* and *Muſters*, and *Reviews*, was *Riding-Maſter*, *Adjutant-General*, and *Generaliſſimo*. ... When it was perform'd I met with an Applauſe might ſatisfy the greateſt Vanity; and my *Hobby-Horſe Regiments* had as great Applauſe as myſelf: The remaining Part of the Seaſon went on with great Succeſs to the Maſter, by my Rehearſal, and my additional Troops had as many Spectators at *Covent-Garden* as his M - - -'s Houſhold Troops at a Review in *Hyde-Park*: This continu'd till the Maſter brought his *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* on the Stage, after which there was no Occaſion for Mr. *Bayes*; the *Twinkum Twankum* of Mr. *Orpheus*, and the *Metamorphoſes* of

Mon-

Monſieur Harlequin, put my Troops to the Rout. However at the Cloſe of the Seaſon, I made a Rally, and brought myſelf and my Army for one Night more into the Field. ... To explain; I prevail'd with Mr. *Rich* to let me have *another Benefit* the laſt Night but one of performing on the Theatre for this laſt Seaſon: I ſay *another* having had about *four* others within the Year.

The Frequency of my having Benefits demands ſome Conſideration in this Apology, as ſome Perſons have given themſelves Airs to cenſure me for it, and beſides it may bring out ſome theatrical Anecdotes and Rules neceſſary for future and leſs experienc'd Actors. As the having Benefits is ſuppos'd to raiſe a Sum of Money to reward an Actor, and as it is raiſing it in an honeſt Way, what Crime is it if an Actor could get a Benefit-Play every Week? ... O, but cries Mr. *Oeconomiſt*, who will buy but one Pit-Ticket in a Seaſon? *This is an Impoſition on the Publick, and ſevere Tax on your Tradeſmen, your Acquaintance, and your Acquaintance's Acquaintance?* Ay, it might ſeem ſo indeed, if they were all, as for *myſelf*, but I have more Modeſty to make unreaſonable Requeſts. .. In ſhort, Sir *Wiſacre*, there is an Art to conduct ſuch Things with a Gloſs, and an Art of which I am the original Inventor: I ſhall illuſtrate this by Matters of Fact, as I practis'd them. ... When I engag'd in that notorious Trial of my Cuckoldom, I ſtood in Need of the Eſſence of Law, for Money is the Sinews of Law, as well as War; and to raiſe it, the eaſieſt and only Way was by having a Benefit. I ask'd Mr. *F...d* this as a Favour, and a good natur'd Office, to enable me to obtain Juſtice for my Heart-wracking Injuries: Though this was at a very good Part of the Seaſon, he, compaſſionating my Neceſſities, comply'd: Now comes the Thing; I thought at that Criſis, having a Benefit in my own Name might be not ſo proper, and without it, you'll ſay, how could you get a full Houſe? .... Why, I found out a Way to have a Benefit, and a full Houſe, and Nobody know it: Not to keep you in Suſpence, I got my Father to play for me, and Mr. *F...d* to let me have the Houſe, ſo it was done at once. ... You'll ſay this was very friendly of the Maſter, ... but that is all over. ... Two Months after I had a Benefit in my own Name;

Name; that was mine by right, and I need ſay no more on it. ... But about three Months after I wanted another Benefit, which was in the Summer-Seaſon. ... Then I was engag'd to Mr. *Rich*, and got Leave for the Houſe, and ſome Brother-Actors, to play *gratis*. ... But I did not tell the Publick it was my Benefit: No, I knew better; I touch'd them in a tender Point, and told them it was to ſupport my dear Infant Children which I had left by my firſt Wife *Jenny* ... And ſo put at the Top of the Bills, *For the Benefit of Miſs* Betty *and Miſs* Molly, *&c.* ... Some indeed ſaw through this Artifice, but it paſs'd current enough with the Majority. ... At *Chriſtmaſs* I was to have had another, but the Weather prevented it: I have had *another* in my Courſe among the Actors, and *another* after them, becauſe I did not get enough by the former. ... I muſt obſerve, that on theſe Occaſions I always find ſome Topick to diſplay my *Oratory* on, which I print at the Bottom of my Bills, either as Advertiſements or Remonſtrances, or Petitions, or ſomething or other, and circulate them among the Gentry and Nobility, Tradeſmen, Acquaintance and Strangers: Beſides which, I generally ſpeak an *Epilogue* of *Jo. Haynes*'s riding on an *Aſs*; and to ſhew how I can laugh at Perſons calling me by Mock-Names, I advertis'd it, *to be ſpoke by the young Captain in his Regimentals, riding on an Aſs*. ... This may ſeem a trifling Story to the *untheatrical Reader*; but I write this to inſtruct Poſterity, who are engag'd in a Theatre, by what Means they may manage their Affairs; and I hope from theſe Hints ſome future Genius may find much Profit and Emolument.

The Seaſon being clos'd, I again retir'd to *Charing-Croſs*, but not to write Politicks, if the Reader has any Curioſity to know what important Affair I went thither for, that I might ſafely negociate it, let him peruſe the Beginning of the ſubſequent Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Situation of Affairs at Drury-Lane *Theatre.— The Scheme to get a new Licence explain'd. —— The Reaſon for the Publication of Mr.* C. Cibber's *Apology given. — The Scheme miſcarries. —— A moſt heroick Rhapſody. ——— A Diſſertation on* Property. ——— *An Apology for writing another Chapter.*

I Am now entering on a Theme which will ſurprize the Publick, becauſe it is ſuch a Piece of ſecret Hiſtory, as will be a *Key* to ſeveral elaborate *Digreſſions* in the *Apology* of Mr. *Colley Cibber*: I muſt previouſly obſerve, that in his hiſtorical Part of the Stage he was very well vers'd in the *Rebellions*, *Revolts* and *Revolutions* of his Time, till he had fix'd the Government of the Stage under a *Triumvirate*, of which he himſelf was one; and from the Time of his quiting his Share in the Patent, no one is better vers'd in *Rebellions*, *Revolts*, *Revolutions*, *Factions*, *Oppoſitions*, &c. &c. than *myſelf*: Two Perſons of ſuch Experience might bring about great Things in a *theatrical State*, more eſpecially if the People were divided, and Heats and Animoſities were fomented among them. I have acquainted the Reader of ſome great Deſign which was in Embrio, and which we only wanted an Opportunity to execute: This was for my Father, after having rais'd Uneaſineſſes and Jealouſies among Mr. *F - - - d*'s Company, to obtain a Licence for a new Company. - - Some private Affairs of Mr. *F - - - d*'s gave us the Opportunity we ſo much deſir'd. - - For as through the Confuſion Things

were

were at *Drury-Lane* Theatre, and through a violent Diſtemper, he could not appear himſelf; and a Report prevailing, which we induſtriouſly rumour'd as Truth, that he would never return to the Management of his Theatre again, we could not only the better ſolicit the *Actors*, but even the *Chamberlain*, and with leſs Oppoſition: To work we went, and indeed we at firſt met with ſuch hopeful Succeſs, that I was not a little elate, and form'd much imaginary Triumph in my Heart. However, Mr. *F- - - d* took ſuch Meaſures as to the Actors, that he thought, maugre all our Projects, he ſhould be able to retain a good Company at *Drury-Lane*: To traverſe this Deſign, and with a ſpecious View of acting juſtly, Mr. *C . . . y C . . . r* repreſented to the L . . d *Ch . . . . n*, that there was an abſolute Neceſſity for having another Company form'd, as Mr. *F . . d* had very injuriouſly treated his chief Actors, and that there were very large Arrears due to them: To impoſe ſtill the more on the *Ch . . . n*, there were ſome Actors waited on the L . . d *Ch . . . n*, introduced by Mr. *C. C.* and made ſuch Remonſtrances as were thought proper: Thus we carried on the Sollicitation, which occaſioned an Order to be ſent to Mr. *C . . . . . d*, Prompter of the Theatre, that none of the Company ſhould engage in any other Company, or elſewhere, without his Knowledge and Permiſſion. This we look'd, in a Point, gain'd in our Favour, to prevent any Actors making freſh Agreements, which Mr. *F - - - d* thought ſome Perſons view'd it in another Light, and imagin'd it was to prevent any Actors going *from him*. When theſe Negociations were thus carrying on, we had, we thought, another favourable Incident: Mr. *F - - d* was taken extremely ill of the Gout, and he was in ſuch Danger that his Life was deſpair'd of: Nay, it was reported one Night that he was *dead*, and it was inſerted as Truth in the *publick Papers* of next Day. I firſt heard it at the *Tavern*, and that was the Occaſion of my *Bacchinalian Tranſports*

Quo me Bacche rapis, &c.

in a prior Chapter. But though this Report was falſe, yet ſo dangerous an Illneſs prevented his buſtling about

as he might otherwiſe have done; yet he managed ſo well, that our Repreſentation of the Affairs of *Drury-Lane Theatre* loſt conſiderably of their Weight, as great Part was, on Examination, found not to be ſtrictly true, and that Mr. *C. C.* had notoriouſly utter'd ſeveral *Fibs* both of the State of *Drury-Lane*, and the *Menager* of it.

It may be objected that Mr. *C. C.* and *myſelf*, and *others*, were very great *Scoundrels* to take ſuch an Advantage of a Gentleman, being in a deſperate Illneſs, and who had, at a vaſt Expence, purchas'd the Patent, and had redeem'd the *Hay-market* Company from the deſperate State they labour'd under: Some added, that, not only taking ſuch an Advantage was unjuſt, but that telling *Fibs* were more ſo. - - But pray let me anſwer all Objectors. Is not in the tranſacting all *State Affairs* between *Kings* and *Potentates* all advantageous Opportunities to be taken? Does not *Policy* require, when any Thing offers which may prove beneficial, that without any Qualm of *Conſcience*, the *Prime M . . . r* of any Kingdom is to make Uſe of it, be it never ſo *unjuſt* or *detrimental* to a *Rival Power*? Suppoſe the taking of *Carthagena*, or even the Iſland of *Cuba* would break the haughty Heart of the *Queen* of *Spain*, Is our Miniſtry to deſiſt gaining Part of her Dominions for Fear of being the Death of her? . . . Not many People would think ſo: . . . Though perhaps that *tender-heartedneſs* of the *M . . . r* may be the Reaſon why Admiral *Vernon* was not ſupported with *Land-Forces*. . . . But . . . *Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam*. . . . Then, Sir, as for telling a few *Fibs*, what mighty Matter is there in that, when the *Fibs* may go a great Way to carry the Cauſe? In all caballing, theatrical or political Fibs are the moſt Eſſential requiſite; and moreover it is known in *Fibbing* you muſt *fib* roundly: If it is not diſcover'd, you, ten to one, impoſe on thoſe you repreſent the State of the Caſe to, and carry your Views: And if you are diſcover'd, 'tis only pleading that you yourſelf have been impos'd on by 17 others: Were all the *Fibbers* in a Court to take Shame to themſelves for practiſing ſuch an Art, we might ſoon ſee ſome very great Men in Diſgrace: Then, why

why may not the *Fibbers* (or . . *ibbers*) of a Theatre take the ſame Scheme, without any Reflection of Scandal. I am ſo far from my thinking an Excellence in this Practice is any Reproach, that as for my Part I value myſelf on it mightily, and intend, for the publick Good, to write an *Eſſay* on the *Art* of *Fibbing*, which I deſign to publiſh next Winter by Subſcription. But a thorough Anſwer to all moral Objections, is mine and Mr. *Colley Cibber*'s *Philoſophy*; if our *Conſcience* can *away with it*, we may lay our Hands to our honeſt Hearts, and vow we have acted like Men of *Honour*; and who can gainſay us? . . .

The Reader, now acquainted with theſe Anecdotes concerning Mr. *Colley Cibber*, may, if they have read his Apology, account not only for his political Eſſays on the Stage, his *chimærical* Thoughts for the Improvement of it, but alſo for ſo true a Publication of it at the Time he was *ſolliciting* a *new Licence*. As I am a candid Hiſtorian, I will not conceal ſome Remarks which I have heard made when his *Hiſtory* and his *Conduct* have been compar'd, as if they were *inconſiſtent* with one another: He is ſaid, throughout his *Apology*, to have endeavour'd to prove, that the *Multiplicity* of *Theatres* is contrary to the uſeful Conſequences which may accrue from a well-govern'd Stage. . . True. . . " I know it is a common " Opinion, ſays he, that the more Play-houſes the more " Emulation: I grant it; but what has this Emulation " ended in? Why a daily Contention, who ſhall ſurfeit " you with the beſt Plays? So that when what *ought* to " pleaſe can no longer pleaſe, your Appetite is again to be " rais'd by ſuch monſtrous Preſentations as Diſhonour the " Taſte of a civiliz'd People. If indeed to our ſeveral " Theatres we could raiſe a proportionable Number of " good Authors, to give them all different Employ- " ment, then perhaps the Publick might profit from " their Emulation: But while good Writers are ſo " ſcarce, and undaunted Criticks ſo plenty, I am afraid " a good Play and a blazing Star, will be equal Ra-

---

* *Vide C. Cibber*'s Apology, p. 56.

" rities.

" rities." ... This has been urg'd as a Reaſon why Mr. *Colley Cibber* ſhould not have ſollicited a Licence to have ſet up a new Company, and that it was againſt his own Maxims: But pray not ſo faſt: He remains in this Opinion ſtill againſt the Multiplicity of Play-houſes in the Main; and if he had ſet up another, it would have been only *in ordine ad*, to have ruin'd Mr *F . . . d*'s Company, and to have reduc'd the Number to *two* again: To effect this, he is ſuch a Judge of *Taſte*, he would have given no *monſtrous Preſentations*, but ſuch as might have done an *Honour* to a *civiliz'd People*: But then ſay you, this, he ſays himſelf, could not be done without *good Authors*; and *good Writers* are very ſcarce. . . . . They are ſo, but would there not have been HIMSELF and MYSELF to have entertain'd the Town, ſo that all theſe futile Objections fall to the Ground. Again, ſays Mr. *Objector*, after Mr. *Colley* has enter'd himſelf a *voluntary Champion* for reſtraining the Number of Play-houſes, and given the *Publick a Pourtrait of his Mind, to let them ſee how far he is or is not a Blockhead, when he pretends to talk of ſerious Matters above his Capacity*, he thus ſtrengthens his Arguments; " And now we " have ſeen the Conſequence of what many People con- " tend for, Variety of Play-houſes! How was it poſſible " ſo many could ſubſiſt on what was to be ſeen? How " could the ſame Stock of Plays ſupply four Theatres, " which not well ſupport two? . . Had this Law been " made ſeven Years ago, I ſhould not have parted with " my Share in the Patent under a thouſand Pounds more " than I receiv'd for it. - - So that as far as I am able " to judge, both the Publick, as Spectators, and the " Patentees as Undertakers, are, or might be in a Way " of being better entertain'd, and more conſiderable " Gainers by it." All this amounts to no more, than as this Law prohibits an *unlicens'd* Number of Play-houſes, the Value of the Direction of a *Theatre* may increaſe, and that Mr. *Colley Cibber* might have been a very conſiderable Gainer, if he *obtain'd* a *Licence* to have been an *Undertaker* of another: We had ſuch ſanguine Hopes of Succeſs, that we had fix'd on the Place to have encamp'd in, and have open'd our Campaign: It

was

was the *Opera-houſe* in the *Hay-market*, where the Revolters of his own Time fix'd, but which he would have had alter'd to the Plan of *Drury Lane*; this is hinted at in ſeveral Parts of the *Apology*; but in Page 184, he proves it a proper Spot, and the Hopes that ſuch a Project might ſucceed, "From the vaſt Increaſe "of the Buildings [*Groſvenor-Square*, *&c.*] I have "mention'd, the Situation of that Theatre has receiv'd "conſiderable Advantages; a new World of People of "Condition are nearer to it than formerly; and I am of "Opinion that if the Auditory Part were reduc'd, a "little more to that of the Model of *Drury-Lane*, an "excellent Company of Actors would now find a better "Account in it, than in any other Houſe in this po-"pulous City. Let me not be miſtaken; I ſay an "excellent Company, and ſuch as might be able to do "Juſtice to the beſt Plays, and throw thoſe latent Beau-"ties in them, which only excellent Authors can diſ-"cover, or give Life to: If ſuch a Company were *now*, "there they would meet with a quite different Set of "Auditors than other Theatres have been lately us'd "to." -- Here, in his own Words, you have the *Ground-Work* of our Scheme: And who is there can doubt, but under *his* Direction and *mine*, the *Morals* of a Theatre muſt have been *reform'd*, for what by our *known Virtues*, and experienc'd *Knowledge* of *Good-breeding*, we ſhould have made our Theatre the School of *Manners*, *Virtue*, and *Politeneſs*. ... For has he not in his * *Chimærical Thoughts of making the Stage uſeful, built a Theatre in the Air, to prove* † *his Concern that the Theatres have not a better Pretence to the Care and further Conſideration of thoſe Governments where they are tolerated.* ---- *There* WAS *a Time*, adds he, *and not yet out of many Peoples Memory, when it ſubſiſted upon its own rational Labours; when even Succeſs attended an Attempt to reduce it to Decency; and when Actors themſelves were hardy enough to hazard their Intereſt in the Purſuit of ſo dangerous a Reformation.* —— Now as

* Chap. II. † Apology, p. 24.

all know what WAS may be again, we flatter'd ourſelves that we ſhould have brought about a theatric Reformation: And more eſpecially from the *Publication* of the *Apology*, having laborioufly and zealouſly ſhewn in it, what "* Regard was always paid to the Power of a "*Lord Chamberlain*, and what Influence and Opera- "tion that Power muſt naturally have in all theatric "Revolutions." ——

But oh! thou curſt, inconſtant, fickle --- B--ch;
Thou Strumpet Deity, FORTUNA *hight;*
Thou, thou with painted Looks and Eyes alluring,
Who ſmil'd deluſive on my faireſt Hopes;
Juſt, juſt upon the Brink of full Enjoyment,
With jilting Mein thou turn'ſt thy Backſide on me,
And ſmil'ſt indignant at my aim'd Embrace!
Curſe on my wayward Fate! — Curſe on my Stars! ---
Under what Star theatric was I born? ——
Ye Gods! why gave ye to me ſuch a Soul
That ſwells and pants with ſuch ambitious Throws,
Yet Torture it with Diſapointments vile?
H----d's *ſuperior Genius has undone me;*
HE, Eagle *like, o'er me* —— *a meer* Tom-Tit ——
Tow'rs 'yond my Sight, and mocks my aching View ---
—— *But it is Well.* —— *Anon, and yet anon*
The Goddeſs, Fair Occaſion, *call'd, may ſmile,*
And I will catch her by her Forelock *faſt;*
For ſo the Fair *is gain'd:* —— *And ſo I ſink*
Into the calmer Thoughts of mild Philoſophy. ——

—— Oh! gentle Reader, excuſe this heroic Agitation of my Soul; the Thoughts of what I am going to tell you, *hit the Cauſe that touch'd my Brain*, and threw me into this paſſionate Rhapſody: After all our Hopes, after all our Negociations, Sollicitations, Repreſentations, Lucubrations, and Apologies, the Theatre *Colley Cibber built in the Air*, muſt ſtill remain in *Nubibus*, *though* † *it was in a much better Taſte than any he had ſeen; and we have only now Leave to play with the Project in Fancy.* —— In plain *Engliſh*, my *Lord*

* *C. Cibber's* Apology, p. 206. † *Ditto*, p. 208.

Chamberlain

Chamberlain denied us a Licenſe, on ſo fooliſh a Reaſon (begging my Lord's Pardon for the Expreſſion) as, he would not conſent, without any Foundation of Reaſon, for us to invade a Gentleman's Property: But my Lord has another Way of thinking, as to moral Obligations, than *C...y C...r*; and however he may approve of him as an entertaining Companion, he has no Opinion of him as a Moral Philoſopher. It is not becoming in me to call his *Grace*'s Parts into Queſtion; nor do I: They are above the Deſcription of my Pen, though that can ſometimes ſoar ſuch Heights, as may be beyond the Ken of common Underſtanding: But I may ask this digreſſive Queſtion, *What is* PROPERTY *?* --- It is merely having the Poſſeſſion of a Thing, which Poſſeſſion gives a juſt Right to it till diſpoſſeſs'd thereof: For as Poſſeſſion is univerſally allowed to be Nine Parts of the Law out of Ten, it is to be ſuppoſed it is Nine Parts of Juſtice out of Ten; and conſequently ſhould be the Ballance of every Man's Actions. —— As for Inſtance, If a Tradeſman, *viz.* a Woollen Draper, Haberdaſher, Mercer, Laceman, *&c.* had particular Goods in their Shops, their Goods during that Time are their Properties: They are ſo. Well, the Taylor purchaſes ſome of them from the ſeveral Shops, and they become *his*. Now if I order the Taylor from thoſe Goods to make me a handſome Suit of Cloaths, and he makes them and delivers them to *me*, will any one ſay they are the Property of the Woollen-Draper, Haberdaſher, Laceman, *&c.* or Taylor? No, they are *mine*. —— *Ay*, ſays Sir *Sneerer*, *if you have paid for them*. —— Ay, Sir, if I have not paid for them too. -- The Cloaths, *durante poſſeſſione*, are legally mine; and as my Property I wear them. — The Taylor indeed may bring his Action at Law; and then I play leaſt in Sight; but ſtill wear the Cloaths. — He forces me to the Verge of the Law; I ſtill wear the Cloaths; and, till he is able to beat me out of all my ſtrong Holds, I make no Conſideration of his Claim to them, or an Equivalent for them. — Property fluctuates and changes Maſters: 'Tis a quick Inheritance:

Hæres Hæredem velut unda ſupervenit undam.

Forgive the Lowneſs of my Illuſtration, and making myſelf an Example: But Truth is Truth, however mean the Object may be that demonſtrates it. If you would have a more elevated Idea, behold the fluctuating Property of the greateſt Empires and Kingdoms of the World: Your *Medes* and your *Perſians* are no longer govern'd by their *Cyrus*'s and *Darius*'s. — *Alexander*'s Family are not in Poſſeſſion of the territorial Property which he himſelf took from others. — But why need I be prodigal of my hiſtorical Learning. — Does not the illuſtrious *Kouli Kan*, at this very Day, make the Dominions of the *Sophi* of *Perſia* his Property; and has he not made the vaſt Riches and Provinces of the *Great Mogul* his Property; and is he not meditating to make other Provinces of the *Ottoman* Empire his Property? -- But you ſay this is Injuſtice, and that he, in fact, is an Uſurper, — A *Fico* for Diſtinction of Names; while he is in Poſſeſſion of his Territories, and at the Head of his Armies, he is a Prince. — I only wiſh I could be the *Kouli Kan* of the *Theatre*, and the *Mobile* might give me whatever Name or Title they pleas'd beſides to diſtinguiſh me by. — But do not our *European* Potentates act on the ſame Principle: If they can once gain Poſſeſſion, by Fraud or Force, of a convenient Iſland, or Tract of Land, or Dominion, do they not think they have a juſt Right to it, and that it becomes their Property? — Would any good *Engliſhman* doubt our indiſputable Right to *Gibraltar*, *Minorca*, *Jamaica*, --- or *Hiſpaniola* and all the *American World* if we could take them from the *Spaniards*, and afterwards keep them. — If, therefore I, either *Vi* or *Fraude*, could get any Part of the theatric Dominions, am I to blame? -- Or if I, the *young Captain* at Land, meeting with a rich trading Taylor, ſhould plunder him of a laced Suit of Cloaths, why am I to be cenſured more than another Captain at Sea, who plunders a *Caracca* Sloop? *O but*, ſays my Opponent, *I ſuppoſe — the publick Property of Nations, and the private Property of Subjects are* differently *to be conſidered.* —— I am your humble Servant for that, my Dear: By my Philoſophy I look upon the State of Nature as a State of War; all is fair Play in this Scramble for the Goods of the World; and

and I think myſelf, in this Reſpect, acting in as juſt Principle as any Potentate living.

Why was not I the Twentieth by Deſcent,
From a long reſtive Race of droaning Kings!
Ye Gods! why gave ye me a Monarch's Soul,
And cruſted it with baſe Plebeian *Clay?*

Dryden's Spaniſh Fryar

What a Buſtle-Maſter General would I have made among the Princes of the World, and elbow'd all the Monarchs round about me. — But, *non ſic Dii voluere.* - - - Therefore in mimic Parallel among the Plumes of Tragedy, and Struts of Ambition, I ſhew a Dawn of what, had I been a Prince, I ſhould have acted. ——

But to return from this Digreſſion on Property. - - - Our Hopes were fruſtrated, as to forming a new Company by the Sanction of a Licenſe from the *Lord Chamberlain*; and Mr. *Colley Cibber*'s Ambition and private Views have the ſame Fate as mine. — He, indeed, may pleaſe himſelf with his Follies, having a plentiful Proviſion for Life, and ſtill have the Joy he took in the End of an old Song.

My Mind, my Mind is a Kingdom to me.

He like a looſe Philoſopher may again ſay,

Me while my laughing Follies can deceive,
Bleſt in the dear Delirium let me live,
Rather than wiſely know my Wants and grieve.

But, for my Part, I muſt again ſubmit to return to the Stage a Servant inſtead of a Manager; which had I known ſome Weeks ago, this Apology had not, as yet, have been wrote, nor my Father's would not, as yet, have been publiſh'd: But as I am drawn into this hiſtorical Narration of the Stage, which is, in fact, a true and neceſſary Appendix to his, I will make it as compleat as poſſible; for which Reaſon, I ſhall enter on another Chapter, that I may give the theatrical Characters of the principal Actors now living, not only as it will be in Mr. *Colley Cibber*'s Manner, which I promis'd to follow in my Title Page, but, in fact, as this Apology will not be, *An Hiſtorical View of the*

STAGE *during my* OWN TIME, without them: The drawing Characters is the moſt difficult Province of a Hiſtorian; and very few, either antient or modern, have ſucceeded in them: They who ſneer at *Cibber*'s *Apology* in general, approve of his characterizing his Co-temporaries; they own the Draught is maſterly, and the Colouring entertaining. I am ſenſible therefore how hard the Task muſt be to give the Pourtrait of living Players, when all the Town is acquainted with the Originals: However, as I am of a ſtrong Opinion this Apology, as well as the other, may live to late Poſterity, I am not willing my *Co-temporaries* ſhould be buried in Oblivion; and perhaps there may be no *Apologiſt theatrical* hardy enough to ſucceed me: My Friends of the Stage will therefore excuſe my Manner, Partiality, and Expreſſions, and what they may not approve, as being too free, paſs over with a Smile of Contempt; for, to conclude, I ſhall be as free with Mr. *C. Cibber* and *myſelf* as any of them, whoſe Characters I ſhall draw up as Parallels to one another: As I have given you, Reader, the Bill of Fare of the next Chapter, it is in your own Option whether you will ſet down to the Meal.

CHAP. XI, and Laſt.

The ſeveral theatrical Characters of ſome of the preſent Actors. —— *A Parallel between the* Author *and Mr.* Colley Cibber. —— *The Concluſion.*

AS I am now entering on a Province which is eſteem'd the moſt difficult for an Hiſtorian to ſucceed in, I am under ſome Apprehenſions that this Chapter may not only be the leaſt entertaining, but may give Offence, when I have no Manner of Deſign that it ſhould. To draw Characters requires

requires not only a great Judgement but great Art, tho' you deſcribe Perſons that have lived ſome Years or Centuries before you write: But to draw the Characters of Perſons living — *Hic Labor, hoc Opus eſt.* — Equally to avoid Flattery or Cenſure, and to keep ſtrictly to a judicious Narration, is what few Hiſtorians have ſucceeded in at all; but to characterize your Cotemporaries, then living, requires ſuch an honeſt Impartiality that ſtill fewer have attempted it. — On theſe Conſiderations I would have wav'd giving any Characters of my theatrical Brethren; but on the Remonſtration of ſome Friends that my Hiſtory would not be compleat without them, I muſt, in Part, enter on this arduous Undertaking: *Jacta eſt Alea*, as *Cæſar* ſaid, — *The Die is caſt*, --- *We'll paſs the* Rubicon: Proceed I muſt and will; therefore in the Concluſion of this prefatory Paragraph I ſhall chuſe the Motto of another great Man, *Fari que Sentiat*; and ſo, Mr. *Reader*, and Sir *Actor*, I hope you will peruſe the Reſt of this Hiſtory with Candour, if my Pictures are ſuch as you in Truth know them to be: For, as the *Gazetteer* ſays, "Moſt Writers ſeem to have it more "in View to diſplay their own Parts, or make their "Court to the Perſon characteriz'd, to his Relations, "Friends, and Dependants, than to draw him truly "ſuch as he was; and of many ſuch it may be ſaid as "was ſaid of the Painter who excell'd in Colouring and "Proportion, That his Pictures had every Excellence "but *Likeneſs*." — It may be wonder'd why I quote this Author; but I am willing to pay all Deference to an Author who has been engaged in the ſame Cauſe with myſelf, and perhaps my *individual* SELF: I only wiſh my Pictures may have ſome Likeneſs, which will, I believe, attone for the Want of other Excellencies, preſuming this Attempt may be neither diſagreable to the Curious, or the Frequenters of a Theatre, take it without any farther Preface.

In the Year 1740, the principal Actors, or whom I think the principal Actors, may be thus impartially and conciſely pourtray'd.

As Tragedians claim, from their coſtly Plumes and Trappings, a Superiority of Merit over the Comedians, I ſhall begin with them; and taking the Liberty of deviating

deviating from *Cicero*, *Saluſt*, *Clarendon*, and all other Hiſtorians, except *Colley Cibber*, ſhall deſcribe them juſt as I think proper.

Q--n at *Drury-Lane* Houſe, and *D-l-ne* at *Covent-Garden*, are the *Perſonæ Dramatis* which are without Competitors: They both play the chief Characters in the ſame Caſt, therefore I ſhall conſider their different Characters together. *Q--n* has been many Years on the Stage, and has gradually roſe up to that Height of Reputation he at preſent enjoys: When *Drury-Lane* Theatre was under the Direction of the late Mr. *Rich*, he was in the inferior Claſs; and the *Lieutenaut* of the *Tower* in *Cibber*'s Alteration of *Richard the Third* was one of the principal Parts he perform'd: The Caſt of ſeveral Plays in Print fully prove his Abilities were then thought but very inſignificant; however, on a new Company ſetting up at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, he was engag'd in it, and has ever ſince, but more eſpecially on the Death of *Boheme*, gradually roſe to a great Degree of Favour with the Publick: Mr. *Booth*'s quitting the Stage ſtill ſet him in a fairer Light, and indeed left him without a Rival: He had for ſome Time appear'd without any Competitor, when, all on a ſudden, there appear'd at *Goodman's-Fields* a young Tragedian from *Dublin*: This was *D..l..ne*. Novelty, Youth, a handſome Figure, *&c.* took off from any ſevere Criticiſm on his Elocution and Action. In ſhort, though ſo far from the polite End of the Town, he drew to him ſeveral polite Audiences, and became in ſuch a Degree of Repute, that Compariſons were made between him and *Q--n*; nor was he without Admirers of both Sexes who gave him the Preference: He was not inſenſible of this, and determin'd to leave *Goodman's-Fields*, and indulge his Ambition at one of the Theatres Royal: *Q...n* juſt at that Time left *Covent-Garden* for *Drury-Lane*, and he engag'd with Mr. *Rich* at *Covent-Garden*; and in two or three Years on the Stage gain'd that Station on it, which moſt of the other Actors could not in many Years attain to. *Q...n* has the Character of a juſt Speaker, but then it is confin'd to the ſolemn declamatory Way: He either cannot work himſelf into the

the Emotions of a violent Paſſion, or he will not take the Fatigue of doing it: The Partiality of his Friends ſays he can touch the Paſſions with great Delicacy *if he will*; but general Opinion affirms he has neither Power of Voice or Senſation to give Love or Pity, Grief or Remorſe their proper Tone and Variation of Features. *D..l..ne* is alſo eſteemed a juſt Player; and though he has often a more loud Violence of Voice, yet, either from an Imitation of *Q...n*, or his own natural Manner, he has a Sameneſs of Tone and Expreſſion, and drawls out his Lines to a diſpleaſing Length: But that loud Violence of Voice is uſeful to him when Anger, Indignation, or ſuch enrag'd Paſſions are to be expreſs'd; for the ſhrill Loudneſs marks the Paſſion, which the ſweet Cadence of *Q...n*'s natural Voice is unequal to. In ſuch Parts, eſpecially *Alexander*, *D..l..ne* pleaſes many; for the Million, as *C. C.* ſays, are apt to be tranſported when the Drum of the Ear is ſoundly rattled: But on the contrary, *Q...n*'s ſolemn Sameneſs of Pronunciation, which conveys an awful Dignity, is charmingly affecting in *Cato*. *D..l..ne* is young enough to riſe to greater Perfection; *Q...n* may be ſaid now to be at the Height of his: If *D..l..ne* has the more pleaſing Perſon, *Q...n* has he more affecting Action: Both might ſoon appear with more Advantage if they were on the ſame Stage: The Rivalſhip of *D..l..ne* would give a ſpirited Jealouſy to *Q...n*, and force him to exert himſelf; and *Q...n*'s Judgment would improve the unfiniſh'd Action of *D..l..ne*; but they are the *Cæſar* and *Pompey* of the Theatres, and one Stage would be incompatible with their Ambition; *Q...n* could bear no one on the Footing as an Equal, *D..l..ne* no one as a Superior.

M...lw....d is an Actor with all the Happineſs of Voice that can be imagin'd, and a Perſonage very well turn'd for the Lover or the Heroe; nor, when he is not indolently negligent, does he often betray a Want of Judgment: His Voice is ſweet, with an uncommon Strength; and in the Decadence of it, there is a Softneſs which adapts it to touch the Paſſions of Grief, Love, Pity, or Deſpair. In Comedy the Eaſineſs of his Dialogue in the genteel Characters ſeems very amiable; and though in his

his Action and Speech he does not imitate that quick ſnip-ſnap Catch of the late Mr. *Wilks*, to expreſs Spirit and Vigour; yet his Voice and Geſture ſhow ſuch a Vivacity as are the juſt Effects of Nature: In low Comedy he has been ſeen to ſucceed beyond Expectation; and to ſpeak all in a Word, according to Mr. *Cibber*'s Deſcription of *Mountford*, he is, or might be, the true Repreſentative of him.

Of Mr. *William M...ls* I have ſaid ſomething in a preceding Chapter; all I ſhall add here is, that he is not excellent in Tragedy, the Inanity of his Voice being unequal to the Swellings and Throws of the Sublime: In Comedy he ſucceeded to Mr. *Wilks*'s Parts; has caught ſomething of his Catch in the Voice; is always very buſy on the Stage; and, what all Actors ought to value themſelves upon, very perfect.

Griffin and *Joe Miller* being dead, I ſhall give no Deſcriptions of them, nor of thoſe who have ſucceeded to their Parts; for if I ſhould ſpeak of their Excellencies, I ſhould be tempted to mention the comparative Inequality of their Succeſſors. —— Like the great *Apologiſt*'s Method of treating *Verbruggen*, *Keen*, *Boheme*, *&c. &c. &c.* I ſhall paſs over the Reſt of the preſent Players as Princes of petty Fame: I ſhall therefore only ſpeak of two Actreſſes, and Myſelf, and *Colley Cibber* in Parallel.

Mrs. *Cl...e* is eſteem'd by all an excellent Comic Actreſs; and as ſhe has a prodigious Fund of natural Spirit and Humour off the Stage, ſhe makes the moſt of the Poet's on it. Nothing, though ever ſo barren, even though it exceeds the Limits of Nature, can be flat in her Hands: She heightens all Characters of Humour ſhe attempts; nor is ſhe confined only to the *Heyden* Miſs or pert Chambermaid, but in ſpiritous gay Characters of high Life, ſhe always appears with ſuch Air, Mein, and Action, as ſpeak the Gay, the Lively, and the Deſirable. She has been, by Perſons who remember both, compared to Mrs. *Mountford*; and, by their natural Talents for the Stage, I am apt to believe the Compariſon not unjuſt: I muſt however obſerve, Mrs. *Mountford* appear'd with great Succeſs, *en Cavalier*, and made an adroit pretty Fellow: Mrs. *Cl...e* does not

appear

appear in theſe Chracters, the concealing Petticoat better ſuiting with her Turn of Make than the Breeches: It is not from want of Spirit or Judgment to hit off the Fop or the Coxcomb, as ſhe has evidently prov'd in the Ballad ſhe Sings, call'd the *Life of a Beau*, in which her Action and Geſture is as pleaſing as in any Part ſhe performs: I could wiſh ſhe would never attempt ſerious Characters in Comedy; and to reſign the Part of *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*, in which ſhe is very unequal to herſelf: - - Yet all will allow, that *take her all in all*, ſhe has ſuch Talents as make her an excellent Actreſs.

Though Mrs. *Cl...e* is by far the moſt excellent Actreſs of the *Drury-Lane* Company, and to ſpeak out the ſevere Judgment of experienc'd Criticks, the only Actreſs who has any *Excellence* in it, yet ſhe has a Competitor in Fame at *Covent-Garden:* Mrs. *H...t...n* ſtands in the ſame Degree of Superiority on this latter Stage, as Mrs. *Cl...e* does on the former; but I muſt obſerve, that their Talents, Manner, Air, Geſture, and Caſt of Parts are very different.

Mrs. *H...t...n*, though paſt the *heyday* of her *Beauty*, yet betrays ſo little decay of Youth, that an *inexpreſſible Somewhat* in her Air, Face, and Mein throws out ſuch a Glow of Health and Chearfulneſs, that, on the Stage, few Spectators that are not paſt it, can behold her without *Deſire*; and, in the Fullneſs of my Heart I may venture to confeſs, that the *Deſirable* is ſo predominant in her that my Soul has a *Taſte* or *Tendre* for Mrs. *H...t...n*. To ſpeak critically of her as an Actreſs, in all Parts of a gay Impertinent, or the *Coquette*, ſhe has all the Female Foppery that a giddy, lively, fantaſtick Creature can be affected with. — The Language, Dreſs, Motion, and Manners of a *Millamant* ſeem naturally her own; and I may ſay of her, what the great *Apologiſt* ſaid of Mrs. *Bracegirdle* in that Part; that " * when ſhe acts " *Millamant*, all the Faults, Follies, and Affectation of " that agreeable Tyrant were venially melted down into " ſo many Charms and Attractions of a conſcious

---

* *C. Cibber's* Apology, p. 103.

" Beauty."

" Beauty." — But beſides theſe Foibles of the Fair Sex, ſhe can riſe into the decent Dignity of a fine Lady, and charm with the innocent Reſerve of an *Indiana*, as by the fluttering *Je ne ſcai quoy* of a *Millamant*. In Tragedy, ſince the Death of Mrs. *Hallam*, ſhe ſtands without any equal Competitor; for ſhe has that Grace in her Preſence, that clear Melody in her Voice, with Strength enough to expreſs the Violence of ſome Paſſions, and Softneſs to ſubſide into the Harmony of others, that no Actreſs now performing on either Stage can, in this Light, be compared to her. — There are ſome indeed, at both Houſes, who *throw out ſome Proffers of a Genius*, yet cannot be rank'd in any Degree of *Perfection*; for either they heavily drag the Sentiment along, with a long-ton'd Voice, abſent Eye, and Inanity of Geſture, or elſe with an impetuous Velocity of Voice, ſtaring Eye, and unmeaning Superfluity of Action, *make the Performance come out odly diſguis'd, or ſomewhere defectively unſurpriſing to the Hearer*. — As I mention no particular Perſons, no particular Perſons can take Offence: In Juſtice to my own Judgement I muſt acknowledge, that I unwillingly acquieſce in the Obſervation of many Judges, that the *two Theatres* never had, at any Time, ſo indifferent a Set of *Actreſſes* as at preſent; and among the younger Actreſſes I have not ſeen one who has ſhewn the leaſt Genius for the Stage, which may ever make its Way towards Perfection. It may ſeem a Matter of Wonder to ſome, why they who have been excellent in a Theatre, as *Cibber*, *Wilks*, and *Booth*, did not bring up young Actors to ſucceed them; and this was indeed objected to their Adminiſtration: — " * And this, ſays the *Apologiſt*, was a Matter " as eaſy as planting ſo many Cabbages." — True it is, indeed, good Actors and good Cabbages are not with equal Plenty produced: However, if there is a *natural Materia* in the *Actor* as there is in the *Cabbage*, I can ſee no Reaſon why he ſhould not ſprout as well as the Cabbage: Indeed he will afterwards require ſome Care

* *C. Cibber*'s Apology p. 324.

to

to bring him to Perfection; ſo does the Cabbage: *This* cannot do without the enlivening Warmth of the Sun, and the *young Actor* requires to be chear'd by ſuch little Parts as may gain him ſome little Applauſe; for * *Publick Approbation is the warm Weather of a theatrical Plant.* -- But it ſeems this would be too much Trouble for our theatrical Gardiners; they were not for turning *Nurſery Men* of dramatick Cabbages, but to have bought them at Market; for, ſays the *metaphorical Apologiſt*, "† Let "it be our Excuſe then for that miſtaken Charge againſt "us, that ſince there was no Garden or Market "where accompliſh'd Actors grew, or were to be ſold, "we could only pick them up by Chance." — As for myſelf, I was a young *Sprout* from ſo admirable a *Stem*, that Nature threw out in me ſeveral Perfections, which I may rather call hereditary than acquired; and whether I am conſidered in a theatrical, poetical, political, or moral Capacity, the Reader will obſerve, through the Courſe of this Hiſtory, there is ſome Truth in my Motto. -- *Sequiturque Patrem* — Though through Modeſty I am forc'd to add, *non paſſibus Æquis*, which give me Leave to render into a paraphraſtick Couplet. —

His Father's Steps he follows to be great,
But not with equal Pace or equal Fate.

Some future Hiſtorian may thus write of us: The Father indeed had more of the *Sal Atticum* in his Genius, but then the Son excell'd him in an open hardy Confidence of Behaviour: COLLEY's Conduct in Life was more on the Reſerve than THE's; but by THE's making a Buſtle in the World, he ſhew'd a ſuperior Greatneſs of Soul: COLLEY had the cool Calmneſs of a deſigning Courtier; THE' the frank raſh Spirit of a *young Captain*; The *Father* was the greater *Hypocrite*, the *Son* was the greater *Madman*. — COLLEY render'd himſelf remarkable by his *Fopperies*, THE' by his *Extravagancies*: Yet their private Virtues, publick Modeſty, and Sentiments of Morality were, in fact, in the

* *C. Cibber's* Apology, p. 157. † *Ditto*, p. 324.

one

one and the other the ſame, though their publick Conduct was extremely different. — COLLEY had rather *be* immoral than be eſteem'd ſo; THE' thought it more Glory, the more he acquir'd the Character of being ſo. — The Reputation of the one was only founded on private Rumour, but that of the other is on publick Record. In ſhort, the *Father* had few Equals, the *Son* not *one*.

Having brought the Hiſtory of the Stage down from the Time my Father left it to the preſent Vacation, 1740, I can only add, after my Exploits, Hopes, and Ambition, I muſt return to Mr. *Rich*, as an hired Actor, and wait in dudgeon ſome more favourable Opportunity to make my Attempts on the theatric Dominions more ſucceſsful: However thoſe Attempts occaſion'd this Apology, which will tranſmit my Name and Character to late Poſterity; and I may conclude as *Ovid* does:

Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis Ira nec Ignes
Terram nec poterit nec Edax abolere Vetuſtas, &c.

And now I've done a Work which neither JOVE,
Nor all his Wrath, nor Thunderbolts above,
Nor ruthful Steel, nor all-devouring Time,
Shall e'er deſtroy this Hiſtory ſublime.

FINIS.

ERRATUM.

In Page 66, *for* Eſſionſt *read* Eſſcourt.

III
R